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THE
KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Edmond About's Works.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. ANNIE T. WOOD.

AND EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY REV. E. N. KIRK, D.D.

The Boston correct Edition.

1 vol. Muslin. 60 cents.

GERMAINE.

TRANSLATED BY MISS MARY L. BOOTH.

A brilliant story, said to be his best work.

1 vol. Muslin. \$1.00.

THE

JUSTIN WINSOR,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

EDMOND ABOUT,

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN QUESTION," "GERMAINE," ETC.

By MARY L. BOOTH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By EPES SARGENT.

BOSTON:
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INTRODUCTION.

THE fact that six different translations into English of *The King of the Mountains* have been offered to American publishers since the announcement of the present edition speaks more eloquently in behalf of the popular elements of the work than any eulogy we could offer. In this sparkling and entertaining romance, all the best traits of About's style, his terseness, his wit, the felicitous touches by which he reveals a character in an epithet, or presents a scene in a few graphic words of description, are salient. The interest, too, is awakened and sustained with the skill of a dramatic artist; and the story abounds in picturesque incidents, which it might well task the genius of our Darleys and Hoppins to illustrate worthily.

We will not mar any of the humorous surprises of the story by acquainting the reader even partially with them in advance, nor will we detract from his enjoyment by any attempt at an analysis of the plot and the characters. Our American self-appreciation will find ample cause for complacency in the introduction of *John Harris*, one of the most important personages of the story, and intended as a type of those bold battlers with the world which our country sends forth. English exclusiveness, as portrayed in the persons of *Mrs. Simons* and her brother, *Mr. Barley*, is made so charmingly comic that

even the wounded party must laugh, although a London critic, piqued at the too vivid portraiture, dashes his liberal praises of the book as a whole with a rebuke of the very "hackneyed and exaggerated kind of wit" which the author is said to deal out to these characters. If the success of wit lies in producing laughter, then M. About need not experience any misgivings as to the comic force of his neat and irresistible representations. And let this, too, be added in his praise: he produces his effects by no sacrifice, not the least, of morality and good taste. He does not even skirmish on the disputed territory between the pure and the impure. When we laugh with him, we find that we have laughed only at what is deserving of our laughter or our scorn.

Of the other characters of the book, that of the German student, who narrates the story, and the new and inimitable impersonation of *Hadgi-Stavros* himself, the King of the Mountains, are creations so rounded into reality and life, that, like Falstaff, they become familiars of the memory, and impress themselves upon it with the force and distinctness of actual beings whom we have encountered and known in the flesh.

The scene of *The King of the Mountains* is laid in modern Greece, in the vicinity of Athens. The author has studied well his ground. Before making it the theatre of a comic romance, he examined it as a traveller, and in his *La Grèce Contemporaine* gave to the public one of the best and most readable accounts of the physical aspect and the present state of the country. The local descriptions in the romance are thus those of an eyewitness; and the *vraisemblance* of the narrative is greatly heightened by the evident truthfulness of the accessory details of scenery and national characteristics.

In his novel of *Tolla*, a story of Roman society and Roman family life, and the first published work of importance that

gave him a reputation, it is this evident mastery of his subject which inspires confidence and strengthens his hold upon the respect and sympathy of his readers. One of his critics has truly said: "M. About has worked very hard before he has produced his best novels; and it so happens that he has written two books which show how closely he observed, how many facts he collected, and how many persons of all ranks he talked to, before he offered the cream of his experience in fiction. *La Grèce Contemporaine* gives the serious side of *Le Roi des Montagnes*, and *La Question Romaine* gives the political application of *Tolla*. We are glad to have these more elaborate productions from M. About's pen, not only for their own sake, but because they show that good stories do not come by chance, and that what seem slight touches are really due to a lively appreciation, whether consciously attained or not, of a great variety of facts."

Besides *Tolla*, M. About has written *Germaine*,* a story in a very different vein from the present, and in which the tragic element predominates; *Trente et Quarante*, in which we are often reminded of the pen to which we are indebted for the comic scenes of *Le Roi des Montagnes*; *Les Mariages de Paris*, in which the author has collected a series of *feuilletons* originally published in the *Moniteur*; *Maître Pierre*, a story which he has made the vehicle of an account of the improvements which are being gradually introduced into the barren *landes* of France. The didactic experiment in a novel is always a hazardous one, and in this instance it is of a character to limit the circle of readers. In addition to these works, M. About has given to the public several dramatic pieces, exhibiting the versatility of his genius and the brilliancy of his wit.

It is by his *Roman Question*, however, that this young and

* Translated, with characteristic success, into English by Miss Mary L. Booth.

gifted writer is chiefly known, as yet, to English and American readers. Here he quits the realm of imagination to grapple with facts, and to discuss, not with formality and gravity, it is true, but still with effect, the great political problem of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It is rare indeed that a mere political pamphlet, thrown upon the tide of events, has made such a ripple as this, or has been attended with consequences so prolonged and so remote. We are still waiting for the catastrophe. Published about the time of the French invasion of Austrian Italy in 1859, *La Question Romaine* was hailed by the revolutionary party as the equivalent of an army with banners in their behalf. The knowledge that the French Emperor had arrived at conclusions adverse to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, and similar to those here enunciated, doubtless gave to the work much of its power and success; but the author proved himself equal to the opportunity and to the *prestige*, which were offered alike in the maturity of the public mind and in the imperial predisposition.

The Roman Question will be quoted by future historians as one of the influences of the day in leavening and quickening national events. It came at the right time, and when the world was waiting for it. Even now its speculations seem to be concreting into realities. It is in the union of facts, minute, systematic, and precise, with a style brilliant, epigrammatic, and incisive, that the charm of the work is to be found; and in this no doubt lies the secret of its transcendent success. Never did statistics come to us in a garb quite so engaging. The writer's wit reconciles us to his figures, and, what is more, transfixes them in our memory. He has prepared himself thoroughly for his task. He gives us documentary evidence of the cost of collecting the Papal revenue, of the amount of land that is wasted by being held in mortmain, of the severities and impunities practised under the ecclesi-

astical régime. He puts your finger on the facts from which his opinions are the necessary sequence.

The very first sentence of the book strikes its key-note, and prepares us for that miraculous transformation, by the power of wit and the aptness of irony, of arid statistical tables into pleasant reading, by which a mere political discussion is invested with the fascination of a romance: "The Roman Catholic Church, which I sincerely respect, is composed of one hundred and thirty-nine millions of individuals, *without reckoning little Mortara.*" To the reader of the next century it may be necessary to explain, that little Mortara was a Jewish boy whose abduction from his parents, under the pretence of baptism, and whose retention by the Papal authorities, in the year 1858, gave rise to a good deal of indignation both among Jews and Protestant Christians.

To the temporal government of the priests M. About ascribes all the evils under which the people of the Pontifical States are laboring. The police is not formed to protect citizens, but to watch them. The taxes are not a national assessment, but an official robbery. The clerical element is everywhere at war with the national vitality. What is the remedy? This, according to M. About: Liberate the Adriatic provinces, and shut up the despotism of the Pope between the Mediterranean and the Apennines. There would still remain to him one million of subjects and five millions of acres. At the worst, he would retain the city of Rome. "Rome," he goes on to say, "encircled with the respect of the universe as with a Chinese wall, would then be like a foreign body in the midst of free and living Italy. The country would no more suffer from it *than a veteran does from a ball that his surgeon has forgotten to extract.*" In conclusion, M. About would not be much distressed to see the Pope stripped of his spiritual as well as his temporal authority; for he remarks finally, that as the Queen of England and the

Emperor of Russia are the chiefs of the Anglican and Russian religion, "so the sovereign metropolis of the Churches of France ought legitimately to be at Paris"! — "With M. About for Cardinal!" retorts one of his assailants.

We have said enough of M. About, we think, to inspire those to whom he is now introduced for the first time, with a wish for his better acquaintance.

TO MADAM CHARLES BRAINNE.

YOU, Madam, had the first hearing of this story. I related it to you three months ago, the day after your marriage, when I did not know it over well myself. Whether you will or no, you must remember, all your life, a recital the date of which will save it from being forgotten. In a quarter of a century, when the young woman that we admire in you shall have risen by degrees to the dignity of grandmother, if time, which devours all things, has not carried away the pages of this little book, you will read it again at the fireside, and the adventures of my old Pallicare will recall to you the happy day when you were twenty, with a future free from clouds, a present free from cares, and with disinterested friends.

EDM. ABOUT.

ENCLOS DES TERNES, October 18th.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

MR. HERMANN SCHULTZ.

ON the third of July, of this year, about six o'clock in the morning, I was engaged in the innocent occupation of watering my petunias, when I saw coming into the garden a tall, light-complexioned young man, whose beardless face was shaded by a German cap and ornamented by a pair of gold spectacles. An ample paletot of lasting hung in sombre folds around his person, like a sail drooping about a mast when the wind is dying away. He wore no gloves; his unbrushed leather shoes rested upon stout soles, so large that each foot was surrounded, as it were, by a little *trottoir*. In his breast pocket, next his heart, a large porcelain pipe displayed itself showing its outline vaguely under the glossy cloth. I did not even think of asking this unknown individual whether he had studied in the

universities of Germany ; I laid down my watering-pot and saluted him at once with a neat *Guten Morgen*.

“ Sir,” said he in French, but with a deplorable accent, “ my name is Hermann Schultz ; I have just passed some months in Greece, and your book has been with me in all my travels.”

This exordium penetrated my heart with a placid joy ; the voice of the stranger appeared to me more melodious than the music of Mozart, and I directed towards his gold spectacles a look sparkling with gratitude. You cannot think, dear reader, how much we love those who have taken the trouble to peruse our scribblings. For my part, if I have ever desired to be rich, it is for the sake of securing good incomes to all those persons who have read my works.

I took that excellent young man by the hand. I made him sit down on the best bench in the garden, for we have two of them. He informed me that he was a botanist, and that he had a commission from the *Jardin des Plantes* of Hamburg. While completing his herbal, he had studied, as well as he could, countries, animals, and people. His simple descriptions, his remarks, brief but just, reminded me a little of the manner of the happy Herodotus. He expressed himself awkwardly, but with a candor which commanded confidence, — he dwelt upon his words with the tone

of a man profoundly convinced. He was able to give me news, if not of the whole city of Athens, at least of the principal personages whom I have mentioned in my book. In the course of conversation, he threw out some general ideas which appeared to me the more judicious, as I had myself developed them before. At the close of an hour's interview, we were intimate friends.

I know not which of us spoke the first word on the subject of brigandage. Travellers who have roamed over Italy talk of painting; those who have visited England talk of industry, — every country has its speciality.

"My dear sir," asked I of the precious unknown, "have you met with any brigands? Is it true, as has been pretended, that there are still brigands in Greece?"

"It is only too true," replied he, gravely. "I lived fifteen days in the hands of the terrible Hadgi-Stavros, surnamed *the King of the Mountains*; I can speak of him, therefore, from experience. If you are at leisure, and do not fear a long story, I am ready to give you the details of my adventure. You shall make of them what you please: a romance, a novel, or better still (for this is history), an additional chapter for that little book wherein you have accumulated so many curious truths."

"You are indeed too good," said I, "and my

ears are at your command. Let us go into my study. We shall not be so warm there as in the garden, and yet be within reach of the odor of the flowers."

He followed me with very good grace, humming as he went a popular Greek song : —

"A Clepht, with black eyes, descends to the plain ;
His gilded fusee resounds at each pace ;
He says to the vultures : ' Dont fly from this place,
I will serve you the Pacha of Athens ! ' "

He seated himself on a divan, folded his legs under him, like the Arabian story-tellers, threw off his cloak, lighted his pipe, and began his recital. Seated at my writing-table, I reported stenographically at his dictation.

I have always been free from distrust, especially towards those who bestow compliments upon me. Nevertheless, the amiable stranger related some things so surprising, that I asked myself many times whether he was not playing upon my credulity. But his language was so earnest, his blue eyes beamed upon me so ingenuously, that my flashes of skepticism were instantly extinguished.

He spoke, without leaving his seat, till half an hour after noonday, interrupting himself two or three times to relight his pipe. He smoked regularly, with equal puffs, like the chimney of a steam machine. Every time I happened to turn my eyes upon him, I beheld him tranquil and smiling in

the middle of a cloud, like Jupiter in the fifth act of *Amphitryon*.

Breakfast was announced. Hermann sat opposite to me, and the slight suspicions which were running through my brain vanished at the sight of his appetite. I said to myself, that a good stomach rarely accompanies a bad conscience. The young German was too good a guest to be an unfaithful narrator, and his voracity vouched to me for his veracity. Struck with this idea, I confessed, as I was offering him some strawberries, that I had for an instant doubted his good faith. He answered me with an angelic smile.

I passed the day tête-à-tête with my new friend, and had no reason to complain of the heaviness of the time. At five o'clock in the evening he put out his pipe, put on his cloak, and pressed my hand as he said adieu. I responded, "*Au revoir!*"

"No," replied he, shaking his head; "I depart to-day by the seven o'clock train, and I dare not hope ever to see you again."

"Leave me your address. I have not yet renounced the pleasures of travel, and I shall perhaps pass through Hamburg."

"Unfortunately, I know not myself where I shall pitch my tent. Germany is wide; it does not follow that I shall remain a citizen of Hamburg."

"But if I publish your history, I ought at least to be able to send you a copy of it!"

"Do not take that trouble. As soon as the book shall have appeared, it will be counterfeited at Leipzig, and I shall read it. Adieu."

After his departure, I re-read attentively the narrative which he had dictated; I found in it some improbable details, but nothing which plainly contradicted what I had seen and heard during my sojourn in Greece.

Nevertheless, at the moment of sending the manuscript to the press, one scruple withheld me: if any errors had crept into the narrative of Hermann! In my position of editor, was not I responsible? To publish without license the history of the King of the Mountains, was it not to expose myself to the paternal reprimands of the *Journal des Debats*, to the lies of the gazetteers of Athens, and to the rudeness of the *Spectateur de l'Orient*? That clear-sighted sheet had already found out that I was humpbacked: should I furnish it an opportunity to call me blind?

In these perplexities, I adopted the plan of making two copies of the manuscript. I sent the first to a man worthy of credit,—a Greek of Athens, M. Patriotis Pseftis. I begged him to point out to me, without reserve and with a Grecian sincerity, all the errors of my young friend,

and I promised him to print his answer at the end of the volume.

In the mean while, I deliver to the public curiosity the identical text of Hermann's recital. I shall not change a word in it ; I shall respect even the most enormous improbabilities. If I should make myself the corrector of the young German, I should become thereby his collaborator. I withdraw discreetly ; I yield place and speech to him ; my neck is out of the collar ; it is Hermann who speaks, while smoking his porcelain pipe and smiling behind his gold spectacles.

II.

PHOTINI.

YOU divine, from the aged appearance of my clothes, that I have not an income of ten thousand francs. My father is an innkeeper ruined by railroads. He eats bread in prosperous years and potatoes in bad ones. Add to this that we are six children, all well supplied with teeth. The day I obtained a commission from the *Jardin des Plantes*, there was great rejoicing in the family. Not only did my departure increase the pittance of each of my brothers, but also I was about to receive two hundred and fifty francs a month, besides five hundred francs paid at once for travelling expenses. It was a fortune. From that moment, they dropped the habit of calling me the *doctor*. They called me the cattle-merchant, so rich I appeared!

My brothers were sure that I should be appointed Professor in the University on my return from Athens. My father had another idea: he

hoped that I should return a married man. In his vocation of innkeeper, he had assisted in some romantic love affairs, and he was convinced that happy alliances were only met with on the highways. He cited, at least three times a week, the marriage of the Princess Ypsoff and Lieutenant Reynauld. The princess occupied apartment No. 1, with her two chambermaids and her courier, and paid twenty florins a day. The French lieutenant was perched up in No. 17 just under the roof, and paid one florin and a half, board included ; and nevertheless, after one month's residence in the hotel, he departed in a chaise with the Russian lady. Now, why should a princess take away a lieutenant in her carriage, if not to marry him ? My poor father, with his fatherly eyes, looked upon me as handsomer and more elegant than Lieutenant Reynauld ; he did not doubt that I should sooner or later fall in with the princess who was to enrich us. If I did not find her at the *table d'hôte*, I should see her on the railroad ; if the railroads were not propitious, we still had the steamboats. The evening before my departure, we drank a bottle of old Rhine wine, and the last drop happened to fall into my glass. The excellent man wept with joy ; it was a certain sign, and nothing could hinder me from marrying within the year. I respected his illusions, and

restrained myself from telling him that princesses did not travel in the third-class conveyances. As to lodgings, my means compelled me to choose modest inns, where princesses do not stop. The fact is that I landed at the Piræus, without having had the first glimpse of an adventure.

The army of occupation had caused a rise of prices in Athens. The Hôtel d'Angleterre, the Hôtel d'Orient, the Hôtel des Etrangers, were above my reach. The chancellor of the Prussian legation, to whom I had carried a letter of recommendation, was kind enough to find me a boarding-place. He took me to the house of a pastry-cook named Christodule, at the corner of the Street of Hermes and the Palace Square. I found there food and lodging, at the price of one hundred francs a month. Christodule is an old Pallicare,* decorated with the Cross of Iron, in memory of the war of independence. He is lieutenant of the phalanx, and receives his pay behind his counter. He dresses in the national costume, — red hat with blue tassels, vest of silver-cloth, white skirt and gilded gaiters, — to sell ice-creams and cakes. His wife, Maroula, is of enormous size, like all Greek women after the age of fifty. Her husband bought her for eighty piasters, when the war was

* A *pallicare*, in modern Greek, is a warlike mountaineer or *filibuster*.

at its height,—a time when the sex cost dear enough. She is a native of the island of Hydra, but dresses in the Athens fashion : waist of black velvet, bright-colored petticoat, a silk handkerchief twisted in the hair. Neither Christodule nor his wife knows a word of German ; but their son Dimitri, who is a valet de place, and who attires himself in French style, understands and speaks a little all the patois of Europe. However, I did not need an interpreter. Without having received the gift of tongues, I am a tolerably accomplished linguist, and I murder Greek with as much fluency as I do English, Italian, and French.

My hosts were honest people, — one meets with such now and then in the city. They gave me a little whitewashed chamber, a white wooden table, two straw chairs, a good mattress, very thin, cotton sheets, and coverlid. A bedstead is a superfluity which the Greeks dispense with easily, and we were living in the Greek fashion. I breakfasted on a cup of *salep* ; I dined on a dish of meat, with a good many olives and some dried fish ; I supped on vegetables, honey, and cakes. Sweetmeats were not scarce in the house, and from time to time I called up the recollection of my country, in regaling myself upon a leg of lamb, *aux confitures*. It is needless to tell you that I had my pipe, and that the tobacco of Athens is better than

yours. What contributed especially to domesticate me in the house of Christodule, was a wine of Santorin, which he obtained I know not where.

I am not a connoisseur in wine, and the education of my palate has been unfortunately somewhat neglected; nevertheless, I think I may affirm that that wine would be appreciated at the table of a king; it is yellow as gold, transparent as topaz, bright as sunshine, joyous as the smile of an infant. Methinks I see it still in its big-bellied flagon, in the middle of the oil-cloth which served us for a table-cover. It illuminated the table, my dear sir, and we should have been able to sup without any other light. I never drank much of it, because it was heady; and yet, at the end of the repast, I quoted verses from Anacreon, and discovered remnants of beauty on the moon-like face of the fat Maroula.

I ate *en famille* with Christodule and my fellow-boarders. We were five in all, four inmates of the house and one day-boarder. The first story was divided into four rooms, the best of which was occupied by a French archæologist, M. Hippolyte Mérinay.

If all Frenchmen resembled him, you would be a pitiful nation indeed. He was a little gentleman of eighteen to forty-five years, very red, very mild, very talkative, and armed with two cold, moist hands which kept fast hold of

his interlocutor. His two ruling passions were archæology and philanthropy ; accordingly he was a member of many learned societies and of several benevolent associations. Although he was a great apostle of charity, and his parents had left him a handsome fortune, I do not remember to have seen him give a sous to a poor man. As to his knowledge of archæology, everything leads me to believe that it was no more genuine than his love of humanity. He had been rewarded by some provincial academy, for an essay upon the price of paper in the time of Orpheus. Encouraged by this first success, he had made the journey to Greece to collect materials for a more important work : his object was nothing less than to determine the quantity of oil consumed by the lamp of Demosthenes while he was writing the second Philippic.

My two other neighbors were not nearly so learned, and cared little for the affairs of antiquity. Giacomo Fondi was a poor Maltese, employed at one of the Consulates ; he earned a hundred and fifty francs a month by sealing letters. I imagine that any other employment would have suited him better. Nature, which has peopled the island of Malta in order that the East may never be in want of porters, had given to poor Fondi the shoulders, the arms, and the hands of Milo of Crotona : he was born to wield

the club and not to burn sticks of sealing-wax. He consumed, nevertheless, two or three of them daily; man is not master of his destiny. This misplaced islander was in his element only at meal-times; he assisted Maroula to set the table, and you know before I say it that he always carried the table at arm's length. He ate like a Captain of the *Iliad*, and I shall never forget the cracking of his great jaws, the dilation of his nostrils, the glare of his eyes, the whiteness of his thirty-two teeth, those formidable millstones for which he was the mill. I must confess that I recollect very little of his conversation; one easily found the limit of his understanding, but nobody ever discovered the bounds of his appetite. Christodule gained nothing by keeping him for four years, although he made him pay ten francs a month for the extra supply of food. The insatiable Maltese absorbed every day an enormous plate of nuts, which he cracked in his fingers by simply bringing together the forefinger and thumb. Christodule watched this operation with a mixture of admiration and dread; he trembled for his dessert, and nevertheless was flattered at seeing such a prodigious nut-cracker at his table.

The figure of Giacomo would not have been out of place in one of those surprise-boxes which excite so much fear in children. He was whiter

than a negro, but only a shade. His thick hair came down even to his eyebrows like a German cap. By an odd enough contrast, this Caliban had the prettiest foot, the finest ancle, the best shaped and most elegant leg that could be offered for the study of a sculptor; but these are details which made little impression upon us. For any one who had seen him eat, his person began at the level of the table; the rest counted for nothing.

I speak only incidentally of little William Lobster. He was a youth of twenty years, fair, rosy, and chubby-faced; from the United States of America. The house of Lobster and Sons, of New York, had sent him to the East to study the export trade. He was busy during the day, at the house of the brothers Philip; in the evening, he read Emerson; in the morning, at the glowing hour of sunrise, he went to the house of Socrates to practise pistol-shooting.

The most interesting personage of our colony was, beyond controversy, John Harris, the maternal uncle of little Lobster. The first time I dined with this strange fellow, I comprehended America. John was born at Vandalia, in Illinois. He inhaled at his birth that air of the New World, so vivacious, so sparkling, and so brisk, that it goes to the head like Champagne wine, and one gets intoxicated in breathing it. I know not whether

the Harris family are rich or poor ; whether they sent their son to college or left him to get his own education. It is certain that at twenty-seven years he depends only on himself, trusts only to himself, is astonished at nothing, thinks nothing impossible, never flinches, believes all things, hopes all things, tries all things, triumphs in all, rises up again if he falls, begins again if he fails, never stops, never loses courage, and goes right ahead whistling his tune.

He has been a farmer, a schoolmaster, a lawyer, a journalist, a gold-hunter, a manufacturer, a merchant ; he has read everything, seen everything, practised everything, and travelled over more than half the globe. When I made his acquaintance, he was commanding a steam-yacht in the *Piræus*, with sixty men and four guns ; he was discussing the Oriental question in the *North American Review* ; he was doing business with an indigo house in Calcutta, and he found leisure to come three or four times a week to dine with his nephew Lobster, and with us.

A single stroke among a thousand will depict to you the character of Harris. In 1853, he was partner in a house at Philadelphia. His nephew, who was then seventeen years old, goes to make him a visit. He finds him on Washington Square, standing, with his hands in his pockets, before a burning house. William touches him on the shoulder ; he turns round.

"It is you, is it?" said he. "Good morning, Bill; you have arrived at a bad time, my boy. Here is a fire which is ruining me; I had forty thousand dollars in that house; we shall not save a splinter."

"What are you going to do?" asked the child, completely downcast.

"What am I going to do? It is eleven o'clock, I am hungry, I have a little money left in my pocket; I am going to offer you some breakfast!"

Harris is one of the finest and most elegant men I have ever met. He has a manly form, a high forehead, a clear and spirited eye. These Americans are never either puny or deformed, and do you know why? It is because they are not stifled in the swaddling-clothes of a narrow civilization. Their minds and their bodies develop freely; they have for school the open air, for master, exercise, for nurse, liberty.

I was never able to make much of M. Mérimay; I looked upon Giacomo Fondi with that careless curiosity which one feels in a menagerie of foreign animals; little Lobster inspired me with a moderate interest; but I had an affection for Harris. His open face, his simple manners, his roughness which did not exclude good-nature, his fiery and yet chivalrous character, the oddities of his humor, the impetuosity of his sentiments, all

attracted me the more strongly, as I am myself neither impetuous nor passionate. We like to have about us what we do not find in ourselves. Giacomo dressed in white, because he was black. I adore Americans because I am a German.

As to the Greeks, I knew them very little after four months' residence in Greece. Nothing is more easy than to live in Athens without associating with the natives of the country. I did not go to the café, I read neither the *Pandora*, nor the *Minerva*, nor any journal of native production; I did not frequent the opera, because I have a delicate ear, and a single false note hurts me more cruelly than a blow of the fist; I lived at home with my hosts, my herbal, and John Harris. I could have obtained a presentation at the palace,—thanks to my diplomatic passport and to my official title. I had left my card upon the master of ceremonies and on the grand mistress, and I could reckon upon an invitation to the first court ball. I kept in reserve for this occasion a handsome red coat, embroidered with silver, which my Aunt Rosenthaler had brought me on the eve of my departure. It was the uniform of her late husband, Professor of Natural History at the Philomathic Institute of Minden. My good aunt, a woman of much sense, knew that a uniform is well received in all countries, especially when it is red. My elder brother made the ob-

servation, that I was taller than my uncle, and that the cuffs of his coat did not come quite to the ends of my arms ; but papa replied eagerly, that the silver embroidery would dazzle everybody's eyes, and that princesses would not look at it so near.

Unfortunately, the court did not dance during the season. The pleasures of the winter were the blossoming of the almond-trees, the peach-trees, and the citrons. People spoke vaguely of a grand ball to take place on the fifteenth of May ; it was a rumor in the city, accredited by some semi-official journals ; but it was not to be relied upon.

My studies, like my pleasures, advanced slowly. I knew thoroughly the botanic garden of Athens, which is neither very beautiful nor very rich ; it is a sack which is quickly emptied. The royal garden offered more resources ; an intelligent Frenchman has collected there all the vegetable riches of the country, from the palm-trees of the islands to the saxifrage of Cape Sunium. I passed some pleasant days there, in the midst of the plantations of M. Bareaud. The garden is public only at certain hours ; but I spoke Greek to the sentinels, and for the love of the Greek they let me enter. M. Bareaud did not grow weary of me ; he walked with me everywhere, for the pleasure of talking of botany and of speaking French. In

his absence, I went in search of a tall, thin, red-haired gardener, and questioned him in German ; it is good to be a polyglot.

I herborized a little in the country every day, but never as far as I should have wished ; brigands were encamped around Athens. I am no poltroon, and the end of this recital will prove it to you, but I hold fast to life. It is a present that I received from my parents ; I wish to preserve it as long as possible, in memory of my father and my mother. In the month of April, 1856, it was dangerous to go out of the city ; there was even some imprudence in staying in it. I did not venture on the slope of Lycabétus without thinking of that poor Mademoiselle Daraud, who was robbed there in broad noonday. The hills of Daphné recalled to me the captivity of the two French officers. On the road of the Piræus, I thought involuntarily of that band of robbers who rode in six coaches, like a wedding party, and shot down travellers through the coach doors. The road of Pentelicus recalled the seizure of the Duchess of Plaisance, or the quite recent adventure of Harris and Lobster. They were returning from a ride on two Persian horses belonging to Harris : they fall into an ambuscade. Two brigands, pistol in hand, stop them on the middle of a bridge. They look around, and see in the ravine below a dozen rascals armed to the teeth,

keeping guard over fifty or sixty prisoners. Everybody who had passed since sunrise had been first robbed, then garrotted, so that no one should escape to give the alarm. Harris was without arms, like his nephew. He says to him in English, "Let us throw out our money ; it is not worth while to be killed for twenty dollars." The brigands pick up the coins without letting go the bridles of the horses ; then they point out the ravine, and make signals to descend. At this moment Harris loses patience ; he has an aversion to being tied ; he is not the kind of wood of which to make fagots. He casts a glance at little Lobster, and at the same instant two parallel blows of the fist strike like two bullets on the heads of the two brigands. The adversary of William rolls over backward, in the act of discharging his pistol. Harris's antagonist, hurled still more powerfully, pitches over the parapet, and goes tumbling down in the midst of his comrades. Harris and Lobster were already far away, plunging their spurs into their horses' sides. The band rise like one man, and send a volley after them. The horses are killed, the riders disengage themselves, take to their heels, and hasten to inform the gendarmery, who start in pursuit of the brigands at an early hour, two days afterwards.

Our excellent Christodule learned with true sorrow of the death of the two horses ; but he had

not a word of blame for the murderers. "What would you have?" said he, with a charming simplicity: "it is their business." All Greeks are a little of our host's way of thinking. It is not that the brigands spare their countrymen and reserve their rigors for strangers; but a Greek, robbed by his brother, says to himself with a certain resignation that his money is not going out of the family. The populace suffers itself to be pillaged by the brigands as a woman of the lower orders takes a beating from her husband, admiring as he strikes. The native moralists complain of all the outrages committed in the country, as a father deplors the frolics of his son. He scolds him loudly, he admires him in an undertone; he would be very sorry that he should resemble some neighbor's son who has never caused himself to be talked about.

This is a fact so true, that at the period of my arrival the hero of Athens was actually the scourge of Attica. In the saloons and in the cafés; at the barber's shops, where the common people meet each other; at the apothecaries', where the substantial citizens congregate; in the muddy streets of the market-place; at the dusty cross-ways of Belle-Grèce; at the theatre; at the Sunday concert; and on the road of Patissia, — people talked only of the great Hadgi-Stavros, they swore only by Hadgi-Stavros; — Hadgi-Stavros, the invin-

cible; Hadgi-Stavros, the terror of Gendarmes; Hadgi-Stavros, the King of the Mountains.

One Sunday, as John Harris was dining with us, a short time after his adventure, I drew out good Christodule on the subject of Hadgi-Stavros. Our host had seen much of him in former times, during the war of independence, when brigandage was less discussed than now.

He emptied his glass of Santorin wine, wiped his gray moustache, and began a long story, interrupted by some sighs. He informed us that Stavros was the son of a priest of the island of Tino. His father, who designed him for the Church, had him taught to read. About the age of twenty years, he made a journey to Jerusalem and added to his name the title of Hadgi, which signifies pilgrim. Hadgi-Stavros, in returning to his country, was taken by a pirate. The conqueror found him suitably disposed, and from a prisoner converted him into a sailor. In this way he began to make war against the Turkish vessels, and generally against all vessels which carried no guns. After some years of service, he grew weary of working for others, and resolved to set up on his own account. He had neither vessel nor money to buy one; necessity compelled him to practise piracy on land. The insurrection of the Greeks against Turkey gave him a chance to fish in troubled water. He never

knew very exactly whether he was brigand or insurgent, nor whether he commanded robbers or partisans. His hatred to the Turks did not blind him to such an extent that he would pass by a Greek village without seeing and rummaging it. All money was good for him, whether it came from friends or enemies, from a simple robbery or a glorious pillage. An impartiality so wise rapidly increased his fortune. The shepherds flocked to his standard when they knew that there was much to gain with him: his reputation made him an army. The powers assisting in the insurrection were acquainted with his exploits, but not with his methods; at that time they saw only the bright side. Lord Byron dedicated an ode to him; the poets and orators of Paris compared him to Epaminondas, and even to that pitiful Aristides. They embroidered flags for him at the Faubourg Saint Germain; they sent him subsidies. He received money from France, he received it from England and from Russia; I would not swear that he did not even receive it from Turkey; he was a true pallicare!

Towards the end of the war, Hadgi-Stavros found himself besieged with the other chiefs, in the Acropolis of Athens. He lodged at the Propyleum, between Margaritis and Lygandas, and each of them kept his treasures in the bolster of his bed. One fine summer night the roof

fell so adroitly that it crushed everybody except Hadgi-Stavros who was smoking his *narghilé* in the open air. He picked up from the ruins the property of his companions, and every one thought that he had fairly earned it. But a misfortune which he did not foresee happened to stop the course of his success ; peace was made. Hadgi-Stavros, having retired to the country with his money, was an actor in a strange scene. The powers which had liberated Greece were attempting to found a kingdom. Ill-sounding words began to buzz about the hairy ears of the old *pallicare* ; people spoke of government, army, public order. They made him laugh heartily by announcing to him that his estates were within the jurisdiction of a sub-prefecture. But when the agent of the treasury presented himself to collect the taxes of the year, he became serious. He thrust the tax-gatherer out of doors, not without having relieved him of all the money which he had about his person. Justice sought a contest with him ; he took again the road to the mountains. For indeed he was having a weary time of it in his house. He comprehended to a certain point the advantage of a roof, but on the condition of sleeping on the top of it.

His old companions in arms were dispersed throughout the kingdom. The state had given them lands ; they were sullenly cultivating them,

and eating the bitter bread of labor. When they learned that their chief was at variance with the law, they sold their fields and hastened to re-join him. As to him, he contented himself with securing his property: he has the qualities of an administrator.

Peace and idleness had made him ill. The mountain air cheered him up so much that in 1840 he thought of marriage. He had certainly passed his fiftieth year, but men of his temper have nothing to do with old age; even Death looks twice before attacking them. He espoused a rich heiress, of one of the best families of Laconia, and thus became allied to some of the greatest personages in the kingdom. His wife accompanied him everywhere, bore him a daughter, took the fever and died. He brought up the child himself with almost maternal care. When he danced the little one on his knees, the brigands, his companions, said laughingly to him: "You lack nothing but milk."

Paternal love gave a new impulse to his mind. To amass a royal dowry, he studied the subject of money, on which he had two primitive ideas. Instead of hoarding up his treasure in chests, he invested it. He learned all the twists and turns of speculation; he observed the current prices of the public funds in Greece and in foreign parts. It is even pretended that, struck with the advan-

tages of association, he had the idea of putting brigandage into stock. He made several voyages to Europe, under the guidance of a Greek from Marseilles, who served him as interpreter. During his stay in England, he was present at an election in some rotten borough of Yorkshire : this beautiful spectacle inspired him with some profound reflections on constitutional government and its profits. He returned, determined to improve the institutions of his country, and to make himself a revenue thereby. He burnt a good number of villages, for the service of the opposition ; he destroyed some others in the interest of the conservative party. When it was desired to overthrow a ministry, it was only necessary to address him ; he proved by irrefutable arguments that the government was badly conducted, and that security would be obtained only by changing the cabinet. But in requital he gave rude lessons to the enemies of order, punishing them wherever they had offended. His political talents made him so well known, that all parties held him in high esteem. His counsels, in the matter of elections, were almost always followed ; so much so that, contrary to the principle of representative government, — which is, that a single deputy expresses the will of a great many men, — he was represented — himself alone — by thirty deputies. An intelligent minister, the celebrated

Rhalettis, was of opinion that a man who so often touched the springs of government would end, perhaps, by disordering the machine. He undertook to tie his hands with a thread of gold. He appointed an interview with him at Carvato, between Hymettus and Pentelicus, in the country-house of a foreign consul. Hadgi-Stavros went thither without escort and without arms. The minister and the brigand, who were acquaintances of long standing, breakfasted together like two old friends. During the dessert, Rhalettis offered him full and entire amnesty for himself and his followers, a commission of general of division, the office of senator, and a clear title to twenty thousand acres of woodland. The *pallicare* hesitated some time, and at length replied no. "I perhaps should have accepted twenty years ago," said he, "but now I am too old. I cannot, at my age, change my manner of life. The dust of Athens has no attractions for me; I should go to sleep in the senate, and if you gave me soldiers to command, I should be apt to discharge my pistols upon their uniforms, by the force of habit. Return then to your business, and let me attend to mine."

Rhalettis did not consider himself beaten. He attempted to enlighten the brigand on the infamy of the trade which he followed. Hadgi-Stavros began to laugh, and said to him, with an amiable cordiality : —

"My good friend! the day that we shall write down our sins, which of us two will have the longer list?"

"Think, after all," added the minister, "that you cannot escape your destiny: you will die one day or another a violent death."

"Allah Kerim!" replied he in Turkish. "Neither you nor I have read the stars. But I have at least one advantage: it is, that my enemies wear a uniform, and I recognize them at a distance. You cannot say as much of yours. Adieu, brother."

Six months after, the minister died, assassinated by his political enemies. The brigand lives still.

Our host did not relate to us all the exploits of his hero; the day would not have been long enough. He contented himself with enumerating the most remarkable. I do not believe that in any country the rivals of Hadgi-Stavros have done anything more artistic than the capture of the *Niebuhr*. This is a steamboat of the Austrian Lloyd, which the *pallicare* rifled on land at eleven o'clock in the morning. The *Niebuhr* came from Constantinople; she landed her cargo and passengers at Calamaki, on the east side of the Isthmus of Corinth. Four wagons and two omnibuses took the passengers and merchandise, to transport them to the other side of the Isthmus, where another boat was waiting for them at the

little port of Loutraki. It waited a long time. Hadgi-Stavros, in broad daylight, on a fine road, in a level and open country, took away the merchandise, the baggage, the money of the travelers, and the weapons of the gendarmes, who escorted the convoy. "It was a day's work of two hundred and fifty thousand francs!" said Christodule, with a shade of envy.

There has been much talk about the cruelties of Hadgi-Stavros. His friend Christodule assured us that he did not do harm for pleasure. He is a sober man, and one who intoxicates himself with nothing, not even with blood. If he happens to heat a little too much the feet of a rich peasant, it is to find out where the stingy fellow has concealed his money. In general, he treats with mildness prisoners for whom he expects a ransom. In the summer of 1854 he made a descent one evening, with his band, upon the house of a large merchant of the Island of Eubœa, Mr. Voidi. He found the family assembled, together with an old judge of the tribunal of Chalcis, who was playing a game of cards with the master of the house. Hadgi-Stavros offered to play with the magistrate for his liberty; Hadgi lost, and paid the stake with good grace. He carried away Mr. Voidi, his daughter, and his son; he left the wife, that she might busy herself about the ransom. The day of the capture the merchant had the gout,

his daughter had the ague, the little boy was pale and bloated. They returned two months afterwards wholly cured by exercise, fresh air, and good treatment. A whole family recovered its health for fifty thousand francs: was that paying too dear?

"I confess," added Christodule, "that our friend has no pity upon bad payers. When a ransom is not paid at the stipulated time, he kills his prisoners with a commercial punctuality: it is his way of protesting notes. Notwithstanding my admiration for him, and the friendship which unites our two families, I have not yet forgiven him for the murder of the two little girls of Mistra. These were twin sisters of fourteen years, pretty as two little marble statues, both betrothed to young men of Léondari. They resembled each other so exactly, that, seeing them together, one instinctively rubbed his eyes, thinking he had seen double. One morning they went to sell cocoons to the silk-factory; they carried together a large basket, and were tripping lightly over the road, like two doves attached to the same car. Hadgi-Stavros carried them away to the mountain, and wrote to their mother that he would restore them for ten thousand francs, payable at the end of the month. The mother was a widow in easy circumstances, proprietor of fine mulberry-trees, but poor as we all are in ready money. She borrowed on

her property,—a thing which it is never easy to do, even at twenty per cent interest. It took more than six weeks to raise the amount. When she had the money at last, she loaded it upon a mule and set out for the camp of Hadgi-Stavros. But on entering the grand *langada* of the Taygetos, at the place where one finds seven fountains under a plane-tree, the mule, which was walking ahead, stopped short, and refused to move a step. Then the poor mother saw on the side of the road her little daughters. Their throats were cut to the bone, and those pretty heads hardly held to the bodies. She took the two poor creatures, placed them herself upon the mule, and brought them back to Mistra. She could never weep: so she went mad and died. I know that Hadgi-Stavros regretted what he had done: he thought that the widow was richer, and that she would not pay. He had killed the two children for the example. It is certain that since that time his restitution is always well made, and that no one has dared again to make him wait.”

“*Brutta Carogna!*” cried Giacomo, striking a blow which shook the house like an earthquake; “if ever he falls into my hands, I will help him to a ransom of ten thousand blows of my fist, which will enable him to retire from business.”

“As for me,” said little Lobster, with his tranquil smile, “I ask only to meet him at fifty paces with my revolver. And you, Uncle John?”

Harris whistled between his teeth a little American air, sharp as the blade of a stiletto.

"Shall I believe my ears?" added the good M. Mérinay, harmonious mortal, in his flute-like voice. "Is it possible that such horrors are committed in an age like ours! I am well aware that the Society for the Reformation of Malefactors has not yet established chapels of ease in this kingdom; but in the mean while have you not a gendarmery?"

"Certainly," replied Christodule: "50 officers, 152 brigadiers, and 1,250 gendarmes, of whom 150 are mounted. It is the best troop in the kingdom, next to that of Hadgi-Stavros."

"What astonishes me," said I, in my turn, "is that the old rascal's daughter lets him do it."

"She is not with him."

"So much the better! where is she?"

"At boarding-school."

"In Athens?"

"You ask too much of me; I am not informed to that extent. It is certain, though, that whoever shall marry her will make a splendid match."

"Yes," said Harris. "It is equally sure that the daughter of Calcraft is not a bad partner."

"Who is Calcraft?"

"The hangman of London."

At these words Dimitri, the son of Christodule, blushed up to his ears.

"By your leave, sir," said he to John Harris, "there is a great difference between a hangman and a brigand. The office of hangman is infamous; the profession of brigand is honorable. Government is obliged to keep the hangman of Athens in the fort of Palamidás, to save him from assassination; while nobody wishes ill to Hadgi-Stavros, and the most honest people of the kingdom are proud to take him by the hand."

Harris was opening his mouth to reply, when the bell of the shop rang. The servant re-entered with a young girl of fifteen or sixteen years, dressed according to the latest engraving of the *Journal des Modes*. Dimitri arose, saying, "It is Photini!"

"Gentlemen," said the pastry-cook, "let us change the subject, if you please. The histories of brigands are not fit for young ladies."

Christodule introduced Photini to us as the daughter of one of his companions in arms, Colonel Jean, Commander of the fortress at Nauplia. She was called therefore Photini, daughter of Jean, according to the custom of the country, where there are not, properly speaking, any family names.

The young Athenian girl was ugly, like nine tenths of the daughters of Athens. She had pretty teeth and handsome hair, but that was all. Her thick waist seemed ill at ease in a Parisian corset.

Her round feet, in form like smoothing-irons, must have suffered torture: they were made to drag along in Turkish slippers, and not to be squeezed into the delicate boots of Meyer. Her face recalled so little the Grecian type that she was absolutely wanting in profile. It was as flat as if an imprudent nurse had committed the mistake of sitting upon her when a child. The toilet does not avail all women: it almost made poor Photini ridiculous. Her flowing robe, sustained by a stout crinoline, brought out the defect of her person and the awkwardness of her movements. The jewels of the Palais-Royal with which she was enamelled seemed so many exclamation-points, intended to signalize the imperfections of her body. You would have pronounced her a coarse and dumpy servant, who had made herself fine in the wardrobe of her mistress.

We were not at all surprised that the daughter of a simple colonel should be so expensively dressed, to spend her Sunday in the house of a pastry-cook. We knew the country well enough to know that dress is the most incurable plague of Greek society. The country girls bore holes in pieces of money, sew them together in the form of a head-dress, and cover their heads with them on gala-days. They carry their dowry on the head. The city girls spend their money at the shops, and carry it all on the body.

Photini was in a boarding-school at Hetaria. That is, you know, a house of education established on the model of the Legion of Honor, but governed by broader and more tolerant laws. They bring up there not only the daughters of soldiers, but sometimes also the heiresses of brigands.

The daughter of Colonel Jean knew a little French and English; but her timidity did not permit her to shine in the conversation. I have since learned that her family counted upon us to perfect her in foreign languages. Her father, having learned that Christodule lodged some honest and educated Europeans, had begged the pastry-cook to let her visit there every Sunday, and serve him as a correspondent. This step appeared to be agreeable to Christodule, and also to his son Dimitri. The young *valet de place* devoured with his eyes the poor boarding-school girl, who took no notice of him.

We had planned to go all together to the concert. This is a fine pageant, to which the Athenians treat themselves every Sunday. The whole people resort, in full dress, to a dusty field, to hear waltzes and quadrilles played by one of the regimental bands. The poor go on foot, the rich in carriages, the elegant on horseback. The court would not miss it for an empire. After the last quadrille, every one returns home with a dusty dress and a contented heart, saying, "We have been very much amused."

It is certain that Photini reckoned upon showing herself at the concert, and her admirer, Dimitri, was not sorry to appear there with her ; for he wore a new coat, which he had bought ready-made, at the *dépôt* of La Belle-Jardiniere. Unfortunately, the rain began to fall so fast that we were obliged to stay at home. To kill the time, Maroula proposed to play Sugar-plums ; it is a fashionable amusement in the society of the middle classes. She took a bottle from the shop, and distributed to each of us a handful of sugar-plums, seasoned with cloves, aniseed, pepper, and chicory. Thereupon cards were given out, and the first who got together nine of the same color received three plums from each of his adversaries. The Maltese Giacomo testified, by his close attention, that the winning was not indifferent to him. Chance declared in his favor : he made a fortune, and we saw him swallow seven or eight handfuls of sugar-plums, which had passed through the hands of the whole company, including M. Mérimay.

I, who took less interest in the party, concentrated my attention on a curious phenomenon which presented itself on my left hand. While the glances of the young Athenian were being thrown away one by one upon the indifference of Photini, Harris, who did not look at her at all, attracted her by an invisible force. He held his

cards with an air somewhat abstracted, yawned from time to time with an American frankness, or whistled Yankee Doodle without regard to the company. I believe that the story of Christodule had impressed him, and that his mind was traversing the mountains in pursuit of Hadgi-Stavros. At all events, whatever he was thinking of, it was certainly not of love. Perhaps the young girl thought of it as little, for the Greek women have nearly all, at the bottom of the heart, a good pavement of indifference. Nevertheless, she gazed upon our friend John as a lark looks at a mirror. She was not acquainted with him; she knew nothing of him, — neither his name, nor his country, nor his fortune. She had not heard him speak; and even if she had heard, she was certainly not qualified to judge as to his understanding. He looked to her very handsome, and that was enough. The Greeks of ancient time adored beauty: it is the only one of their gods which has never had atheists. The Greeks of to-day, in spite of their degeneracy, yet know how to distinguish an Apollo from a baboon. We find in the collection of M. Fauriel a little song, which may be translated thus: —

“Young lads, do you wish to know, young girls, do you wish to learn, how love enters our souls? It enters by the eyes; from the eyes it descends to the heart, and in the heart it takes root.”

Decidedly, Photini knew the song; for she

opened her great eyes, that love might enter without stooping.

The rain did not weary of falling, nor Dimitri of ogling the young girl, nor the young girl of looking at Harris, nor Giacomo of crunching sugar-plums, nor M. Mérimay of relating to little Lobster a chapter of ancient history, to which he did not listen. At eight o'clock, Maroula laid the cloth for supper. Photini was placed between Dimitri and me, who did not draw back in consequence. She conversed little, and ate nothing. At the dessert, when the servant spoke of taking her home, she made a visible effort, and said in my ear:—

“Is Mr. Harris married?”

I took pleasure in embarrassing her a little, and I replied:—

“Yes, Mademoiselle; he has married the widow of the Doges of Venice!”

“Is it possible! How old is she?”

“She is old as the world, and as eternal.”

“Do not make fun of me; I am a poor little girl, and I do not understand your European pleasantries.”

“In other words, Mademoiselle, he has married the sea; it is he who commands the American steamer, the *Fancy*.”

She thanked me with such a radiancy of joy that her ugliness was eclipsed by it; and during one second, at least, I thought her pretty.

III.

MARY ANN.

THE studies of my youth developed in me one passion which has gradually encroached upon all others: it is the desire of knowing, or, if you prefer to call it so, curiosity. Until the day when I set out for Athens my sole pleasure had been to learn; my only chagrin, to be ignorant. I loved science like a mistress, and no one had yet come to dispute my heart with her. In requital it must be granted that I was not sentimental, and that poetry and Hermann Schultz rarely entered by the same gate. I walked in the world, as in a vast museum, eye-glass in hand. I observed the pleasures and the sufferings of others as facts worthy of study, but unworthy of envy or of pity. I had no more envy of a happy household than of a couple of palm-trees married by the wind; I had just as much compassion for a heart torn by love as for a geranium blighted by the frost. When one has dissected living animals, he is no longer very

sensitive to the cries of the palpitating flesh. I should have been a good public in a combat of gladiators.

The love of Photini for John Harris would have excited pity in anybody but a naturalist: the poor creature loved at random, and it was evident that she would love to no effect. She was too timid to disclose her love, and John had too many irons in the fire to find it out. Even if he had perceived anything of it, what hope was there that he would interest himself in a simple homely girl from the borders of the Ilissus! Photini passed four other days with him; the four Sundays of April. She looked at him, from morning till night, with languishing and despairing eyes; but she never found courage to open her mouth in his presence. Harris whistled tranquilly, Dimitri growled like a young bulldog, and as for me, I observed with a smile this strange malady from which my constitution had always preserved me.

My father wrote me in the mean while that things were going on very badly at home, that travellers were scarce, that living was dear, that our opposite neighbors had just emigrated, and that if I had found a Russian princess, I could do nothing better than marry her without delay. I replied that I had found no one to captivate, except the daughter of a poor Greek colonel;

that she was seriously smitten, but with another than me; that I could, with a little address, become her confidant, but that I should never be her husband. For the rest, my health was good, my herbal magnificent. My researches, confined till then within the precincts of Athens, would soon be able to extend further. Security had revived, the brigands had been beaten by the gendarmery, and all the journals announced a dispersion of the band of Hadgi-Stavros. In a month at the latest I could direct my steps again to Germany, to solicit a place which would give bread to the whole family.

We had read on Sunday, the 28th of April, in the *Siècle* of Athens, the great defeat of the King of the Mountains. The official reports said that he had had twenty men put *hors de combat*, his camp burned, his troops dispersed, and that the gendarmery had pursued him even into the swamps of Marathon. This news, very agreeable to all the strangers, had appeared to cause less pleasure to the Greeks, and particularly to our hosts. Christodule, for a lieutenant of the phalanx, was wanting in enthusiasm, and the daughter of Colonel Jean was on the point of weeping when she heard of the defeat of the brigand. Harris, who had brought the journal, did not conceal his joy. As to me, I was free once more to traverse the open country, and I was enchanted.

On the 30th, I set out in the morning with my box and stick. Dimitri awoke me at four o'clock. He was going to engage in the service of an English family, which had landed some days before at the Hôtel des Etrangers.

I went down the Street of Hermes as far as the cross-road of Belle-Grèce, and took the street of Eolus. In passing opposite the place of the Cannons, I saluted the little artillery of the kingdom, which sleeps under a shed, dreaming of the taking of Constantinople, and in four strides I arrived at the promenade of Patissia. The flowers which border it on either side were beginning to open their odorous blossoms. The deep blue sky grew white imperceptibly between Hymettus and Pentelicus; before me, on the horizon the summits of Parnes rose up like a broken wall: it was the destined end of my journey. I descended through a by-road as far as the house of the Countess Ianthe Theotoki, occupied by the Legation of France; I passed along the gardens of the Prince Michael Soutzo and the Academy of Plato, which a president of the Areopagus put into a lottery some years ago, and I entered a forest of olive-trees. The morning thrushes and the blackbirds—their cousins-german—leaped in the silvery foliage, and clamored joyously over my head. At the opening of the woods I walked through some tall, green

barley where the horses of Attica, short and thick as those on the frieze of the Parthenon, were consoling themselves for the dry forage and the heating nurture of the winter. Flocks of turtle-doves flew away at my approach, and the tufted larks mounted vertically into the sky, like squibs from a discharge of fireworks. From time to time a lazy tortoise crossed the road, dragging his house with him. I laid him down carefully on his back and pursued my way, leaving him the honor of getting himself out of trouble.

After a march of two hours, I entered the desert. The traces of cultivation disappeared; only tufts of thin grass, roots of the star of Bethlehem, or long stalks of withered asphodel, were to be seen on the arid soil. The sun rose, and I saw distinctly the fir-trees which bristle on the border of Parnes. The path which I had taken was not a very sure guide, but I directed my steps towards a group of houses scattered about on the side of the mountain, and which I took to be the village of Castia. I crossed, with one stride, the Eleusian Cephissus, — to the great scandal of the little flat turtles, which jumped into the water like common frogs. A hundred paces farther, the road lost itself in a large and deep ravine, hollowed by the rains of three thousand winters. I supposed, with some reason, that the ravine must be the road. I had remarked in my previous excursions,

that the Greeks dispense with the trouble of laying out roads whenever the water has been kindly disposed to charge itself with the labor. In this country, where man opposes very little the work of Nature, the torrents are royal avenues : the brooks, departmental roads ; the ditches, vicinal paths. The storms perform the office of engineers of bridges and highways, and the rain is the constructing agent, repairing at discretion the ways of great and little communication. I plunged therefore into the ravine, and pursued my walk between two steep banks, which hid from me the plain, the mountain, and my point of destination. But the capricious road made so many deflections that it was soon difficult for me to know in what direction I was going, and whether I was not turning my back on Parnes. The wisest plan would have been to climb up one or the other bank and take a survey of my position ; but the slopes were steep, I was weary, I was hungry, and I found myself very comfortable in the shade. I sat down on a boulder of marble, and took out of my box a slice of bread, a shoulder of cold lamb, and a gourd of the wine which you know about. I said to myself, "If I am upon a road some one will perhaps pass, and I will inquire my way."

In fact, as I was shutting my knife, to stretch myself out in the shade with that sweet repose which follows the breakfast of travellers and of

serpents, I thought I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs. I placed my ear against the earth, and discovered that two or three riders were advancing behind me. I buckled my box on my back, and got ready to follow them in case they were going in the direction of Parnes. Five minutes afterward I saw two ladies appear, mounted upon well-trained horses, and equipped like Englishwomen on a journey. Behind them followed a foot-traveller whom I had no trouble in recognizing: it was Dimitri. You, who have roamed a little in the world, must have remarked that the traveller sets out on his way without any care for the vanities of the toilet; but that if he happens to meet ladies, were they older than the dove of the ark, he suddenly emerges from this indifference and casts an unquiet look on his dusty vestments. Before even distinguishing the faces of the two amazons behind their blue crape veils, I had made an inspection of my whole person, and had been tolerably satisfied. I wore the clothes which you see, and which are still presentable, although they have served me nearly two years. I have changed only my head-dress: a cap, were it as beautiful and as good as this, would not protect a traveller against the heat of the sun. I had on a hat of gray felt, with a broad brim, on which the dust left no mark.

I took it off politely as the two ladies passed. They did not appear to be much disturbed by my

salute. I held out my hand to Dimitri, and he informed me in few words all that I wished to know.

“Am I on the right road to Parnes?”

“Yes; we are going there.”

“I can accompany you?”

“Why not?”

“Who are these ladies?”

“My English ladies; the milord remains at the hotel.”

“What kind of people?”

“Pooh! bankers from London. The old lady is Mrs. Simons, of the house of Barley & Co.; the milord is her brother; the young lady is her daughter.”

“Pretty?”

“That is a matter of taste. I like Photini better.”

“Shall you go as far as the fortress of Philæ?”

“Yes. They have engaged me for a week, at ten francs a day, and found. I am to direct their excursions. I have begun with this one, because I knew we should meet you. But what wasp is stinging them?”

The old lady, annoyed at seeing that I was borrowing her servant, had put her beast on the trot in a passage where, within the memory of horse, no one had ever trotted. The other animal, stimulated by the strange proceeding, endeavored to

take the same gait, and, if we had chatted a few minutes more, we should have been left far behind. Dimitri ran to rejoin the ladies, and I heard Mrs. Simons say to him in English: "Do not keep far off. I am an Englishwoman, and I wish to be well served. I do not pay you for conversing with your friends. Who is that Greek with whom you were talking?"

"He is a German, madam."

"Ah! . . . what is he doing?"

"He is looking for herbs."

"Is he an apothecary, then?"

"No, madam; he is a *savant*."

"Ah! . . . Does he understand English?"

"Yes, madam, very well."

"Ah!" . . .

The three "ah's!" of the old lady were said in three different tones, which I should have taken pleasure in noting if I had known music. They indicated, by very perceptible shades, the progress which I had made in the esteem of Mrs. Simons. Nevertheless, she did not address a word to me, and I followed the little caravan at a distance of some paces. Dimitri did not dare to talk with me any more; he marched on before like a prisoner of war. All that he could do for my benefit, was to cast two or three glances at me, which were intended to say in French, "How impertinent these Englishwomen are!" Miss Simons did not turn

her head round, and I was not in a position to decide in what respect her ugliness differed from that of Photini. What I could see, without impropriety, was that the young English girl was tall and marvellously well made. Her shoulders were broad, her waist was round as a ring, and supple as a reed. The little that could be perceived of her neck, would have made me think of the swans of the Zoölogical Garden, even if I had not been a naturalist.

Her mother turned to speak to her, and I doubled my pace, in the hope of hearing her voice. Have I not informed you that I am passionately curious? I arrived just in time to gather the following conversation:—

“ Mary Ann ! ”

“ Mamma ? ”

“ I am hungry. ”

“ Are you ? ”

“ I am. ”

“ I am cold, mamma. ”

“ Are you ? ”

“ I am. ”

You think that this eminently English dialogue made me smile? Not at all, sir! I was under a spell. The voice of Mary Ann had followed, I know not what route, to penetrate I know not where: the fact is, that while listening to it I experienced, as it were, a delicious anguish, and felt

myself very agreeably extinguished. I had heard nothing in my life more young, more fresh, more silvery than that little voice. The sound of a shower of gold falling on my father's roof would have seemed to me indeed less sweet. "What a misfortune it is," thought I, "that the most melodious birds are necessarily the most ugly!" and I dreaded to see her features. And yet curiosity had such power over me that I was longing to look her in the face.

Dimitri purposed to make the two travellers breakfast at the Khan of Calyvia.

This is an inn built of rough planks; but one finds there, at all seasons, a bottle of resinous wine, a bottle of *rhaki*, — that is to say, annisette, brown bread, eggs, and a whole regiment of venerable hens, which death transforms into chickens, in virtue of metempsychosis. Unfortunately the khan was deserted and the gate shut. At this news, Mrs. Simons had a very sharp quarrel with Dimitri; and, as she faced about, she showed me a figure as angular as the blade of a Sheffield knife, and two rows of teeth like palisades.

"I am an Englishwoman," said she, "and I insist upon eating when I am hungry."

"Madam," replied Dimitri, piteously, "you shall breakfast in half an hour at the village of Castia."

As for me, who had breakfasted, I gave myself up to melancholy reflections on the ugliness of

Mrs. Simons ; and I murmured between my teeth an aphorism from the Latin grammar of Fraugman : "As is the mother so is the daughter : *Qualis mater talis filia.*"

From the khan to the village the route is particularly detestable. It is a narrow slope, between a perpendicular rock and a precipice, which would give the vertigo to the chamois themselves. Mrs. Simons, before undertaking this diabolical path, where the horses found just room for their four feet, asked if there was not another road.

"I am an Englishwoman," said she, "and I am not made to roll down precipices."

Dimitri praised the road ; he assured her that there were some in the kingdom a hundred times worse.

"At least," replied the good lady, "hold the bridle of my horse. But what will become of my daughter ? Lead my daughter's horse. And yet, I must not break my neck ! Could you not hold the two horses at the same time ? This path is detestable, indeed. It may be good enough for Greeks, but it is not fit for English people. Is it not true, sir ?" added she, turning graciously towards me.

I was introduced. Regular or not, the presentation was made. I arrived under the auspices of a personage well known in the romances of the middle age, and whom the poets of the fourteenth

century called "Danger." I bowed, with all the elegance which nature has granted me, and replied in English : —

"Madam, the road is not so bad as it seems to you at first sight. Your horses are sure-footed; I know them from having ridden them. Besides, you have two guides, if you will kindly permit it: Dimitri for you, myself for the young lady."

No sooner said than done; without waiting an answer, I advanced boldly. Turning towards Mary Ann, I took the bridle of her horse; and, as her blue veil had just flown back, I saw the most adorable face which has ever unsettled the mind of a German naturalist.

A charming Chinese poet, the celebrated A. Scholl, pretends that every man has in his heart a chaplet of eggs, of which each contains a love. In order to make them hatch, it needs only the glance of a woman.

I am too well informed to be ignorant that this hypothesis rests on no solid basis, and that it is in formal contradiction with all the facts revealed by anatomy. Nevertheless, I must allow that the first look of Miss Simons caused a sensible concussion in the region of my heart. I experienced a commotion wholly unaccustomed, and which, yet, had nothing painful about it; and it seemed to me that something was broken in the osseous cavity of my breast, beneath the bone called the

sternum. At the same instant my blood ran in violent torrents, and the arteries of my temples beat with so much force that I could count the pulsations.

What eyes she had, my dear sir! I hope, for the sake of your peace of mind, that you may never encounter the like. They were not remarkably large, and they did not encroach on the rest of the face. They were neither blue nor black, but of a peculiar and personal color, made for them, and mixed for the express purpose on a corner of the palette. It was a deep and velvety brown, which one meets only in the garnets of Siberia and in certain garden-flowers. I will show you a scabious, and a variety of hollyhock, nearly black, which recall without rendering the wonderful shade of her eyes. If you have ever visited a forge at midnight, you must have remarked the strange light which a steel plate sends forth when heated to a reddish brown; this is precisely the color of her glances. As to the fascination which they had, no comparison can describe it. Fascination is a gift reserved to few individuals of the animal kingdom. The eyes of Mary Ann had an indescribable look of innocence and spirituality, a frank vivacity, a radiance of youth and health, and, at times, a touching languor. All the knowledge of the woman and all the innocence of the child were read there as in a book; but to

read long in this book would make one blind. Her look burned as truly as my name is Hermann. It would have ripened the peaches on your espalier.

To think that that poor Dimitri called her less beautiful than Photini! In truth, love is a malady which stupefies its victims strangely! I, who have never lost the use of my reason, and who judge all things with the sage indifference of the naturalist, I assure you that the world has never seen a woman comparable to Mary Ann. Would that I were able to show you her portrait, as it is engraved in the depths of my memory. You would see that her eyelashes were long, that her eyebrows traced a graceful curve above her eyes, that her mouth was delicate, that the enamel of her teeth laughed in the sunshine, that her little ear was rosy and transparent. I have studied her beauty in its smallest details, because I have an analytical mind, and a habit of observation. One of the traits which struck me most in her, is the fineness and the transparency of her skin; her epidermis was more delicate than the velvety pellicle which envelops the finest fruits. The colors of her cheeks seemed made of that impalpable dust which illuminates the wings of butterflies. If I had not been a doctor in the natural sciences, I should have feared that the touch of her veil would have taken away the fragile lustre of her

beauty. I do not know whether you like pale women,—and I should not wish to interfere with your ideas, if by chance you have a taste for that kind of moribund elegance which has been the fashion for a time,—but in my quality of *savant*, I admire nothing so much as health. If ever I practise as a physician, I shall be a precious man for families, for it is certain that I shall never be enamored of any of my invalids. The sight of a pretty face, healthy and merry, gives me almost as much pleasure as the finding of a fine, vigorous shrub, whose flowers blossom gayly to the sun, and whose leaves have never been preyed upon either by worms or by insects. So the first time I saw the face of Mary Ann, I felt strongly tempted to press her hand, and say to her: “Mademoiselle, how good you are to be in such good health!”

I have forgotten to tell you that the outlines of her face were wanting in regularity, and that she had not a statuesque profile. Phidias would have perhaps refused to take her bust; but your Pradier would have begged for sittings on his bended knees. I will avow, at the risk of destroying your illusions, that she had on her left cheek a dimple, which was absolutely wanting on her right cheek,—which is contrary to all the laws of symmetry. Know, moreover, that her nose was neither straight nor aquiline, but plainly turned up, *à la Française*. But that this conformation rendered her less pret-

ty I would deny, even on the scaffold. She was as beautiful as the Greek statues ; but she was beautiful in a different style. Beauty is not to be measured by an immutable type, though Plato has so affirmed in his sublime vagaries. It varies according to the times, the people, and the degree of mental culture. The Venus of Milo was, two thousand years ago, the most beautiful woman of the Archipelago : I do not believe that she would be, in 1856, the prettiest woman in Paris. Introduce her to a mantua-maker of the Place Vendôme, and to a milliner of the Rue de la Paix. In all the saloons where you shall present her, she will have less success than madam such a one, or so and so, who has features less correct, and a nose less straight. One could admire a woman geometrically beautiful, in the time when woman was an object of art, destined to please the eyes without addressing the mind,—a bird of Paradise, of which we contemplate the plumage without desiring it ever to sing. A beautiful Athenian woman was as well proportioned, as white and as cold as the column of a temple. M. Mérimé proved to me in a book, that the Ionic column was only a woman disguised. The portico of the temple of Erechtheus, at the Acropolis of Athens, rests still on four Athenian women of the age of Pericles. The women of to-day are little winged beings, light, restless, and especially thoughtful,—

created not to carry temples on their heads, but to awaken genius, to lighten labor, to animate courage, and to illumine the world with the flashes of their wit. What we love in them, and what makes their beauty, is not the measured regularity of their features ; it is the lively and changeful expression of sentiments more delicate than ours ; it is the radiation of the soul around that fragile frame which is not sufficient to contain it ; it is the petulant play of a sprightly countenance. I am not a sculptor, but if I knew how to manage the chisel, and should be employed to make an allegorical statue of our epoch, I swear to you that it should have a dimple on the left cheek, and a turned-up nose.

I conducted Mary Ann as far as the village of Castia. What she said to me along the road, and what I was able to reply to her, has left no more traces in my mind than the flight of a swallow leaves in the air. Her voice was so sweet to hear, that I did not perhaps listen to what she said. I was like a person at the opera, where the music often does not permit one to understand the words. And nevertheless, all the circumstances of that first interview have become ineffaceable in my mind. I have only to shut my eyes to believe that I am still there. The April sun shed its gentle rays on my head. Below the road and above it, the resinous trees of the mountain shed

their aromatic odors on the air. The pines, the spruces, and the fir-trees seemed to burn a pungent and rustic incense on the passage of Mary Ann. She inhaled with visible happiness this odorous gift of nature. Her little mutinous nose trembled and beat its wings; her eyes, her beautiful eyes, ran from one object to another with a sparkling joy. In seeing her so pretty, so lively, and so happy, you would have called her a dryad, escaped from the tree. I see even now the beast which she rode; it was *Psari*, a white horse from the stable of Zimmerman. Her riding-habit was black: that of Mrs. Simons, which shut from me the horizon, was of a bottle-green, odd enough to testify the independence of her taste. Mrs. Simons had a black hat, of that absurd and ungraceful form which men have adopted in all countries; her daughter wore the gray felt of the heroines of the Fronde. Both had on chamois gloves. The hand of Mary Ann was a little large, but admirably made. As for myself, I could never wear gloves. Can you?

The village of Castia proved to be uninhabited, like the khan of Calyria. Dimitri did not know what to make of it. We dismounted near the fountain opposite the church. Each of us went about knocking from door to door; not a soul appeared. No one at the priest's, no one at the prefect's. The authorities had taken themselves

off in the train of the population. All the houses of the villagers are composed of four walls and a roof, with two openings, one of which serves for a door and the other for a window. Poor Dimitri took the trouble to break open two or three doors and five or six shutters, to assure himself that the inhabitants were not asleep within. So many breakages served only to set free an unfortunate cat, forgotten by her master, who darted off like an arrow in the direction of the woods.

Mrs. Simons now lost patience. "I am an Englishwoman," said she to Dimitri, "and am not to be trifled with with impunity. I will complain to the legation. What! I hire you for a walk on the mountain, and you make me travel over precipices! I order you to bring provisions, and you expose me to die of hunger! We were to breakfast at the khan, and the khan is abandoned! Fasting as I am, I have the perseverance to follow you even to this frightful village; and all the peasants have departed! All this is not natural. I have travelled in Switzerland; Switzerland is a country of mountains, and yet I have wanted nothing there: I always breakfasted there at my regular hours, and I had trout to eat, do you hear?"

Mary Ann endeavored to calm her mother, but the good lady would hear nothing. Dimitri explained to her, as well as he could, that the inhab-

itants of the village were nearly all charcoal-burners, and that their business often scattered them about the mountain. However, there was no time lost yet: it was not more than eight o'clock, and we were sure of finding in ten minutes' walk a house inhabited and a breakfast all ready.

"What house?" demanded Mrs. Simons.

"The farm of the convent. The monks of Penticus have extensive lands above Castia. They raise bees there. The good old man who carries on the farm has always wine, bread, honey, and hens; he will give us breakfast."

"He will be gone away like everybody else."

"If he is gone, he will not be far off. Swarming time is approaching, and he cannot wander far from his hives."

"Go then yourself and see; for my part I have travelled enough this morning. I vow not to mount my horse again before I have eaten."

"Madame, you will have no need to remount your horse," replied Dimitri, patient as a guide. "We can fasten our beasts at the watering-place, and we shall arrive more quickly on foot."

Mary Ann decided her mother. She was longing to see the good old man and his winged flocks. Dimitri fastened the horses near the fountain, placing on each bridle a large, heavy stone. Mrs. Simons and her daughter lifted their riding-habits, and our little troop entered upon a steep

pathway, very agreeable doubtless to the goats of Castia. All the green lizards which were basking in the sun retired discreetly at our approach, but each of them drew forth an eagle-like shriek from good Mrs. Simons, who could not endure the crawling creatures. After a quarter of an hour of vocalization, she had at last the joy of seeing an open house and a human face. It was the farm and the good old man.

The farm-house was a small, red, brick building covered with five cupolas,—no more nor less than a village mosque. At a distant view, it was not wanting in a certain elegance. Neat without, nasty within, is the Oriental maxim. Near the house, in the shelter of a hill bristling with thyme, were seen a hundred hives, placed on the ground and standing in a line like tents in a camp. The king of this empire, the good old man, was a little young man of twenty-five years, plump and merry. All the Greek monks are decorated with the honorary title of good old man, and age has nothing to do with it. He was clothed like a peasant, but his cap, instead of being red, was black: it was by this mark that Dimitri recognized him.

The little man, on seeing us approach, raised his arms to heaven, and gave tokens of profound astonishment. "Here is a singular original," said Mrs. Simons; "what is he so aston-

ished at? One would say that he had never seen Englishwomen."

Dimitri, who ran on ahead, kissed the hand of the monk, and said to him, with a curious mixture of respect and familiarity:—

"Bless me, my father. Wring the necks of two chickens, and you shall be well paid."

"Unfortunate man!" said the monk, "what do you come here for?"

"Breakfast."

"You did not then observe that the khan below was abandoned?"

"I observed it so well that I found nobody at home."

"And that the village was deserted?"

"If I had met people there, I should not have clambered up as far as your house."

"You are on good terms with them then?"

"Them? Whom?"

"The brigands!"

"Brigands on Parnès?"

"Since day before yesterday."

"Where are they?"

"Everywhere!"

Dimitri turned quickly towards us, and said: "We have not a minute to lose. The brigands are in the mountains. Let us run to our horses! A little courage, ladies, and some legs, if you please!"

"This is too much!" cried Mrs. Simons.
"Without having breakfasted!"

"Madam, your breakfast might cost you dear.
Hasten, for the love of God!"

"But this is a conspiracy! You have sworn to make me die of hunger! Brigands, to be sure! As if there were any brigands! I do not believe in brigands. All the newspapers announce that there are no more of them. Besides, I am an Englishwoman, and if any one should touch a hair of my head ——"

Mary Ann was much less reassured. She leaned on my arm, and asked me if I thought we were in danger of death.

"Of death? no. Of robbery? yes."

"What matters it?" replied Mrs. Simons.
"Let them rob me of all that I have about me, and let me have my breakfast!"

I learned afterward that the poor woman was subject to a malady quite uncommon, which the vulgar call canine hunger, and which we *savants* denominate *boulimie*. When the appetite was upon her, she would have given her fortune for a plate of lentils.

Dimitri and Mary Ann seized her each by one hand, and dragged her to the path by which we had come. The little monk followed her, gesticulating, and I felt strongly tempted to push her behind; but a little hissing noise, sharp and imperative, brought us all to a stand.

“St! st!”

I raised my eyes. Two thickets of mastic-trees and arbutus enclosed the road on the right and left. From each tuft of trees protruded three or four musket-barrels. A voice cried out in Greek, “Seat yourselves on the ground.” This operation was the more easy to me, as my legs gave way under me. But I consoled myself by thinking that Ajax, Agamemnon, and the fiery Achilles, if they had found themselves in the same situation, would not have refused the seat that was offered.

The musket-barrels were levelled upon us. It seemed to me that they stretched out immeasurably, and that their extremities were about to join above our heads. It was not that fear disturbed my vision ; but I had never remarked so sensibly the desperate length of the Greek muskets ! The whole arsenal soon debouched into the road, and every barrel showed its stock and its master.

The only difference which exists between devils and brigands is, that devils are less black than they are said to be, and brigands more dirty than people suppose. The eight bullies, who placed themselves in a circle around us, were so filthy in appearance that I should have wished to give them my money with a pair of tongs. One guessed, with a little effort, that their caps had been red ; but lye-wash itself would not have known how to restore the original color of their clothes. All

the rocks of the kingdom had discolored their cotton shirts, and their vests preserved a sample of the different soils on which they had reposed. Their hands, their faces, and even their moustachios were of a reddish-gray, like the soil which supports them. Every animal is colored according to its abode and its habits: the foxes of Greenland are of the color of snow; lions, of the desert; partridges, of the furrow; Greek brigands, of the highway.

The chief of the little troop which had made us prisoners was distinguished by no outward mark. Perhaps, however, his face, his hands, and his clothes were richer in dust than those of his comrades. He leaned towards us from the height of his tall figure, and examined us so closely that I felt the grazing of his moustachios. You would have pronounced him a tiger, who smells of his prey before tasting it. When his curiosity was satisfied, he said to Dimitri, "Empty your pockets!" Dimitri did not give him cause to repeat the order. He threw down before him a knife, a tobacco-pouch, and three Mexican dollars, which compose a sum of about sixteen francs.

"Is that all?" demanded the brigand.

"Yes, brother."

"You are the servant?"

"Yes, brother."

"Take back one dollar. You must not return to the city without money."

Dimitri haggled. "You could well allow me two," said he; "I have two horses below; they are hired from the riding-school; I shall have to pay for the day."

"You will explain to Zimmerman that we have taken your money from you."

"And if he wishes to be paid, notwithstanding?"

"Reply to him that he is lucky enough to see his horses again."

"He knows very well that you do not take horses. What would you do with them in the mountains?"

"Enough! Tell me what is this great raw-boned animal which is next to you?"

I answered for myself: "An honest German, whose spoils will not enrich you."

"You speak Greek well. Empty your pockets!"

I deposited on the road a score of francs, my tobacco, my pipe, and my handkerchief.

"What is that?" asked the grand inquisitor.

"A handkerchief."

"For what purpose?"

"To wipe my nose."

"Why did you tell me that you were poor? It is only milords who wipe their noses with handkerchiefs. Take off the box which you have behind your back. Good! Open it."

My box contained some plants, a book, a knife,

a little package of arsenic, a gourd nearly empty, and the remains of my breakfast, which kindled a look of covetousness in the eyes of Mrs. Simons. I had the assurance to offer them to her before my baggage changed masters. She accepted greedily, and began to devour the bread and meat. To my great astonishment, this act of gluttony scandalized our robbers, who murmured among themselves the word *schismatic* ! The monk made half a dozen signs of the cross according to the rite of the Greek Church.

“You must have a watch,” said the brigand ;
“put it with the rest.”

I gave up my silver watch, an hereditary toy of the weight of four ounces. The villains passed it from hand to hand, and thought it very beautiful. I was in hopes that admiration, which makes man better, would dispose them to restore me something, and I begged their chief to let me have my tin box. He imposed silence upon me roughly. “At least,” said I, “give me back two crowns for my return to the city !” He answered with a sardonic smile, “You will not have need of them.”

The turn of Mrs. Simons had come. Before putting her hand in her pocket, she warned our conquerors in the language of her fathers. The English is one of those rare idioms which one can speak with a mouth full. “Reflect well on what

you are going to do," said she in a menacing tone. "I am an Englishwoman, and English citizens are inviolable in all the countries of the world. What you will take from me will serve you little, and will cost you dear. England will avenge me, and you will all be hanged, to say the least. Now, if you wish my money, you have only to speak ; but it will burn your fingers : it is English money ! "

"What does she say ?" asked the spokesman of the brigands.

Dimitri answered, "She says that she is English."

"So much the better ! all the English are rich. Tell her to do as you have done."

The poor lady emptied on the sand a purse which contained twelve sovereigns. As her watch was not in sight, and as they made no show of searching us, she kept it. The clemency of the conquerors left her her pocket handkerchief.

Mary Ann threw down her watch, with a whole bunch of charms against the evil eye. She cast before her, by a movement full of mute grace, a shagreen bag which she carried in her belt. The brigand opened it with the eagerness of a custom-house officer. He drew from it a little English dressing-case, a vial of English salts, a box of pastils of English mint, and a hundred and some odd francs of English money.

"Now," said the impatient beauty, "you can let us go: we have nothing more for you." They indicated to her, by a menacing gesture, that the session was not yet ended. The chief of the band squatted down before our spoils, called the *good old man*, counted the money in his presence, and delivered to him a sum of forty-five francs. Mrs. Simons nudged me on the elbow. "You see," said she, "the monk and Dimitri have betrayed us: he is dividing the spoils with them."

"No, madam," replied I immediately. "Dimitri has received a mere pittance from that which they had stolen from him. It is a thing which is done everywhere. On the banks of the Rhine, when a traveller is ruined at roulette, the conductor of the games gives him something wherewith to return home."

"But the monk?"

"He has received a tenth part of the booty in virtue of an immemorial custom. Do not reproach him, but rather be thankful to him for having wished to save us when his convent was interested in our capture."

This discussion was interrupted by the farewells of Dimitri. They had just set him at liberty.

"Wait for me," said I to him; "we will return together." He shook his head sadly, and answered me in English so as to be understood by the ladies:—

"You are prisoners for some days, and you will not see Athens again before paying a ransom. I am going to inform the milord. Have these ladies any messages to give me for him?"

"Tell him," cried Mrs. Simons, "to run to the embassy, to go then to the Piræus and find the admiral, to complain at the foreign office, to write to Lord Palmerston! They shall take us away from here by force of arms, or by public authority, but I do not intend that they shall disburse a penny for my liberty."

"As for me," replied I, without so much passion, "I beg you to tell my friends in what hands you have left me. If some hundreds of drachms are necessary to ransom a poor devil of a naturalist, they will find them without trouble. These gentlemen of the highway cannot rate me very high. I have a mind, while you are still here, to ask them what I am worth at the lowest price."

"It would be useless, my dear Mr. Hermann! It is not they who will fix the figures of your ransom."

"And who then?"

"Their chief, Hadgi-Stavros."

HADGI-STAVROS.

IV.

HADGI-STAVROS.

DIMITRI went down again towards Athens; the monk reascended to his bees; our new masters thrust us into a pathway which conducted to the camp of their king. Mrs. Simons exhibited her independence by refusing to put one foot before the other. The brigands threatened to carry her in their arms; she declared that she would not be carried; but her daughter recalled her to milder feelings, by exciting her hopes that she would find the table set, and would breakfast with Hadgi-Stavros.

Mary Ann was more surprised than frightened. The subordinate brigands, who had just arrested us, had shown a certain degree of courtesy; they had searched no one, and they had kept their hands away from their prisoners. Instead of robbing us, they had begged us to rob ourselves; they had not remarked that the ladies wore earrings, and they had not even invited them to take off their gloves. We were very far then from

being in the hands of those thieving dogs of Spain and of Italy who cut off a finger in order to obtain a ring, and tear away the lobe of the ear to take a pearl or a diamond. All the harm with which we were threatened reduced itself to the payment of a ransom ; moreover, it was probable that we should be delivered gratis.

How could it be supposed that Hadgi-Stavros would retain us with impunity at only five leagues from the capital, from the court, from the Greek army, from a battalion of her Britannic Majesty, and from an English man-of-war ? Thus reasoned Mary Ann. For myself, I thought involuntarily of the history of the little girls of Mistra, and I felt myself overcome by sadness. I feared that Mrs. Simons, by her patriotic obstinacy, would expose her daughter to some great danger, and I determined to enlighten her at the earliest moment upon her situation.

We marched, one by one, in a narrow path, separated from each other by our ferocious travelling companions. The road appeared to me interminable, and I asked more than ten times if we should not soon arrive. The landscape was frightful ; the naked rock hardly allowed to escape through its crevices a little bush of green oak, or a tuft of thorny thyme, which caught upon our legs. The victorious brigands manifested no joy, and their triumphal march resembled a funeral

procession. They smoked, in silence, cigarettes large as a finger. None of them chatted with his neighbor. One only chanted from time to time a sort of nasal song. This people is lugubrious as a ruin.

At eleven o'clock a ferocious barking announced to us the neighborhood of the camp. Ten or twelve enormous dogs, large as calves, curly-haired as sheep, rushed upon us, showing all their teeth. Our protectors received them with showers of stones; and, after a quarter of an hour of hostilities, peace was made. These inhospitable monsters are the advanced sentinels of the King of the Mountains. They scent the gendarmery as the dogs of smugglers scent the custom-house officer. But this is not all; their zeal is so great, that they craunch now and then an inoffensive shepherd, a bewildered traveller, or even a companion of Hadgi-Stavros. The King maintains them, as the old sultans entertained their janizaries, in the perpetual fear of being devoured.

The camp of the King was a plateau, covering a surface of seven or eight hundred metres. I looked in vain for the tents of our conquerors. The brigands are not Sybarites, and they sleep under the open sky on the 30th of April. I saw neither spoils heaped up nor treasures displayed, nor any of those things which one expects to find at the head-quarters of a band of robbers. Hadgi-

Stavros makes it his business to have the booty sold ; every man receives his pay in money, and employs it as he chooses. Some make investments in commerce, others take mortgages on houses in Athens, others buy land in their villages, no one squanders the products of robbery. Our arrival interrupted the breakfast of twenty-five or thirty men, who flocked around us with their bread and cheese. The chief supports his soldiers ; there is distributed to them every day one ration of bread, oil, wine, cheese, caviare, allspice, bitter olives, and meat when their religion permits it. The epicures who wish to eat mallows or other herbs, are at liberty to gather delicacies in the mountains.

Brigands, like other classes of the common people, rarely light a fire for their repast ; they eat cold meats and raw vegetables. I remarked that all those who gathered around us observed religiously the law of abstinence. We were upon the eve of Ascension day, and these honest people, the most innocent of whom had at least one man's death on his conscience, would not have been willing to burden their stomachs with a chicken's leg. To seize two Englishwomen at their muskets' ends seemed to them a trifling peccadillo ; Mrs. Simons had sinned much more gravely, in eating lamb on Ascension Wednesday.

The men of our escort regaled copiously the curiosity of their comrades. They were over-

whelmed with questions, and they answered all. They displayed the booty which they had taken, and my silver watch obtained again a success which flattered my self-love. The golden soap-box of Mary Ann was less distinguished. At this first interview public consideration fell upon my watch, and some of it was reflected upon me. In the eyes of those simple men, the possessor of a piece of property so important could not be less than a milord.

The curiosity of the brigands was provoking, but not at all insolent. None of them offered to treat us as in a conquered country. They knew that we were in their power, and that they should exchange us sooner or later for a certain number of gold pieces; but they did not think of taking advantage of this circumstance to maltreat us, or show us any disrespect. Good sense, that imperishable genius of the Greek people, exhibited to them in us the representatives of a different, and to a certain extent a superior race. Victorious barbarism rendered a secret homage to vanquished civilization. Several of them saw for the first time the European dress. These revolved around us, like the inhabitants of the New World around the Spaniards of Columbus. They touched stealthily the cloth of my paletot, to ascertain of what fabric it was made. They would have liked to take off all my clothes, in order to examine

them in detail. Perhaps even they would not have been sorry to break me in two or three pieces to study the interior structure of a milord ; but I am sure they would not have done it without apologizing, and without asking my pardon for the great liberty.

Mrs. Simons was not long in losing patience ; she was tired of being examined so closely by those eaters of cheese, who offered her no breakfast. It is not everybody who likes to set himself up as a show. The part of living curiosity displeased very much the good lady, although she could have filled it advantageously in all the countries of the globe. As to Mary Ann, she was drooping with fatigue. A jaunt of six hours, hunger, emotion, surprise, had been too much for that delicate creature. Figure to yourself a young miss brought up in luxury, accustomed to walk on the carpets of parlors, or on the soft grass of the finest parks. Her boots were already torn by the roughness of the road, and the bushes had fringed the skirt of her dress. She had taken tea the evening before in the drawing-room of the English legation, while turning over the leaves of the admirable albums of Mr. Wise. She found herself suddenly transported into the midst of a frightful country and of a horde of savages, and she had not the consolation of saying to herself, " It is a dream," for she was neither lying down nor

sitting up, but standing in intense despair on her little feet.

A new troop arrived, which rendered our position intolerable. It was not a troop of brigands: it was much worse. The Greeks carry about them a whole menagerie of little agile animals, capricious, unseizable, who keep them company night and day, occupy them even in sleep, and, by their bounds and their bitings accelerate the movement of the spirits and the circulation of the blood. The fleas of the brigands, of which I can show you some samples in my entomological collection, are more savage, stronger, and more active than those of the citizens: the mountain air has virtues so powerful! But I perceived too soon that they were not contented with their lot, and that they found better cheer on the fine skin of a young German than on the tanned hide of their masters. An armed emigration directed itself upon my poor legs. I felt at first a keen itching around my ankles: this was the declaration of war. Two minutes later, a division of the advanced guard threw itself on my right calf. I struck it sharply with my hand. But by means of this diversion, the enemy advanced by forced marches towards my left wing, and took position of the heights of the knee: I was overcome, and all resistance was useless. If I had been alone, in a remote corner,

I should have attempted with some success a war of skirmishes. But the beautiful Mary Ann was before me, red as a cherry, and tormented also by some secret enemy. I did not dare either to complain or to defend myself; I suppressed heroically my torments without raising my eyes upon Miss Simons: and I suffered for her a martyrdom for which she can never be too grateful. At length, out of all patience, and determined to escape by flight from the mounting wave of invasion, I demanded to appear before the King. This word recalled our guides to their duty. They asked where was Hadgi-Stavros. It was answered, that he was at work in his office.

“At last,” said Mrs. Simons, “I shall be able to sit down in an arm-chair!”

She took my arm, offered hers to her daughter, and marched with a deliberate step in the direction where the crowd conducted us. The office was not far from the camp, and we were there in less than five minutes.

The office of the King was as much like an office as the camp of the robbers was like a camp. Neither tables nor chairs nor movables of any sort were to be seen there. Hadgi-Stavros was seated cross-legged on a square carpet in the shade of a fir-tree. Four secretaries and two servants were grouped around him. A young boy of sixteen to eighteen years was occupied

incessantly in filling, lighting, and cleaning the chibouk of his master. He carried in his belt a tobacco-pouch, embroidered with gold and fine mother of pearl, and a pair of silver pincers intended for taking up coals. Another servant passed the day in preparing cups of coffee, glasses of water, and sweetmeats to refresh the royal mouth. The secretaries, seated on the bare rock, wrote on their knees, with pens made of reeds. Each of them had at hand a long copper box containing reeds, penknife, and inkhorn. Some tin cylinders, like those in which our soldiers roll up their discharges, served as a depository for the archives. The paper was not of native manufacture, and for a good reason. Every leaf bore the word **BATH** in capital letters.

The King was a fine old man, marvellously well preserved, straight, slim, supple as a spring, spruce and shining as a new sabre. His long white moustachios hung under his chin like two marble stalactites. The rest of his face was carefully shaved, the skull bare even to the occiput, where a long tress of white hair was rolled up under his hat. The expression of his features appeared to me calm and thoughtful. A pair of small, clear, blue eyes and a square chin announced an indomitable will. His face was long, and the position of the wrinkles lengthened it still more. All the creases of the forehead were broken in the middle, and

seemed to direct themselves towards the meeting of the eyebrows; two wide and deep furrows descended perpendicularly to the corners of the lips, as if the weight of the moustachios had drawn in the muscles of the face.

I have seen a good number of septuagenaries; I have even dissected one who would have reached a hundred years, if the diligence of Osnabruck had not passed over his body; but I do not remember to have observed a more green and more robust old age than that of Hadgi-Stavros. He wore the dress of Tino and of all the islands of the Archipelago. His red cap formed a large crease at its base around his forehead. He had a vest of black cloth, faced with black silk, immense blue pantaloons which contained more than twenty metres of cotton cloth, and great boots of Russia leather, elastic and stout. The only rich thing in his costume was a scarf embroidered with gold and precious stones, which might be worth two or three thousand francs. It enclosed in its folds an embroidered cashmere purse, a Damascus cangiar, in a silver sheath, a long pistol, mounted in gold and rubies, and the appropriate baton.

Quietly seated in the midst of his employés, Hadgi-Stavros moved only the ends of his fingers and his lips; the lips to dictate his correspondence, the fingers to count the beads in his chaplet. It was one of those beautiful chaplets of milky

amber which do not serve to number prayers, but to amuse the solemn idleness of the Turks.

He raised his head at our approach, guessed at a glance the occurrence which had brought us, and said to us, with a gravity which had in it nothing ironical: "You are welcome. Be seated."

"Sir," cried Mrs. Simons, "I am an English-woman, and——" He interrupted the discourse by making his tongue smack against the teeth of his upper jaw,—superb teeth indeed! "Presently," said he; "I am occupied." He understood only Greek, and Mrs. Simons knew only English; but the physiognomy of the King was so speaking that the good lady comprehended easily without the aid of an interpreter.

We took our places on the ground. Fifteen or twenty brigands sat down around us, and the King, who had no secrets to conceal, calmly dictated his letters on family and business matters. The chief of the troop which had arrested us whispered a word of caution in his ear. He replied in a haughty tone: "What matters it though the milord should understand? I am doing nothing wrong, and all the world may hear me. Go take your seat. You, Spiro, write; this is to my daughter."

He blew his nose very adroitly with his finger, and dictated in a grave and low voice:—

MY DEAR CHILD :—

The schoolmistress has written me that your health was improved, and that that disagreeable rheumatism had departed with the winter. But she is not so satisfied with your application, and complains that you study less than ever since the beginning of the month of April. Madam Mavros says you have become inattentive, and that you are seen leaning over your book with your eyes in the air, as if you were thinking of other things. I cannot impress upon you too strongly how necessary it is to work diligently. Follow the example of my whole life. If I had taken my ease, like so many others, I should not have arrived at the rank which I hold in society. I wish you to be worthy of me, and it is for that reason that I make so great sacrifices for the sake of your education. You know that I have never refused you the masters or the books which you have requested; but my money must be used profitably. The Walter Scott has arrived at the Piræus, with the *Robinson* and all the English books which you have expressed a desire to read; get our friends of the Street of Hermes to take them from the custom-house. You will receive by the same opportunity the bracelet which you asked for, and that steel machine for making your dresses stand out.

If your piano from Vienna is not good, as you tell me, and if you absolutely need one of Pleyel's instruments, you shall have it. I shall *do* one or two villages, after the sale of the harvest, and the Devil will be very malign if I do not find there the money to buy a pretty piano. I think, with you, that you ought to understand music;

but what you ought to learn first of all is the foreign languages. Employ your Sundays in the manner which I have told you, and profit by the complaisance of our friends. You must be able to speak French, English, and especially German. For you are not made to spend your life in this little ridiculous country, and I should rather see you dead than married to a Greek. The daughter of a king, you can espouse only a prince. I do not speak of a contraband prince, like all our Phanariotes, who boast of descending from Oriental emperors, and whom I would not have for my servants; but a prince reigning and crowned. Some very eligible ones are to be found in Germany, and my fortune permits me to choose one for you. If the Germans have been able to come here to reign, I do not see why you should not go to reign with them in your turn. Hasten, then, to learn their language, and tell me in your next letter what progress you have made. And now, my child, I embrace you very tenderly, and I send you, with your quarterly allowance, my paternal blessings.

Mrs. Simons leaned towards me and whispered: "Is this our sentence which he is dictating to his brigands?"

I replied: "No, madam; he is writing to his daughter."

"On the subject of our capture?"

"About a piano, crinoline, and Walter Scott."

"That may last a long time. Is he going to invite us to breakfast?"

“Here is his servant already bringing us some refreshments.”

The *cafedgi* of the King stood before us with three cups of coffee, a box of *rahat-loukum*, and a pot of preserves. Mrs. Simons and her daughter rejected the coffee with disgust, because it was prepared in the Turkish style, and thick as a *bouillie*. I emptied my cup like a true Oriental epicure. The preserves, which were sherbet *à la rose*, obtained only a limited success, because we were all three obliged to eat them with a single spoon. Fastidious people are unfortunate in this country of good-fellowship. But the *rahat-loukum*, cut in pieces, tickled the palates of the ladies, without too much shocking their sense of propriety. They took in their fair hands that jelly of perfumed starch, and emptied the box to the bottom, while the King dictated the following letter:—

MESSRS. BARLEY & Co., 31 CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON.

I have learned by your valued favor of the 5th of April, and the account current which accompanies it, that I have, at present, £ 22,750 at my credit. You will please invest these funds,—one half in English three-per-cents, one half in shares of the Credit Mobilier, the coupon being undetached. Sell my shares in the Royal British Bank; it is a stock in which I no longer have much confidence. Take for me, in exchange, some shares in the Omnibus Company of London. If you can get

fifteen thousand pounds for my house in the Strand (it was worth that in 1852), you will buy me some Vieille-Montagne, for an equal sum. Send to the brothers Rhalli 100 guineas (2,645f.); it is my subscription for the Hellenic School of Liverpool. I have considered seriously the proposition which you have done me the honor to submit to me, and, after mature reflection, I have resolved to persist in my line of conduct, and to do business exclusively on the cash principle. The credit transactions have an uncertain character, which ought to create distrust in every good father of a family. I am well aware that you would venture my capital only with the prudence which has always distinguished your house; but, even if the profits of which you speak to me were certain, I should experience, I confess, a decided repugnance to bequeathing to my heirs a fortune increased by speculation.

Receive, &c.,

HADGI-STAVROS, *Proprietary.*

“Does it relate to us?” said Mary Ann to me.

“Not yet, miss. His Majesty is arranging his accounts.”

“Accounts here? I thought they were kept only with us.”

“Is not your father a partner in a banking house?”

“Yes; the house of Barley & Co.”

“Are there two bankers of that name in London?”

"Not that I know of."

"Have you heard it said that the house of Barley & Co. does business with the East?"

"With the whole world!"

"And you live in Cavendish Square?"

"No, the office only is there. Our house is in Piccadilly."

"Thank you, miss. Permit me to listen to what follows. This old man has a most attractive correspondence."

The King dictated, without leaving his place, a long report to the shareholders of his company. This curious document was addressed to M. Georgias Micrommati, officer of ordinance, at the Palace, to be read by him at the general meeting of the parties interested.

Account rendered of the Operations of the National Company of the King of the Mountains.

BUSINESS OF 1855-56.

CAMP OF THE KING, April 30, 1856.

GENTLEMEN:—

The manager whom you have honored with your confidence has to-day, for the fourteenth time, to submit for your approval a summary of his labors for the year. Since the day when the act constituting our society was signed in the study of Master Tsappas, royal notary at Athens, never has our enterprise encountered more obstacles, never has the progress

of our labors been fettered by more serious difficulties. In presence of a foreign occupation, under the eyes of two armies, if not hostile, at least malevolent, it has been necessary to maintain the regular working of an institution eminently national. The Piræus invaded by military force, the frontier of Turkey watched with a jealousy which has no precedents in history, have restrained our activity within a narrow circle, and imposed on our zeal infrangible limits. In this contracted zone, our resources were also reduced by the general penury, the scarcity of money, and the insufficiency of the harvest. The olive-trees have not fulfilled their promise; the yield of the cereals has been moderate, and the vine is not yet delivered from the oïdium. Under these circumstances, it was very difficult to profit by the indulgences of the authorities and the mildness of a paternal government. Our enterprise is allied so closely with the interests of the country, that it can flourish only with the general prosperity, and that it is affected by the stroke of all public calamities,—for, from those who have nothing, little or nothing is to be taken.

Foreign travellers, whose curiosity is so useful to the kingdom and to us, have been very rare. The English tourists, who composed formerly an important branch of our revenue, have been wholly wanting. Two young Americans, arrested on the road to Pentelicus, have wronged us out of their ransom. A spirit of distrust, nourished by some newspapers of France and England, drives away from us the people whose capture would be the most useful.

And yet, gentlemen, such is the vitality of our institu-

tion, that it has better resisted this fatal crisis than agriculture, industry, or commerce. Your capital, intrusted to my hands, has profited not so much as I could have wished, but much better than any one could expect. I shall say no more about it; I let the figures speak. Arithmetic is more eloquent than Demosthenes.

The capital stock, limited at first to the modest sum of 50,000f., has been raised to 120,000f. by three successive issues of shares of 500f.

Our gross receipts, from the 1st May, 1855, to the 30th April, 1856, amount to the sum of 261,482f.

Our expenditures are distributed as follows :—

One tenth, paid to churches and monasteries,	26,148 00
Interest on the capital, at the legal rate of 10 per cent,	12,000 00
Pay and sustenance of 80 men, at 650f. each,	52,000 00
Material, arms, &c.,	7,056 00
Repairs on the road to Thebes, which had become impassable, and on which we no longer found travellers to arrest,	2,540 00
Expense of watching the highways,	5,835 00
Office expenses,	3 00
Subsidies to sundry journalists,	11,900 00
Encouragements to various em- ployés of the administrative and judicial department,	18,000 00
Total,	135,482 00

If we deduct this sum from the gross amount of our receipts, we find a net profit of 126,000f.

Conformably with the statutes, this excess is divided as follows : —

Reserve funds, deposited at the Bank	
of Athens,	6,000
Third allowed to the manager,	40,000
To be divided among the shareholders,	
(say 333f. 33c. a share,)	80,000

Add to these 333f. 33c., 50f. of interest, and 25f. of the reserved funds, and you will have a total of 408f. 33c. a share. Your money is invested, therefore, at nearly 82 per cent.

Such, gentlemen, are the results of the last campaign. Judge, now, of the future which is in store for us when the foreign occupation shall cease to weigh upon our country and our operations.

The King dictated this report without consulting notes, without hesitating on a figure, and without being at a loss for a word. I should never have believed that a man of his great age could have so ready a memory. He set his seal at the first of the three letters ; it is his way of signing. He read fluently ; but he never found time to learn to write. Charlemagne and Alfred the Great were in the same case, they say.

While the under-secretaries of state were occupied in transcribing his correspondence of the day,

in order to deposit it in the archives, he gave audience to the subaltern officers who had returned with their detachments during the day. Each of these men sat down before him, saluted him by pressing the right hand on the heart, and made his report in few words, with a respectful conciseness. I swear to you that Saint Louis, under his oak, did not inspire a more profound veneration in the inhabitants of Vincennes.

The first who presented himself was a little man with a bad countenance ; the very face for a court of assize. He was an islander from Corfu, proscribed for incendiarism ; he had been welcomed, and his talents had caused him to rise in rank. But his chief and his soldiers held him in low esteem. They suspected him of setting aside a portion of the booty for his own profit. Now the King was intractable on the subject of honesty. When he caught a man in fault, he expelled him ignominiously, and said to him with an overwhelming irony, " Go and make a magistrate of yourself ! "

Hadgi-Stavros demanded of the Corfiote, " What have you done ? "

" I repaired with my fifteen men to the ravine of the Swallows, on the road to Thebes. I encountered a detachment of the line : twenty-five soldiers. "

" Where are their guns ? "

"Left with them. All percussion locks, which we should not have used, for want of caps."

"Good. What then?"

"It was market-day; I arrested those who were returning."

"How many?"

"One hundred and forty-two persons."

"And you bring back?"

"One thousand and six francs, forty-three centimes."

"Seven francs a head! That is little."

"It is a good deal. From peasants."

"They had not sold their wares, then?"

"Some had sold, others had bought."

The Corfiote opened a heavy sack which he carried under his arm; he spread the contents of it before the secretaries, who began to reckon the amount. The receipts were composed of thirty or forty Mexican dollars, some handfuls of Austrian zwanzigs, and an enormous quantity of base coin. Some crumpled papers were mixed in with the money. These were bank-bills, of the denomination of ten francs.

"You have no jewels?" asked the King.

"No."

"There were no women, then?"

"I found nothing on them which was worth bringing away."

"What is it that I see on your finger?"

“ A ring.”

“ Gold ? ”

“ Or copper ; I know nothing about it.”

“ Where did it come from ? ”

“ I bought it two months ago.”

“ If you had bought it, you would know whether it is copper or gold. Give it up ! ”

The Corfiote robbed himself with bad grace. The ring was immediately laid away in a little chest full of jewels.

“ I pardon you,” said the King, “ in consideration of your bad education. The people of your country dishonor robbery in mingling knavery with it. If I had only Ionians in my troop, I should be obliged to have turnstiles put on the roads, as at the gates of the Exposition of London, in order to count travellers and receive the money. Let another report ! ”

The next comer was a large youth of good carriage, with a more agreeable physiognomy. His round, prominent eyes beamed integrity and good-nature. His lips, half open, revealed through their smile two rows of magnificent teeth ; he attracted me at the first glance, and I said to myself, that if he had been led astray into bad company, he would not fail to return one day or another to the good path. My face pleased him also, for he saluted me very politely before seating himself opposite the King.

Hadgi-Stavros said to him, "What have you done, my Vasile?"

"I arrived yesterday evening with my six men at Pigadia, the village of the Senator Zimbélis."

"Well."

"Zimbélis was absent, as usual; but his family, his farmers, and his tenants were all at home and abed."

"Well."

"I entered the khan; I roused up the Khangî; I bought of him twenty-five trusses of hay, and, for payment, I killed him."

"Well."

"We carried the hay to the foot of the houses, which are all built of boards or of willows, and we set fire in seven places at once. The matches were good: the wind came from the north; all took."

"Good."

"We retired softly towards the wells. The whole village awaked at once, with shrieks. The men came with their leather buckets in search of water. We drowned four of them, whom we did not know; the others escaped."

"Good."

"We returned to the village. There was no longer any one there, except a child forgotten by its parents, and which screamed like a little raven fallen from its nest. I threw it into a house which was burning, and it said nothing more."

“ Good.”

“ Then we took some brands and set fire to the olive-trees. The thing succeeded well. We retook our way to the camp ; we supped and slept, half way, and we returned at nine o'clock all in good condition, without a burn.”

“ Good. The Senator Zimbélis will make no more speeches against us. Another ! ”

Vasile retired, saluting me as politely as at first, but I did not return his salute.

He was presently replaced by the big devil who had taken us. By a singular caprice of chance, the first author of the drama in which I was called to play a part, was named Sophocles. At the moment when he began his report, I felt my blood run cold. I begged Mrs. Simons not to risk an imprudent word. She answered me that she was an Englishwoman, and that she knew how to behave herself. The King prayed us to be silent, and to let the orator speak.

He displayed at first the property of which he had robbed us ; then he drew from his sack forty Austrian ducats, which made a sum of four hundred and seventy francs, at the current rate of 11f. 75c.

“ The ducats,” said he, “ come from the village of Castia ; the rest has been given me by the milords. You told me to beat up the environs ; I have begun with the village.”

"You have done wrong," replied the King. "The people of Castia are our neighbors ; they must be let alone. How shall we live in safety, if we make enemies at our very gate ? Besides, these are brave people, and can strike us a sudden blow on occasion."

"O, I have taken nothing from the charcoal-makers ! they disappeared into the wood without giving me time to speak to them. But the Prefect had the gout ; I found him at home."

"What did you say to him ?"

"I demanded of him his money ; he maintained that he had none. I put him in a bag with his cat, and I know not what the cat did to him, but he began to cry out to me that his treasure was behind the house, under a big stone. It is there that I found the ducats."

"You were wrong. The Prefect will stir up the whole village against us."

"O, no ! In quitting him I forgot to open the bag, and the cat must have torn out his eyes."

"Well and good ! But understand me, all of you, distinctly : I do not wish our neighbors to be disturbed. Retire."

Our examination was about to commence. Hadgi-Stavros, instead of making us appear before him, rose gravely, and came to seat himself on the ground near us. This mark of deference appeared to us a favorable augury. Mrs. Simons

prepared herself to call him to account in good style. As for me, foreseeing too well what she might say, and knowing the intemperance of her tongue, I offered to the King my services as an interpreter. He thanked me coldly, and called the Corfiote, who understood English.

“Madam,” said the King to Mistress Simons, “you seem provoked; have you anything to complain of the men who conducted you hither?”

“It is a horror!” said she. “Your rascals arrested me, threw me into the dust, robbed, wearied, and famished me.”

“Be pleased to accept my apologies. I am forced to employ men without education. Believe, madam, that it is not by my orders that they have acted thus. You are English!”

“English, from London!”

“I have been at London; I know and I esteem the English. I know that they have good appetites, and you may have remarked that I hastened to offer you refreshments. I know that the ladies of your country do not like to be hurried over rocks, and I regret that you were not allowed to walk at your own pace. I know that persons of your nation carry, in travelling, only those effects that are necessary to them, and I shall not pardon Sophocles for having plundered you, especially if you are a person of rank.”

“I belong to the best society of London.”

"Have the goodness to take back the money which is yours. You are rich?"

"Assuredly."

"This dressing-case, is it not from your baggage?"

"It is my daughter's."

"Take back also that which belongs to your daughter. You are very rich?"

"Very rich."

"Do not these articles belong to your son?"

"The gentleman is not my son; he is a German. As I am an Englishwoman, how could I have a German son?"

"Very true. Have you as much as twenty thousand francs of income?"

"More."

"A carpet for these ladies! Are you then rich to the extent of thirty thousand francs of income?"

"We have more than that."

"Sophocles is a clown, whom I shall correct. Logothetos, order dinner to be prepared for these ladies. Can it be possible, madam, that you are a millionaire?"

"I am."

"I am shocked at the manner in which you have been treated. You have undoubtedly distinguished acquaintances at Athens?"

"I know the Minister from England, and if you had permitted ——"

"O madam! you know also merchants, bankers?"

"My brother who is at Athens knows several bankers in the city."

"I am delighted to hear it. Sophocles, come here! ask pardon of these ladies."

Sophocles muttered between his teeth, I know not what excuses. The King resumed: "These ladies are English ladies of distinction; they have a fortune of more than a million; they are received at the English Embassy: their brother, who is at Athens, knows all the bankers of the city."

"Well said," cried Mrs. Simons.

The King continued: "You ought to have treated these ladies with all the regard due to their fortune."

"Good!" said Mrs. Simons.

"To have conducted them here pleasantly."

"For what purpose?" murmured Mary Ann.

"And to have abstained from touching their baggage. When we have the honor to meet in the mountains two persons of the rank of these ladies, we salute them with respect, we lead them to the camp with deference, we guard them with circumspection, and we offer them politely all the necessaries of life, to the end that their brother or their ambassador may send us a ransom of a hundred thousand francs."

Poor Mrs. Simons! Dear Mary Ann! Neither the one nor the other had expected this conclusion. For myself, I was not surprised at it. I knew what a cunning rascal we had to deal with. I spoke up boldly, and I said to him to his face: "You can keep what your men have robbed me of, for it is all you will get from me. I am poor, my father has nothing, my brothers often eat dry bread, I know neither bankers nor ambassadors, and if you support me in the hope of a ransom, you will do it at your own expense, I assure you."

A murmur of incredulity arose in the auditory, but the King appeared to believe me on my word.

"If such is the fact," said he, "I shall not commit the fault of keeping you here against your will. I prefer to send you back to the city. Madame will intrust to you a letter for her brother, and you will depart this very day. If, however, you wanted to remain a day or two in the mountains, I should offer you hospitality; for I suppose you did not come as far as here, with that great box, merely to look upon the landscape."

This little discourse brought me a wonderful relief. I cast around me a glance of satisfaction. The King, his secretaries, and his soldiers appeared to me much less terrible; the neigh-

boring rocks seemed to me more picturesque, since I beheld them with the eyes of a guest, and not of a prisoner. The desire which I had of seeing Athens cooled suddenly, and I entertained the idea of passing two or three days in the mountains. I felt that my counsel might not be useless to the mother of Mary Ann. The good lady was in a state of excitement which might ruin her. If perchance she should insist upon refusing the ransom! Before England could come to her aid she would have time to draw some misfortune upon a charming head. I could not go away from her without relating, for her guidance, the history of the little girls of Mistra. What more shall I tell you? You know my passion for botany. The Flora of Parnes is very attractive in the latter part of April. One finds in the mountain five or six plants as rare as celebrated. One especially; the *Boryana variabilis*, discovered and named by M. Bory de Saint Vincent. Ought I to leave such a hiatus in my herbal, and present myself at the Museum of Hamburg without the *Boryana variabilis*?

I replied to the King, "I accept your hospitality, but on one condition."

"What?"

"You are to restore to me my box."

"Ah well, so be it; but on one condition also."

"Name it!"

"You shall tell me for what you use it."

"I have no objection to that! It serves to hold the plants which I collect."

"And why do you seek plants? To sell them?"

"Out upon it! I am not a merchant; I am a *savant*."

He extended his hand to me, and said with visible joy: "I am delighted at it. Science is a fine thing. Our ancestors were *savants*; our grandsons perhaps will be. As to us, we have not had the time. *Savants* are highly esteemed in your country?"

"Exceedingly."

"They receive fine situations?"

"Sometimes."

"They are well paid?"

"Abundantly."

"They are decorated with little ribbons, worn on the breast?"

"Occasionally."

"Is it true that cities dispute which shall have them?"

"That is true in Germany."

"And that their death is regarded as a public calamity?"

"Assuredly."

"What you say gives me pleasure. So you have no complaint to make of your fellow-citizens?"

"Quite the contrary! It is their liberality which has permitted me to come to Greece."

"You travel at their expense?"

"For the last six months."

"You are, then, well instructed?"

"I am doctor."

"Is there a higher rank in science?"

"No."

"And how many doctors do they count in the city where you reside?"

"I do not know precisely, but there are not so many doctors at Hamburg as generals at Athens."

"Oh! oh! I will not deprive your country of a man so rare. You shall return to Hamburg, Mr. Doctor. What would they say down there if they learned that you were a prisoner in our mountains?"

"They would say it was a misfortune."

"Come! Rather than lose a man like you, the city of Hamburg would readily make a sacrifice of fifteen thousand francs. Take back your box, roam, search, herborize, and pursue the course of your studies. Why do you not replace this money in your pockets? It is yours, and I respect *savants* too much to plunder them. But your country is rich enough to pay for its glory. Happy young man! You perceive to-day how much the title of Doctor adds to your personal value! I should not have demanded a centime of ransom if you had been an ignorant man like myself."

The King listened neither to my objections nor to the exclamations of Mrs. Simons. He raised the sitting, and pointed out to us our dining-hall. Mrs. Simons descended to it, protesting that she would devour the dinner, but that she would never pay the bill. Mary Ann seemed very much cast down ; but such is the elasticity of youth, that she raised a cry of joy at seeing the delightful spot where our cover was laid. It was a little nook of verdure set in the gray rock. A fine and thick turf formed the carpet ; masses of privet and of laurel served for tapestry, and concealed the steep walls. A beautiful blue arch stretched out above our heads ; two long-necked vultures, which were hovering in the air, seemed to have been suspended for the pleasure of our eyes. In a corner of the hall, a spring, clear as diamond, swelled silently in its rustic bowl, overflowed its borders, and rolled in a silvery sheet over the sloping side of the mountain.

On this side, the view extended infinitely, embracing the front of Pentelicus, the large white palace which rules over Athens, the sombre olive woods, the dusty plain, the hoary ridge of Hy-mettus, rounded like the back of an old man, and that exquisite Saronic Gulf, so blue that one would call it a fragment fallen from the sky. Certainly Mrs. Simons had not a mind disposed to admiration, and yet she avowed that the price

of a view so beautiful would be very dear in London or Paris.

The table was served with an heroic simplicity. A brown loaf, baked in a field-oven, smoked on the turf, and filled our olfactories with its strong vapor. The curdled milk quivered in a great wooden bowl. The large olives and the green pimentos were heaped up on little roughly-squared boards; a goat-skin bottle swelled out its large body near a red copper cup, simply carved. A cheese of goat's milk rested on the linen cloth which had pressed it, of which it still retained the imprint. Five or six inviting lettuces offered us a fine salad, but without any seasoning. The King had placed at our disposal his campaign plate, consisting of spoons, carved with a knife; and we had, for excess of luxury, our five fingers for forks. They had not pushed indulgence so far as to serve us meat, but, in requital, the golden tobacco of Almiros promised me an admirable digestion.

An officer of the King was charged to wait upon us, and to listen to us. It was that hideous Corfiote, the man with the gold ring, who understood English. He cut up the bread with his poniard, and distributed to us everything plentifully, begging us to spare nothing.

Mrs. Simons, without losing a bite, hurled at him some haughty interrogatories. "Sir," said

she, "does your master seriously believe that we will pay a ransom of thirty thousand francs?"

"He is sure of it, madam."

"He does not know the English nation."

"He knows it well, madam, and I also. At Corfu I associated with many English people of distinction,—judges!"

"I make you my compliments upon it; but tell this Stavros to arm himself with patience, for he will wait a long time for the hundred thousand francs which he expects."

"He has directed me to tell you that he shall expect them by the fifteenth of May, at noon, precisely."

"And if we have not paid by the fifteenth of May, at noon?"

"He will have the pain of cutting your throat, as well as that of the young lady!"

Mary Ann let fall the bread which she was lifting to her mouth. "Give me a little drink of wine," said she. The brigand handed her the cup full; but hardly had she moistened her lips with it, when she gave a scream of repugnance and affright. The poor child imagined that the wine was poisoned. I reassured her, by emptying the cup at a single draught. "Fear nothing," said I to her; "it is the rosin."

"What rosin?"

"The wine would not keep in the leather bot-

bles if they did not add a certain proportion of rosin, which prevents it from spoiling. This mixture does not render it agreeable, but you see that one drinks it without danger."

Notwithstanding my example, Mary Ann and her mother caused water to be brought. The brigand ran to the spring and returned in three strides. "You perceive, ladies," said he, smiling, "that the King would not commit the sin of poisoning persons so dear as you." He added, turning to me: "I have orders to inform you, Mr. Doctor, that you have thirty days to finish your studies and pay the required sum. I will furnish you, as well as these ladies, all necessary writing materials."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Simons. "We shall think about that in eight days, if we are not set free."

"And by whom, madam?"

"By England!"

"She is far off."

"Or by the gendarmery."

"I wish you the benefit of them. In the meanwhile, do you desire anything that I can give you?"

"I want, in the first place, a bedchamber."

"We have near here some grottos, which are called the *stables*. You would be uncomfortable there; sheep have been put there during the win-

ter, and the odor of them remains. I will procure two tents from the shepherds down below, and you shall camp here — until the arrival of the gendarmes.”

“I want a ladies’ maid.”

“Nothing is more easily had. Our men shall descend to the plain and arrest the first peasant-girl who shall pass — provided always the gendarmery permit it.”

“I require clothing, linen, towels, soap, a mirror, combs, perfumes, an embroidery frame, a
——”

“It is a good many things, madam, and to find all that for you we should be obliged to take Athens. But we will do our best. Depend upon me, and do not depend too much upon the gendarmes.”

“May God have mercy upon us!” said Mary Ann.

A vigorous echo responded, *Kyrie Eleison!* It was the *good old man*, who had come to make us a visit, and who chanted as he walked to keep himself in breath. He saluted us cordially, deposited on the grass a vase full of honey, and sat down beside us. “Take and eat,” said he: “my bees offer you a dessert.”

I pressed his hand; Mrs. Simons and her daughter turned away in disgust. They insisted upon seeing in him an accomplice of the brigands.

The poor, simple fellow had not so much malice. He knew only how to chant his prayers, to take care of his little beasts, to sell his harvest, to lay up the revenues of the convent, and to live in peace with all the world. His intelligence was limited, his learning a nullity, his conduct innocent as that of a well-regulated machine. I do not believe that he knew how to clearly distinguish good from evil, or that he saw a great difference between a robber and an honest man. His wisdom consisted in making four meals every day, and in maintaining himself prudently between two wines, like a fish between two waters. He was, moreover, one of the best monks of his order.

I did honor to the present which he had brought us. This half-wild honey resembled that which you eat in France as the flesh of a roebuck resembles lamb's meat. One would have said that the bees had distilled in an invisible alembic all the perfumes of the mountain. I forgot, while eating my bread and honey, that I had only one month to find fifteen thousand francs or die.

The monk, in his turn, asked permission to refresh himself a little ; and, without waiting a reply, poured out a bumper. He drank successively to each one of us. Five or six brigands, attracted by curiosity, glided into the hall. He called upon them by name, and drank to each of them in a spirit of justice. I began to regret his visit. An

hour after his arrival, half of the band were seated in a circle around our table. In the absence of the King, who was taking a siesta in his cabinet, the brigands had come one by one to cultivate our acquaintance. One offered us his services, another brought something, another introduced himself—without pretext and without embarrassment—like a man who felt himself at home. The more familiar begged me, in a friendly way, to relate to them our history; the more timid kept behind their comrades, and gradually crowded them upon us. Some, after being satiated with the sight of us, stretched themselves out on the turf and snored without ceremony in the presence of Mary Ann. And the fleas were rising all the time, and the presence of their former masters rendered them so bold that I surprised three or four of them on the back of my hand. It was impossible to dispute their right of feeding; I was no longer a man, but a pasturing common. At that moment, I would have given the three finest plants of my herbal for a quarter of an hour of solitude. Mrs. Simons and her daughter were too discreet to impart to me their impressions; but they proved, by some involuntary gambols, that we were in a community of ideas. I detected, even in them, a despairing look, which signified clearly: the gendarmes will deliver us from the robbers, but who will rescue us from the fleas? This mute com-

plaint awoke in my heart a chivalrous thought. I was resigned to my own suffering, but to see the torture of Mary Ann was a thing beyond my endurance. I rose, resolutely, and said to our intruders :—

“ Begone, all of you ! The King has lodged us here, to live in peace until the arrival of our ransom. The rent costs us dear enough to entitle us to be by ourselves. Are you not ashamed to gather about a table like parasitical dogs ? You have no business here. We do not want you ; we do want you to be elsewhere. Do you think that we could escape ? In what way ? By the cascade ? Or by the king’s cabinet ? Leave us, then, in peace. Corfiote, drive them out, and I will aid you, if you wish ! ”

I suited the action to the word. I pushed the lingerers, I awoke the sleepers, I shook the monk, I compelled the Corfiote to come to my assistance ; and very soon the flock of brigands, armed as they were with poniards and pistols, gave way before us with a sheep-like docility, all wincing, making short steps, hanging back, and turning their heads, after the manner of school-boys who are forced back to their studies when the end of recreation has sounded.

We were alone at last, with the Corfiote. I said to Mistress Simons :—

“ Madam, here we are at home. Is it agreeable

to you that we separate the apartment into two. I need only a little corner to pitch my tent. Behind those trees, I shall do well enough ; and all the rest shall belong to you. You will have the fountain close at hand ; and its nearness will not incommode you, as the water goes away to fall in a cascade down the side of the mountain."

My offers were accepted with sufficiently bad grace. The ladies would have wished to keep all for themselves, and send me to sleep in the midst of the brigands. It is true that British exclusiveness would have gained something by this separation, but I should have lost by it the sight of Mary Ann. And besides, I was determined to sleep at a distance from the fleas. The Corfiote favored my proposition, which rendered his surveillance more easy. He had orders to guard us night and day. It was agreed that he should sleep near my tent. I exacted a distance between us of six English feet.

The treaty concluded, I established myself in a corner, to give chase to my domestic game. But hardly had I sounded the first halloo, when our inquisitive neighbors reappeared, under the pretext of bringing us tents. Mrs. Simons cried out with displeasure, at seeing that her house was composed of a simple strip of thick felt, folded in the middle, fastened to the ground by the ends, and open to the wind on two sides. The Corfiote

swore that we should be lodged like princes, except in case of rain or of high wind. The whole troop set themselves to work in driving the stakes, making our beds, and bringing coverlets. Each bed was composed of a carpet, covered with a thick goat-skin cloak. At six o'clock the King came to assure himself by his own eyes that we were in want of nothing. Mrs. Simons, more enraged than ever, answered that we were in want of everything. I demanded formally the exclusion of all useless visitors. The King established a strict regulation, which was never followed. Discipline is a word very difficult to translate into Greek.

The King and his subjects retired at seven o'clock, and supper was served up to us. Four torches of resinous wood illuminated the table. Their red and smoky light colored strangely the face, now grown somewhat pale, of Miss Simons. Her eyes seemed to be extinguished, and rekindled in the depth of their sockets, like the flame of a revolving light. Her voice, broken by fatigue, regained at intervals a singular clearness. In listening to it, my mind wandered to the supernatural world, and there came to me, I know not what reminiscences of fantastic tales. A night-ingle sang, and I thought to see his silvery note tremble on the lips of Mary Ann. The day had been rough for us all, and I myself, who have

given you striking proofs of my appetite, acknowledged quickly that I was hungry only for sleep. I bade the ladies good evening, and retired under my tent. There I forgot in an instant nightingale, danger, ransom, flea-bites ; I closed my eyes with a double lock, and I slept.

A frightful discharge of musketry awoke me with a start. I rose so abruptly that I struck my head against one of the tent-poles. At the same instant, I heard two female voices, which cried out, " We are saved ! The gendarmes ! " I saw two or three phantoms flitting confusedly through the darkness. In my joy, in my perturbation, I embraced the first shadow which passed within my reach ; it was the Corfiote.

" Halt there ! " cried he ; " where are you running to, if you please ? "

" Dog of a robber," replied I, wiping my mouth, " I am going to see if the gendarmes will soon have finished shooting your comrades."

Mrs. Simons and her daughter, guided by my voice, came up to us. The Corfiote said to us : " The gendarmes do not travel to-day : it is the Ascension, and the first of May : a double festival. The noise which you have heard is the signal of the rejoicings. It is midnight just passed ; until to-morrow, at the like hour, our companions are about to drink wine, to eat meat, to dance the *Romaika*, and to burn powder. If you wish to

see this fine spectacle, I should be pleased to show it to you. I should guard you more agreeably around the roast meat, than on the borders of the fountain."

"You lie!" said Mrs. Simons, "it is the gendarmes!"

"Let us go there and see!" added Mary Ann.

I followed them. The uproar was so great that it would have been useless to attempt to sleep. Our guide led us through the cabinet of the King, and showed us the camp of the robbers, lighted by a fire. Whole pine-trees were blazing in various places. Five or six groups, seated around the fire, were roasting lambs, spitted upon sticks. In the middle of the crowd, a string of dancers wound slowly about, to the sound of a hideous music. Gunshots were firing on all sides. One came in our direction, and I heard a ball whistle a few inches from my ear. I begged the ladies to double their pace, hoping that near the King we should be further from the danger. The King, seated on his eternal carpet, presided with solemnity over the diversions of his people. Around him, the wine-skins were emptied like simple bottles; the lambs were carved like partridges; each guest took a leg or a shoulder, and helped himself liberally. The orchestra was composed of a deaf tambourine and a noisy flageolet: the tambourine had become deaf by hearing the

shrieks of the flageolet. The dancers had taken off their shoes, in order to be more active. They leaped about vigorously, and made their bones crack in time, or nearly so. From time to time one of them quitted the ball, swallowed a cup of wine, took a mouthful of meat, fired off a gun, and returned to the dance. All these men, the King excepted, drank, ate, yelled, and danced: I did not see a single one of them laughing.

Hadgi-Stavros excused himself gallantly for having awaked us.

“It is not I who am culpable,” said he. “It is the custom. If the first of May should pass without the firing of guns, these good people would not believe in the return of spring. I have here only simple beings, brought up in the fields and attached to the old usages of the country. I give them the best education I can, but I shall die before having polished them. Men are not recast in a day, like silver plates. I myself, such as you see me, have found pleasure in these rude sports; I have drunk and danced exactly like the rest; I did not know European civilization. Why did I so long delay my travels? I would give much to be young, and to have only fifty years. I have some ideas of reform which will never be executed, for I behold myself, like Alexander, without an heir worthy of me. I dream of a new organization of brigandage, without disorder, without

turbulence, and without noise. But I am not seconded. I would have an exact schedule of all the inhabitants of the kingdom, with the approximate value of their property, real and personal. As to foreigners who land among us, an agent, established in every port, should apprise me of their names, their plan of travel, and as well as possible of their fortune. In this way I should know what every one could give me ; I should be no longer liable to demand too much or too little. I would establish on every road a post of suitable agents, well bred and well selected ; for indeed what is the use of frightening clients away by an offensive bearing and a repulsive countenance ? I have seen in France and in England robbers elegant even to excess ; did they do their business any the worse for it ?

“ I should require in all my subordinates exquisite manners, especially in those employed in the department of arrests. I would have, for prisoners of distinction like you, comfortable lodgings in good air, with gardens. And do not believe that it would cost them more dear : quite the contrary ! If all those who travel in the kingdom came necessarily into my hands, I could tax the passer-by at an insignificant sum. Let each native and each foreigner give me only a quarter per cent on the figure of his fortune ; I shall make my profit upon the quantity. Then brigandage will be only a tax

upon the circulation ; a just tax, for it will be proportional ; a normal tax, for it has always been levied since the heroic times. We will simplify it, if necessary, by yearly subscriptions. By means of such a sum once paid, a safe-conduct will be obtained for natives, a *visa* on the passports of strangers. You will tell me that, by the terms of the constitution, no tax can be laid without the vote of the two chambers. Ah, sir, if I had the time, I would buy the whole Senate ; I would nominate a chamber of deputies to suit myself ! The law would pass without opposition ; in case of need, they would create a minister of the highways. That would cost me two or three millions at the first establishment, but in four years I would regain all my expenses, and I would maintain the roads at a high price ! ”

He sighed solemnly. “ You see with what frankness I relate to you my affairs. It is an old habit, which I shall never give up. I have always lived, not only in the open air, but in the open day. Our profession would be disgraceful if one exercised it clandestinely. I have no concealment, for I have no fear of any one. When you read in the journals that somebody is in search of me, say without hesitation that it is a parliamentary fiction : people always know where I am. I fear neither the ministers, nor the army, nor the tribunals. The ministers all know that by a gesture I

can change the cabinet! The army is for me : it is that which furnishes me with recruits when I have need of them. I borrow soldiers of it ; I return it officers. As to their honors, the judges, they know my sentiments for them. I do not esteem them, but I pity them. Poor and badly paid, one could not expect them to be honest. I support some of them ; I clothe some others ; I have hung very few in my life : I am, then, the benefactor of the magistracy."

He pointed out to me, with a magnificent gesture, the sky, the sea, and the country. "All that," said he, "is mine. Every living thing in the kingdom is subjected to me through fear, friendship, or admiration. I have made many eyes weep, and yet there is not a mother who would not wish to have a son like Hadgi-Stavros. A day will come when doctors like you will write my history, and the islands of the Archipelago will dispute with each other the honor of having given me birth. My portrait will be in the cottages with the sacred images which are purchased at Mount Athos. In that time, the grandchildren of my daughter, though they be sovereign princes, will speak with pride of their ancestor, the King of the Mountains!"

Perhaps you will laugh at my Germanic simplicity ; but a discourse so strange moved me profoundly. I admired, in spite of myself, this

grandeur in crime. I had not yet chanced to meet with a majestic scoundrel. This devil of a man, who was to cut my throat at the end of the month, inspired me even with respect. His great, marble face, serene in the midst of the orgies, appeared to me like the inflexible mask of destiny. I could not help responding: "Yes, you are indeed a king."

He answered with a smile: "Indeed I am, since I have flatterers even among my enemies. Do not deny it! I know how to read faces, and you have looked upon me this morning as on a man whom you would wish to see hanged."

"Since you invite me to frankness, I confess that I have had my temper excited. You have demanded from me an unreasonable ransom. That you took a hundred thousand francs from these ladies who have them, is a natural thing, and in the regular course of your business; but that you should exact fifteen thousand from me, who have nothing, is a thing the justice of which I will never admit."

"Yet, nothing is more simple. All the foreigners who come among us are rich, for travel is costly. You pretend that you are not travelling at your own expense; I am willing to believe you. But those who have sent you hither give you at least three or four thousand francs a year. If they incur this expense, they have

their reasons, for people do nothing for nothing. You represent, then, in their eyes, a capital of sixty to eighty thousand francs. Then, in ransoming you for fifteen thousand they are gainers."

"But the institution which pays me has no capital; it has only income. The budget of the Jardin des Plantes is voted every year by the Senate; its resources are limited: a case like this has never been anticipated; I know not how to explain to you . . . you cannot comprehend ——"

"And if I should comprehend," replied he, in a haughty tone, "do you suppose that I would retract what I have said? My words are laws: if I wish them to be respected, I must not violate them myself. I have a right to be unjust; I have no right to be weak. My injustice injures only others; weakness would be my own destruction. If I were known to be exorable, my prisoners would seek for prayers to soften me instead of money to pay me. I am not one of your European brigands, who make a mixture of rigor and generosity, of calculation and imprudence, of cruelty without cause, and compassion without excuse, to end their lives foolishly on the scaffold. I have said, before witnesses, that I would have fifteen thousand francs or your head. Please yourself; but one way or the other, I will be

paid. Listen : in 1854 I condemned to death two little girls who were about the age of my dear Photini. They stretched out their arms to me, weeping, and their cries made my paternal heart bleed. Vasile, who killed them, checked himself several times ; his hand trembled. And nevertheless I was inflexible, because the ransom had not been paid. Do you think that after that I am going to show you mercy ? What good would it do me to have killed them, poor creatures, if people should learn that I have sent you back for nothing ? ”

I bowed my head, without finding a word to reply. I had a thousand times the right ; but I knew not how to oppose anything to the pitiless logic of the old butcher. He drew me from my reflections by an amicable tap on the shoulder : “ Courage,” said he, “ I have seen death nearer than you, and I am as hearty as an oak. During the war of Independence, Ibrahim caused me to be shot by seven Egyptians ; six balls were wasted ; the seventh struck me in the forehead without entering. When the Turks came to pick up my corpse, I had disappeared in the smoke. You have perhaps a longer time to live than you imagine. Write to your friends at Hamburg. You have received education ; a doctor ought to have friends for more than fifteen thousand francs. I should hope so, for my part. I do not

hate you ; you have never done anything to me ; your death would give me no pleasure, and I please myself in believing that you will find the means of paying in money. In the mean time go back to your rest with these ladies. My people have drunk a cup too many, and they are regarding the Englishwomen with eyes which express nothing good. The poor devils are condemned to an austere life, and they are not seventy years old, like me. In ordinary times, I subdue them by fatigue ; but, in an hour hence, if the young lady remained here, I would answer for nothing."

In fact a menacing circle had formed around Mary Ann, who scanned their strange faces with an innocent curiosity. The brigands, squatted before her, spoke to each other in loud tones, and sounded her praises in terms which fortunately she did not understand. The Corfiote, who had made up for lost time, held out to her a cup of wine, which she thrust back haughtily, and which was spilled over the company. Five or six drinkers, more inflamed than the others, pushed one another, fought and exchanged blows of the fist, as if to excite and embolden themselves to other exploits. I made a sign to Mrs. Simons ; she rose with her daughter. But just as I offered my arm to Mary Ann, Vasile, red with wine, advanced, staggering, and made a ges-

ture as if to take her by the waist. At this sight, an indescribable rage took possession of me. I leaped upon the wretch, and made him a cravat with my ten fingers. He carried his hand to his belt, and sought fumblingly the handle of a knife; but before he had found anything, he was snatched from my hands and thrust ten paces backward by the great, strong hand of the old King. A murmur ran through the assembly. Hadgi-Stavros raised his voice above the noise, and cried: "Be silent! Show that you are Hellenes and not Albanians!" He resumed in a low voice: "Let us march on quickly; Corfiote, do not leave me; Mr. German, say to the ladies that I shall lie down at the door of their chamber."

He departed with us, preceded by his chiboudgi, who did not quit him night or day. Two or three drunkards made bold to follow him; he repulsed them rudely. We were not a hundred paces from the crowd when a bullet came whistling amongst us. The old Pallicare did not deign even to turn his head. He looked at me, smiling, and said in a low tone: "Some indulgence is necessary; it is Ascension Day."

On the way I profited by the distraction of the Corfiote, who reeled at every step, to ask of Mrs. Simons a private interview.

"I have," said I, "an important secret to com-

municate to you. Permit me to creep into your tent, while our guide shall sleep the sleep of Noah."

I know not whether this Biblical comparison appeared to her irreverential, but she answered me dryly, that she was not aware of having any secrets to share with me. I insisted; she held out. I told her that I had found the means of saving us all without untying the purse-strings. She darted at me a look of distrust, consulted her daughter, and ended by granting what I requested. Hadgi-Stavros favored our rendezvous by retaining the Corfiote near him. He caused his carpet to be carried to the top of the rustic staircase which led to our encampment, placed his arms within reach, made the chiboudgi lie down on his right hand and the Corfiote on his left, and wished us golden dreams.

I kept myself prudently under my tent until the moment when their distinct snores assured me that our guardians were sleeping. The racket of the feast slackened sensibly. Two or three dilatory gunshots alone disturbed, from time to time, the silence of the night. Our neighbor, the nightingale, tranquilly continued his song. I crept along by the trees as far as the tent of Mrs. Simons. The mother and the daughter were waiting for me on the damp grass: English manners forbade my entrance into their bedchamber.

“Speak, sir,” said Mrs. Simons; “but do so quickly. You know how much we need repose.”

I answered with assurance: “Ladies, what I have to tell you is well worth an hour of sleep. Do you wish to be free in three days?”

“But, sir, we shall be so to-morrow, or England would be no longer England! Dimitri must have informed my brother about five o’clock; my brother saw our minister at the dinner-hour; orders were given before night; the gendarmes are on the road, whatever the Corfiote may have said about it, and we shall be set free in the morning in time for breakfast.”

“Do not let us flatter ourselves with illusions; time presses. I do not reckon upon the gendarmery: our conquerors speak too lightly of them to fear them. I have always heard it said that in this country, hunter and game, gendarme and brigand, live happily together. I suppose, as a matter of form, that they may send some men to our relief: Hadgi-Stavros will see them coming, and will hurry us away, by unfrequented roads, to another haunt. He has the country at his fingers’ end; all the rocks are his accomplices, all the bushes his allies, all the ravines his receivers of stolen goods. Parnès is with him against us; he is the King of the Mountains!”

“Bravo, sir! Hadgi-Stavros is God, and you

are his prophet. He would be touched at hearing with what admiration you speak of him. I had already guessed that you were one of his friends, when I saw how he struck you on the shoulder, and spoke to you in confidence. Is it not he who has suggested to you the plan of escape which you come to propose to us ? ”

“ Yes, madam, it is he ; or, rather, it is his correspondence. I found this morning, while he was dictating his despatches, the infallible means of delivering us gratis. You will write to your brother to collect a sum of a hundred and fifteen thousand francs, — one hundred for your ransom, fifteen for mine, — and to send them here as soon as possible by a safe man, — by Dimitri.”

“ By your friend Dimitri to your friend the King of the Mountains ? Thank you, very much, my dear sir ! It is at this price that we shall be delivered for nothing ! ”

“ Yes, madam. Dimitri is not my friend, and Hadgi-Stavros would not scruple to cut off my head. But I continue : in exchange for the money, you will require the King to sign a receipt.”

“ A good note we shall have then ! ”

“ With this note, you will recover your hundred and fifteen thousand francs, without losing a centime ; and you are about to see how.”

“ Good evening, sir. Do not trouble yourself to

say more about it. Since we landed in this blessed country, we have been robbed by everybody. The custom-house officers at the Piræus robbed us; the coachman who drove us to Athens robbed us; our innkeeper robbed us; our valet-de-place, who is not your friend, has thrown us into the hands of the robbers; we have met a respectable monk, who shared our spoils with the robbers; all those gentlemen who were drinking up there, are robbers; those who are sleeping at our door, to protect us, are robbers; you are the only honest man whom we have encountered in Greece, and your counsels are the best in the world; but good evening, sir, good evening!"

"In the name of Heaven, madam! . . . I do not justify myself; think what you will of me. Let me only tell you how you will recover your money."

"And how do you suppose that I can recover it, if all the gendarmery of the kingdom cannot rescue us, ourselves? Hadgi-Stavros is no longer then the King of the Mountains? He knows no longer unfrequented roads? The ravines, the bushes, the rocks are no longer his receivers and his accomplices? Good evening, sir; I will bear witness to your zeal; I will tell the brigands that you have executed their commission; but, once for all, good evening!"

The good lady pushed me by the shoulders,

crying, "Good evening!" in a tone so sharp that I trembled lest she should wake our guardians, and I fled piteously under my tent. What a day's work, sir! I undertook to recapitulate all the incidents which had befallen me since the hour when I set out from Athens, in pursuit of the *Boryana variabilis*. The meeting with the Englishwomen, the beautiful eyes of Mary Ann, the guns of the brigands, the dogs, the fleas, Hadgi-Stavros, fifteen thousand francs to pay, my life at that price, the orgies of the Ascension, the bullets whistling in my ears, the drunken face of Vasile, and, to crown the feast, the injustice of Mrs. Simons!

No more was wanting to me, after so many trials, than to be taken myself for a robber! Sleep, which consoles for all things, came not to my aid. I had been overcome by events, and the power to sleep failed me. The day rose upon my painful meditations. I followed with a dull eye the sun as it rose above the horizon. Confused noises succeeded by degrees to the silence of the night. I did not feel the courage to note the time by my watch, or to turn my head to see what was passing around me. All my senses were stupefied by fatigue and discouragement. I believe that if they had undertaken to roll me to the foot of the mountain, I should not have extended my hands to hold myself back.

In this annihilation of my faculties, I had a vision, which was at once a dream and a hallucination, for I was neither awake nor asleep, and my eyes were half shut and half open. It seemed to me that I had been buried alive; that my tent of black felt was a catafalque adorned with flowers, and that they were chanting over my head the prayers for the dead. Fear took possession of me; I wanted to cry out; the word stuck in my throat, or was drowned by the voices of the chanters. I heard the verses and the responses distinctly enough to recognize that my funeral obsequies were celebrating in Greek. I made a violent effort to move my right arm: it was of lead. I extended the left arm: it yielded easily, hit against the tent, and made something fall which resembled a bouquet. I rub my eyes; I rise to a sitting posture; I examine these flowers, fallen from heaven,—and I recognize in the mass, a superb specimen of the *Boryana variabilis*. It was indeed she! I touched her lobed leaves, her gamosepalous calyx, her corolla, composed of five oblique petals, united at the base by a staminal thread, her ten stamens, her ovary with five cells: I held in my hand the queen of the malvaceous class!

But by what chance was it found at the bottom of my tomb? and how to send it from so far to the Jardin des Plantes at Hamburg? At this

moment, a sharp pain drew my attention towards my right arm. One would have said that it was a prey to a throng of little invisible animals. I shook it with my left hand, and by degrees it returned to its normal state. It had supported my head during many hours, and the pressure had benumbed it. I was living, then, since pain is one of the privileges of life ! But, then, what meant this funeral song which murmured obstinately in my ears ? I rose. Our apartment was in the same condition as on the evening before. Mrs. Simons and Mary Ann were sleeping soundly. A great bouquet like mine hung at the top of their tent. I recalled to myself at last that the Greeks had a custom of decking all their habitations with flowers during the night of the first of May. These bouquets and the *Boryana variabilis* proceeded then from the munificence of the King. The funeral song pursued me still. I climbed the stairs which led to the cabinet of Hadgi-Stavros, and I perceived a spectacle more curious than all which had astonished me the day before.

An altar was raised under the royal fir-tree. The monk, decked with magnificent ornaments, celebrated with imposing dignity the divine service. Our drinkers of the night, some standing, others kneeling in the dust, all with heads religiously uncovered, were metamorphosed into

little saints : one was kissing devoutly an image painted upon wood, another was crossing himself with all his might, and as if at a task ; the more fervent were striking their foreheads against the earth, and sweeping the ground with their hair. The young chiboudgi of the King moved round through the ranks with a tray, saying : " Give alms ! Whoever gives to the Church, lends to God." And the centimes rained before him, and the rattling of copper falling upon copper accompanied the voice of the priest and the prayers of the assistants.

When I entered into the assembly of the faithful, each of them saluted me with a discreet cordiality which recalled the early times of the Church. Hadgi-Stavros, standing near the altar, made a place for me at his side. He held a great book in his hand, and judge of my surprise when I saw that he was chanting the lessons in a loud voice. The brigand was officiating ! He had received in his youth the second of the lesser orders ; he was reader, or *anagnost*. One degree more, he would have been exorcist, and invested with the power of casting out devils !

Assuredly, sir, I am not one of those travellers who are astonished at everything, and I practise energetically enough the *nil admirari* ; but I remained quite amazed and breathless before this strange ceremony. In seeing the genuflections,

in listening to the prayers, one might have supposed that the actors were only guilty of a little idolatry. Their faith appeared lively and their conviction profound; but I, who had seen them at work, and who knew how little Christian they were in action, could not help saying to myself, "Who is deceived here?"

The service lasted till a few minutes after noon. An hour later, the altar had disappeared, the brigands had set to drinking again, and the *good old man* held his own with them.

Hadgi-Stavros took me aside and asked me if I had written. I promised him to set about it that very instant, and he furnished me with reeds, ink, and paper. I wrote to John Harris, to Christodule, and my father. I besought Christodule to intercede for me with his old comrade, and to tell him how incapable I was of finding fifteen thousand francs. I recommended myself to the courage and ingenuity of Harris, who was not a man to leave a friend in trouble. "If any one can save me," said I to him, "it is you. I know not how you will bring it about, but I hope in you with all my soul, you are such a dare-devil! I do not expect that you will find fifteen thousand francs with which to buy me back: it would be necessary to borrow them of M. Mérinay, who does not lend. Besides, you are too American to consent to such a bargain. Act as you shall please; set the king-

dom on fire ; I approve of all beforehand : but do not lose time. I feel that my head is weak, and that reason might be deranged before the end of the month."

As to my unhappy father, I took care not to tell him on what terms I was lodged. Of what use to break his heart by showing him dangers of which he could not relieve me ? I wrote him, as on the first of every month, that I was well, and that I hoped my letter would find the family in good health. I added that I was travelling in the mountains, that I had discovered the *Boryana variabilis* and a young English girl more beautiful and richer than the Princess Ypsoff, of romantic memory. I had not yet succeeded in inspiring her with love, for want of favorable circumstances ; but I should find perhaps shortly an opportunity to render her some great service, or to show myself before her in the irresistible coat of my Uncle Rosenthaler. "Nevertheless," added I, with a sentiment of unconquerable sadness, "who knows if I shall not die a bachelor ? Then it would remain for Frantz or Jean Nicolas to make the fortune of the family. My health is more flourishing than ever, and my powers are undiminished ; but Greece is a treacherous country, which gets the better of the most vigorous man. If I were condemned to see Germany no more, and to end here, by some unforeseen blow,

the term of my travels and of my labors, be assured, dear and excellent father, that my last regret would be to perish far away from my family, and that my last thought would fly towards you."

Hadgi-Stavros came upon me unexpectedly as I was wiping away a tear, and I believe that this mark of weakness injured me in his esteem.

"Come, young man," said he, "courage! It is not yet time to weep over yourself. The devil! One would say that you were following your funeral! The English lady has just written a letter of eight pages, and she has not let fall one tear into the inkstand. Go and keep her company a little while: she needs diversion. Ah! if you were a man of my temper! I swear to you that at your age and in your place, I would not have remained long a prisoner. My ransom would have been paid before two days. And I know well who would have furnished the funds. You are not married?"

"No."

"Well? You do not comprehend? Return to your apartment and be agreeable! I have furnished you a fine opportunity to make your fortune. If you do not profit by it, you will be a stupid fellow, and if you do not rank me as one of your benefactors, you will be an ingrate!"

I found Mary Ann and her mother seated near

the spring. While expecting the waiting-maid who had been promised them, they were at work themselves in shortening their riding-habits. The brigands had furnished them some thread, or rather some pack-thread, and needles fit to sew sail-cloth. From time to time they interrupted their work to cast a melancholy look upon the houses of Athens. It was hard to see the city so near, and to be able to go there only at the price of a hundred thousand francs! I asked them how they had slept. The curtness of their reply indicated to me that they would willingly dispense with my conversation. It was then that I observed for the first time the hair of Mary Ann: she was bareheaded, and after having made an ample toilette in the brook, she was letting her hair dry in the sun. I would never have believed that one woman could have such a profusion of silky curls. Her long, chestnut ringlets fell down her cheeks and behind her shoulders. But they did not merely hang down like those of all women on coming out of a bath; they were curved in short waves, like the surface of a little lake ruffled by the wind. The light, in glancing through this living forest, colored it with a soft and velvety lustre; her face, thus surrounded, resembled a moss rose. I have told you, sir, that I had never loved any one, and certainly I should not have commenced with

a young girl who took me for a robber. But I can avow, without contradicting myself, that I should have wished, at the price of my life, to save those beautiful locks from the clutches of Hadgi-Stavros.

I conceived forthwith a plan of escape ; bold, but not impossible. Our apartment had two outlets : one opened upon the cabinet of the King, the other upon a precipice. To pass through the cabinet of the King was absurd : it would have been necessary, then, to traverse the camp of the robbers, and the second line of defence, guarded by the dogs. Remained the precipice. In leaning over the abyss, I perceived that the rock, nearly perpendicular, presented enough irregularities, tufts of grass, little shrubs, and chances of all kinds, to enable one to descend without being dashed to pieces. What rendered the flight dangerous on this side was the cascade. The stream which issued from our room, fell over the side of the mountain in a fearfully rapid sheet. Besides, it was very difficult to maintain one's self-possession, and to keep one's balance, in descending with such a *douche* upon the head.

But was there not some means of turning aside the torrent ? Perhaps so. On examining more closely the apartment where we were lodged, I became convinced the waters had sojourned there before us. Our room was only a drained pond.

I lifted a corner of the carpet which lay under our feet, and I discovered a thick sediment deposited by the water of the fountain. At some time, whether the earthquakes, so frequent in these mountains, had broken the dike in one place, or whether a vein of rock softer than the rest had given passage to the current, the whole liquid mass had been thrown out of its bed. A canal, ten feet long by three wide, conducted it to the declivity of the mountain. To shut this sluice, opened years before, and to imprison the waters in their first reservoir, required only two hours' labor. One hour, at most, would suffice to give the wet rocks time to drain; the night breeze would soon have dried the road. Our flight, thus prepared, would not have required more than twenty-five minutes. Once arrived at the foot of the mountain, we should have Athens before us; the stars would serve us as guides; the roads were detestable, but we should run no risk of meeting a brigand there. When the King should come to visit us in the morning, to learn how we had passed the night, he would see that we had passed it in running; and, as one gets instruction at every age, he would learn, to his cost, that he must depend only on himself, and that a cascade understands ill how to guard prisoners.

This project appeared to me so admirable, that I imparted it immediately to her who had inspired

me with it. Mary Ann and Mrs. Simons listened to me, at first, as prudent conspirators listen to an instigating agent. Nevertheless, the young English girl measured, without trembling, the depth of the ravine.

“One could descend,” said she; “not alone, but with the aid of a stout arm. Are you strong, sir?”

I answered, without knowing why: “I should be so if you had confidence in me.”

These words, to which I attached no particular meaning, contained, without doubt, some folly, for she blushed, turning aside her head.

“Sir,” replied she, “it may be that we have judged you wrongly: misfortune embitters. I would willingly believe that you are an honest young man!”

She might have found something more amiable to say; but she conveyed this half compliment with a voice so sweet, and a look so penetrating, that I was moved by it to the depth of my soul. So true it is, sir, that the air sets off the song!

She extended to me her charming hand, and I was already opening my five fingers to take it; but she changed her mind suddenly, and said, striking her forehead: “Where will you find materials for a dike?”

“Under our feet: the turf!”

“The water will finally carry it away.”

"Not before two hours. After us, the deluge."

"Good!" said she. This time she gave me her hand, and I drew it towards my lips. But that capricious hand withdrew itself abruptly.

"We are guarded night and day: have you thought of that?"

I had not thought of it an instant, but I had gone too far to recede before obstacles. I replied, with a resolution which astonished even myself: "The Corfiote? Leave him to me. I will tie him to the foot of a tree."

"He will cry out."

"I will kill him."

"And his arms?"

"I will take them away from him."

To rob, to kill,—all seemed to me natural, since I had failed to kiss her hand. Judge, sir, of what I should be capable, if ever I should fall in love!

Mrs. Simons lent me her ears with a certain graciousness, and I thought I observed that she gave me her approval by look and gesture. "Dear sir," said she, "your second idea is better than your first; yes, infinitely better. I would never have condescended to pay a ransom, even with the certainty of recovering it again. Repeat to me, then, if you please, what you expect to do to save us."

"I answer for everything, madam. I procure

myself a poniard this very day. This night our brigands will go to bed early, and they will sleep soundly. I rise at ten o'clock, I garrote our guardian, I gag him, and if necessary I kill him. This is not an assassination, it is an execution: he has merited twenty deaths instead of one. At half past ten o'clock, I tear up fifty square feet of turf, you carry it to the border of the brook, I construct the dike: total, one hour and a half. It will be midnight. We shall labor in strengthening the work, while the wind will be drying our road. One o'clock sounds; I take the young lady on my left arm; we creep together as far as that crack, we hold on by those two tufts of grass, we gain that wild fig-tree, we rest against that green oak, we creep along that projection as far as the group of red rocks, we leap into the ravine, and we are free!"

"Well! and I?"

This *I* fell upon my enthusiasm like a bucket of ice-water. One does not think of everything, and I had forgotten the safety of Mrs. Simons. Returning to take her was not to be thought of. The ascent was impossible without ladders. The good lady perceived my confusion. She said to me, with more of pity than of spite: "My poor gentleman, you see that romantic projects are always at fault in some point. Permit me to hold to my first idea, and to wait the gendarmery. I am

an Englishwoman, and I have formed an old habit of placing my trust in the law. Besides, I know the gendarmes of Athens; I have seen them parade on the Palace Square. They are fine men, and quite neat for Greeks. They have long moustachios and percussion guns. It is they, if you have no objection, who will take us away from here."

The Corfiote arrived opportunely to relieve me from answering. He introduced the waiting-maid. She was an Albanian girl, quite pretty, in spite of her flat nose. Two brigands, who were roving in the mountains, had taken her, all dressed in her Sunday clothes, between her mother and her betrothed. She screamed loud enough to split marble, but they consoled her quickly, by promising to release her within fifteen days, and to pay her. She resigned herself bravely to her fate, and almost rejoiced at a misfortune which was about to increase her dowry. Happy country, where the wounds of the heart can be cured with five-franc pieces! This philosophical servant was of no great service to Mrs. Simons: of all the avocations of her sex, she understood only field-labor. As to me, she rendered my life insupportable, by the habit which she had of nibbling a clove of garlic, out of daintiness and coquetry, as the ladies of Hamburg amuse themselves in craunching sugar-plums.

The day ended without any other event. The

next day appeared to us all of an intolerable length. The Corfiote did not stir a foot from us. Mary Ann and her mother looked for the gendarmes on the horizon, and saw nothing coming. I, who am accustomed to an active life, fretted in idleness. I could have rambled in the mountains and herborized, under good guard ; but a certain *je ne sais quoi* retained me near the ladies. During the night I slept ill ; my plan of escape was running obstinately through my head. I had observed the place where the Corfiote put his poniard before lying down ; but I should have considered myself as committing a treachery in saving myself without Mary Ann.

Saturday morning, between five and six o'clock, an unusual noise attracted me towards the cabinet of the King. My toilet was quickly made : I had put myself to bed all dressed.

Hadgi-Stavros, standing in the midst of his troop, presided over a tumultuous council. All the brigands were equipped for war, armed to the teeth. Ten or twelve chests, which I had never perceived before, were resting upon hand-barrows. I guessed that they contained the baggage, and that our masters were preparing to decamp. The Corfiote, Vasile, and Sophocles were debating at the top of their voices, and all speaking at once. At a distance was heard the barking of the advanced sentinels. An express, in ragged clothes, ran towards the King, crying, "The gendarmes !"

V.

THE GENDARMES.

THE King seemed not much moved. Nevertheless his eyebrows were more drawn together than usual, and the wrinkles of his forehead formed a sharp angle between his eyes. He inquired of the new-comer :

“ Which way do they ascend ? ”

“ From Castia.”

“ How many companies ? ”

“ One.”

“ Which ? ”

“ I do not know.”

“ Let us wait.”

A second messenger arrived in all haste to give the alarm. Hadgi-Stavros cried to him as soon as he saw him : “ Is it the company of Pericles ? ”

The brigand replied : “ I know nothing about it ; I cannot read numbers.” A shout resounded in the distance. “ Hush ! ” said the King, taking out his watch. The whole party kept strict silence. Four gunshots succeeded each other from

minute to minute. The last was followed by a violent detonation, which resembled the volley of a platoon. Hadgi-Stavros, smiling, replaced his watch in his pocket.

"It is well," said he ; "restore the baggage to the depot, and serve us some wine of Egina : it is the company of Pericles !"

He perceived me in my corner, just as he ended his sentence. He called me in a bantering tone : "Come, Mr. German, you are not *de trop*. It is good to rise early : one sees strange things. Is your thirst awake ? You shall drink a glass of wine of Egina with our brave gendarmes."

Five minutes later three enormous wine-skins were brought, drawn from some secret magazine. A tardy sentinel came to the King, exclaiming : "Good news ! The gendarmes of Pericles !"

Some brigands rushed eagerly before the troop. The Corfiote, a good spokesman, ran to address the captain. Ere long the drum was heard ; the blue flag appeared, and sixty men, well armed, defiled in two ranks as far as the tent of Hadgi-Stavros. I recognized Pericles from having admired him on the promenade of Patissia. He was a young officer of thirty-five years, dark, foppish, loved by the ladies, a fine waltzer at court, and wearing gracefully his tinsel epaulets. He sheathed his sabre, ran to the King of the Mountains, and kissed him upon the mouth, saying, "Good morning, godfather !"

"Good morning, little one," replied the King, stroking his cheek with the back of his hand.

"Have you been well?"

"Yes, thank you. And you?"

"As you see. And the family?"

"My uncle, the bishop, has a fever."

"Bring him here to me; I will cure him. The prefect of police is better?"

"A little; he has many things to tell you; the minister also."

"What news?"

"A ball at the palace on the 15th. It is decided. *Le Siècle* has announced it."

"You dance, then, still? And what is doing at the Exchange?"

"A fall upon the whole list."

"Bravo! Have you any letters for me?"

"Yes; here they are. Photini was not ready. She will write you by post."

"A glass of wine. — Your health, little one!"

"God bless you, godfather! Who is this Frank who is listening to us?"

"Nobody: a German of no consequence. You know of nothing for us to do?"

"The paymaster-general sends twenty thousand francs to Argos. The money will go to-morrow evening by the Scironian rocks."

"I shall be there. Are many men wanted?"

"Yes; the cash-box is guarded by two companies."

"Good, or bad?"

"Detestable; men accustomed to face death."

"I will take my whole band. You shall guard our prisoners in my absence."

"With pleasure. By the way, I have the most strict orders. Your Englishwomen have written to their ambassador. They call the whole army to their aid."

"And I furnished them the paper! So much for putting confidence in people!"

"I must write my report in consequence. I shall give an account of a furious battle."

"We will concoct that together."

"Yes. This time, godfather, I must gain the victory."

"No!"

"Yes! I want to be promoted."

"You shall be another day. How insatiable! It is not a year since I made you captain!"

"But understand, then, dear godfather, that it is for your interest to let me conquer you. When it shall be known that your band is dispersed, confidence will be restored, travellers will come, and you will do a business in gold."

"Yes, but if I am conquered, stocks will rise, and I am for a fall."

"You shall say enough for that! At least, let me massacre a dozen men."

"So be it. That will do no harm to any one. For my part, I must kill ten of yours."

"How? It will be plainly seen on our return that we have our full number."

"Not at all. You will leave them here; I want recruits."

"In that case, I recommend you little Spiro, my adjutant. He comes from the school of the Evelpides, is educated, and intelligent. The poor boy receives only seventy-eight francs a month, and his parents are not rich. If he remains in the army, he will not be sub-lieutenant under five or six years; the lists are crowded. But if he distinguishes himself in your troop, they will offer to bribe him, and he will have his nomination in six months!"

"Agreed for little Spiro! Does he understand French?"

"Tolerably."

"I will keep him, perhaps. If he should suit me, I should give him an interest in the enterprise; he would become a shareholder. You will deliver to whom it may concern our report for the year. I pay eighty-two per cent."

"Bravo! my eight shares will have brought me in more than my captain's pay. Ah! godfather, what a profession mine is!"

"What do you want? You would be a brigand, were it not for your mother's notions. She has always insisted that you missed your vocation. Here's to your health! To yours, Mr. German!"

Let me introduce to you my godson, Captain Pericles, a charming young man who knows many languages, and who will be much pleased to take my place near you during my absence. My dear Pericles, I present to you this gentleman, who is a doctor, and who is worth fifteen thousand francs. Would you believe that this great doctor here, doctor as he is, has yet not skill enough to get his ransom paid by our Englishwomen. The world degenerates, little one ; it was better in my time."

Thereupon, he rose quickly, and ran to give orders for the departure. Was it the pleasure of going into the open country, or the joy of seeing his godson ? He seemed quite rejuvenated ; he was twenty years younger ; he laughed, joked, and threw aside his royal dignity. I should never have supposed that the only event capable of enlivening a brigand was the arrival of the gendarmery.

Sophocles, Vasile, the Corfiote, and the other chiefs, made known the King's wishes, throughout the camp. Each one was soon ready, thanks to the alarm of the morning. The young adjutant Spiro, and the nine men chosen among the soldiers, exchanged their uniforms for the picturesque dress of the bandits. It was done as quickly as a juggler's trick : the Minister of War, had he been there, would hardly have perceived it. The

new brigands showed no regret for their former condition. The only ones who murmured were those who remained under the flag. Two or three graybeards said boldly that too marked a difference was made in the choice, and that seniority was not taken sufficient account of. Some grumblers boasted their list of services, and pretended to have earned a discharge into brigandage. The captain quieted them as he best could, promising that their turn should come.

Hadgi-Stavros, before setting out, gave all the keys to his substitute. He showed him the wine-grotto, the meal-cavern, the cheese-crevice, and the trunk of a tree, where the coffee was kept. He instructed him in all the precautions which would prevent our flight and preserve a capital so precious. The handsome Pericles replied, smiling: "What do you fear? I am a stockholder."

At seven o'clock in the morning the King set out upon his march, and his subjects defiled one by one behind him. All the band went away in the direction of the north, turning their backs upon the Scironian rocks. They returned, by a way quite long, but easy, as far as the bottom of the ravine which passed under our apartment. The brigands sang at the top of their voices, stamping in the water of the cascade. Their warlike march was a song of four verses, a youthful effort of Hadgi-Stavros:—

“ A Clepht, with black eyes, descends to the plain,
His gilded fusee,” etc.

You probably know this ; the little boys of Athens sing nothing else as they go to catechism.

Mrs. Simons, who was sleeping near her daughter, and dreaming, as usual, of gendarmes, awoke with a start, and ran to the window,—that is to say, to the cascade. She was cruelly undeceived, in seeing enemies where she hoped for friends. She recognized the King, the Corfiote, and many others. What astonished her still more was the number and importance of this morning expedition. She counted no less than sixty men in the suite of Hadgi-Stavros. “ Sixty ! ” thought she : there will be only twenty left to guard us ! ” The idea of an escape, which she had repelled the evening before, recurred with some force to her mind. In the midst of her reflections, she saw file off a rear-guard, that she was not expecting. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty men ! None remained, then, in the camp ! “ We are free ! Mary Ann ! ” cried she. The defile still continued. The band consisted of eighty brigands ; there were ninety departing ! A dozen dogs closed the procession ; but she did not trouble herself to count them.

Mary Ann rose at her mother’s cry, and rushed out of the tent.

“ Free ! ” cried Mrs. Simons. “ They are all

gone. What do I say? All! More have gone than were here. Let us run, my daughter!"

They ran to the stairs, and saw the King's camp occupied by gendarmes. The Greek flag floated triumphantly at the top of the fir-tree. The place of Hadgi-Stavros was filled by Pericles. Mrs. Simons flew into his arms with such eagerness, that he had some trouble in warding off the embrace.

"Angel of God," said she to him, "the brigands have departed!"

The captain replied in English, "Yes, madam."

"You saw them running away?"

"It is true, madam, that but for us they would still be here."

"Excellent young man! The battle must have been terrible!"

"Not very; a battle without tears. I had only to say one word."

"And we are free!"

"Assuredly."

"We can return to Athens!"

"When we please."

"Ah well, let us go!"

"Impossible at present."

"What keeps us here?"

"Our duty as conquerors: we guard the field of battle!"

"Mary Ann, press the hand of this gentleman."

The young English girl obeyed.

"Sir," resumed Mrs. Simons, "it is God who sends you. We had lost all hope. Our only defender was a young German of the middle class, a scholar, who gathers herbs, and who wanted to save us in the most absurd ways. But, at last, you are here ! I was quite sure that we should be set free by the gendarmery. Is it not true, Mary Ann ?"

"Yes, mamma."

"You must know, sir, that these brigands are the worst of men. They have begun by taking away all that we had about us."

"All ?" asked the captain.

"All, except my watch, which I had taken care to conceal."

"You did right, madam. And have they kept all that they took from you ?"

"No ; they returned us three hundred francs, a silver dressing-case, and my daughter's watch."

"These articles are still in your possession ?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Have they taken your rings and ear-rings ?"

"No, captain."

"Be kind enough to give them to me."

"Give you what ?"

"Your rings, your ear-rings, the silver dressing-case, two watches, and the sum of three hundred francs."

Mrs. Simons exclaimed, sharply: "What, sir! you wish to take away again what the brigands have restored to us?"

The captain replied, with dignity: "Madam, I do my duty."

"Your duty is to rob us!"

"It is my duty to collect all the evidences of guilt necessary at the trial of Hadgi-Stavros."

"He will be tried, then?"

"As soon as we shall have taken him."

"It seems to me that our jewels and money will be of no use, and that you have abundance of proof to hang him. In the first place, he has arrested two English ladies: what more is needed?"

"It is necessary, madam, that the forms of justice should be observed."

"But, dear sir, among the articles that you demand, there are some that I value much."

"The more reason, madam, for trusting them to me."

"But if I no longer have a watch, I shall never know ——"

"Madam, I shall always be happy to tell you what time it is."

Mary Ann gave him to understand, in her turn, that she was reluctant to give up her earrings.

"Miss," replied the gallant captain, "you are

beautiful enough to need no ornament. You will do without your jewels better than jewels will do without you."

"You are too good, sir; but my silver dressing-case is an indispensable article."

"You are a thousand times right, miss, therefore I implore you not to insist upon this point. Do not double the regret I already feel in legally robbing two such distinguished persons. Alas! miss, we soldiers are the slaves of orders, instruments of the law, men of duty. Deign to accept my arm, and allow me the honor of conducting you to your tent. There we will proceed to take the inventory, if you will be good enough to permit it."

I had not lost a word of this whole dialogue, and I had restrained myself until it was ended; but when I saw this little rogue of a gendarme offer his arm to Mary Ann, intending politely to rob her, I felt my blood boiling, and I walked straight up to him to charge him with the fact. He must have read in my eyes the beginning of my speech, for he darted a threatening look at me, left the ladies upon the staircase of their chamber, placed a sentinel at the door, and returned to me, saying, "A word with you!"

He drew me, without adding more, to the farther end of the King's tent. There he placed himself before me, looked me full in the face, and said, "Sir, you understand English?"

I confessed my knowledge. He resumed, "You understand Greek also?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are too learned. Do you comprehend my godfather, who amuses himself with relating our affairs before you? Let what concerns him pass: he has no need of concealment. He is a King, and depends only upon his sabre. But I, —the devil! put yourself in my place. My position is a delicate one, and I have many things to manage with caution. I am not rich; I have only my captain's pay, the esteem of my commanders, and the friendship of the brigands. The indiscretion of a traveller may cause me to lose two thirds of my fortune."

"And you rely upon my keeping the secret of your misdeeds!"

"When I rely upon anything, sir, my confidence is very rarely deceived. I do not know that you will get out of these mountains alive, or that your ransom will ever be paid. If my godfather is obliged to cut off your head, I am easy, for you will not tattle. If, on the contrary, you return to Athens, I advise you as a friend to be silent upon what you have seen! Imitate the discretion of the late Duchess of Plaisance, who was taken by Bibichi, and who died ten years after, without having told any one the particulars of her adventure. Do you know a

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proverb which says, 'The tongue cuts off the head'? Meditate seriously upon it, and do not put yourself in a situation to verify its correctness."

"The threat ——"

"I do not threaten you, sir. I am too well-bred to allow myself to give way to threats. I warn you. If you blab, I shall not revenge myself. But all the men in my company worship their captain. They regard my interests more warmly than I do myself, and they would be pitiless — much to my regret — towards the imprudent person who had occasioned me any annoyance."

"What do you fear, if you have so many accomplices?"

"I fear nothing from the Greeks, and, in ordinary times I should not so strongly urge my recommendations. We have indeed among our commanders some madmen who insist that brigands should be treated like Turks; but I should find some obstinate defenders, if the matter were agitated *en famille*. The trouble is that the foreign ministers might interfere in the matter, and the presence of a strange army would doubtless injure the success of my cause. If misfortune befalls me through your fault, you see, sir, to what you would be exposed! One can't take four steps in the kingdom without meeting a

gendarme. The route from Athens to the Piræus is under the surveillance of these troublesome persons, and an accident might easily happen."

"It is well, sir; I will reflect upon it."

"You promise me secrecy?"

"You have nothing to demand of me, and I have nothing to promise you. You warn me of the danger of indiscretion. I take note of it, and am prepared for it."

"When you are again in Germany, you can tell all that you please. Speak, write, print; it matters little to me. The works that are published against us do no harm to any one, except perhaps to their authors. You are free to try the experiment. If you depict faithfully what you have seen, the good people of Europe will accuse you of disparaging an illustrious and oppressed people. Our friends, and we have many among men of sixty years, will tax you with folly, caprice, and even ingratitude. They will remind you that you have been the guest of Hadgi-Stavros, and mine; they will reproach you with having betrayed the sacred laws of hospitality. But the best of the joke is, that they will not believe you. The public puts faith only in falsehoods that bear the semblance of truth. Go then to persuade the cockneys of Paris, London, or Berlin, that you have seen a captain of

gendarmery embrace a brigand chief! A company of chosen troops stand sentry around the prisoners of Hadgi-Stavros, to give him time to plunder the cash-box of the army! The highest officers of state found a stock company to rob travellers on the highway! You might as well tell them that the mice of Attica had formed an alliance with the cats, and that our lambs seek their food in the mouths of wolves. Do you know what protects us against the displeasure of Europe? It is the unreal character of our civilization. Happily for the kingdom, all that can be truly written against us will be too outrageous to be believed. I could mention to you a little book which is not to our praise, although it may be correct from beginning to end. It has been read a little everywhere; it was thought curious in Paris, but I know only one city where it may have appeared true: Athens! I do not forbid you to add a second volume to it, but wait till you have departed; otherwise, there will be perhaps a drop of blood on the last page."

"But," replied I, "if an indiscretion is committed before my departure, how will you know that it comes from me?"

"You only are in my secret. The Englishwomen are persuaded that I rescue them from Hadgi-Stavros. I undertake to keep them in error until the return of the King. It is an affair

of two days, or three at most. We are forty kilometres from the Scironian rocks; our friends will arrive there in the night. They will strike their blow to-morrow evening, and, conquerors or conquered, they will be here Monday morning. We shall know how to prove to the prisoners that the brigands have surprised us. While my godfather is absent, I will protect you against yourself by keeping you at a distance from these ladies. I borrow your tent. You must see, sir, that I have a more delicate skin than this worthy Hadgi-Stavros, and I am not able to expose my complexion to the inclemency of the air. What will they say on the 15th, at the court ball, if they see me there sunburnt as a peasant? Besides, I must keep these poor desolate ladies company. It is my duty as their liberator. As to you, you shall sleep here in the midst of my soldiers. Permit me to give an order concerning you. Ianni! Corporal Ianni! I confide to you the care of this gentleman. Place around him four sentinels, who will watch him night and day, and accompany him everywhere, arms in hand. You will relieve them every two hours. March!"

He bowed to me, with a politeness slightly ironical, and descended the staircase of Mrs. Simons, humming as he went. From this moment there commenced for me a punishment of which the human mind can form no idea. Every one knows,

or conjectures, what a prison may be ; but try to imagine a living and moving prison, the four walls of which go and come, recede and draw near, turn and return, rub their hands together, scratch, blow their noses, shake themselves, stir about, and fix obstinately eight great black eyes upon the prisoner ! I tried walking : my dungeon, with eight feet, regulated its pace by mine. I moved as far as the frontiers of the camp : the two men who preceded me stopped short, and I ran against their uniforms. This accident explained to me an inscription that I had often read, without understanding it, in the neighborhood of fortified places : " Limit of the garrison." I returned : my four walls turned upon themselves like the decorations of a stage in a change of scene. At last, weary of this manner of walking, I sat down. My prison began to march around me : I resembled an intoxicated man, who fancies his house turning round : I closed my eyes ; the cadenced sound of the military step soon fatigued my tympanum. " At least," thought I to myself, " these four warriors may deign to talk with me ! I will speak to them in Greek : it is a means of seduction which has always succeeded with sentinels." I tried it, but to no purpose. The walls might have ears, but the use of the voice was forbidden them : they spoke not under arms ! I tried bribery. I drew from my pocket the money that

Hadgi-Stavros had restored to me and that the captain had forgotten to take. I distributed it at the four cardinal points of my lodging-place. The dull and grim walls assumed a smiling look, and my dungeon was illumined as with a ray of sunshine. But, five minutes later, the corporal came to relieve the sentinels : I had been a prisoner just two hours ! The day seemed long ; the night eternal. The captain had bestowed upon himself at the same time my chamber and my couch, and the rock which served me for a bed was not as soft as a feather. A fine rain, penetrating as an acid, made me feel cruelly that the roof is an admirable invention, and that slaters render true service to society. If now and then, in spite of the rigors of the sky, I succeeded in falling asleep, I was almost immediately awakened by the corporal, Ianni, giving the word of order. In short, — shall I tell it to you ? — waking and sleeping, I seemed to see Mary Ann and her respectable mother press the hands of their liberator. Ah, sir, how ready I was now to do justice to the good old King of the Mountains ! How I took back the curses I had hurled against him ! How I regretted his mild and paternal government ! How I sighed for his return ! How warmly I commended him in my prayers ! “ Divine Justice ! ” exclaimed I with fervor, “ give the victory to your servant, Hadgi-Stavros ! Make all the soldiers of the kingdom

fall before him ! Deliver into his hands the cash-box and all, even to the last crown of this infernal army ! And send back to us the brigands, that we may be released from the gendarmes ! ”

As I finished this prayer, a volley, well kept up, was heard in the midst of the camp. This surprise was repeated many times in the course of the day and the following night. This, too, was a trick of Pericles. The better to deceive Mrs. Simons, and to persuade her that he was defending her against an army of bandits, he ordered from time to time a practice with fire-arms.

This fancy came near costing him dear. When the brigands arrived at the camp on Monday at daybreak, they supposed they had real enemies to contend with, and answered with balls, which unfortunately hit no one.

I had never seen a defeated enemy until I was present at the return of the King of the Mountains. This spectacle had therefore to me all the charm of a first representation. Heaven had ill heard my prayers. The Greek soldiers had defended themselves with so much zeal that the combat was prolonged until night. Formed in a square around the two great mules that carried the cash-box, they had at first responded by a regular fire to the sharp-shooters of Hadgi-Stavros. The old Pallicare, hopeless of destroying one by one a hundred and twenty men, who did not

give way, had attacked the troops with the sword. His companions assured us that he had done wonders, and the blood with which he was covered showed sufficiently that he had exposed himself to danger. But the bayonet had had the last word. The troop had killed fourteen brigands, including one dog. A bullet had stopped the career of young Spiro,—that officer of so much promise! I saw about sixty men arrive, exhausted with fatigue, dusty, covered with blood, bruised, and wounded. Sophocles had a ball in his shoulder: they were carrying him. The Corfiote and some others had remained on the road, some at the houses of shepherds, some in a village, and some upon the bare rock by the way-side.

The whole band seemed dull and discouraged. Sophocles howled with pain. I heard some murmurs against the imprudence of the King, who had exposed the lives of his companions for a miserable sum, instead of peaceably robbing rich and good-natured travellers.

The most sound, the most composed, the most satisfied, the most cheerful of the troop was the King. One read upon his face the proud satisfaction of duty accomplished. He recognized me at first sight, in the midst of my four men, and cordially extended his hand to me. "Dear prisoner," said he, "you see a much abused King. Those dogs of soldiers would not let go the cash-box.

It was their money: they would not allow themselves to be killed for the good of others. My walk to the Scironian rocks has brought me in nothing, and I have lost fourteen combatants, without counting some wounded ones who will not recover. But no matter: I am well beaten. Those rascals there were more numerous than we, and they had bayonets. But for that...! Come, this day has made me young again. I have proved to myself that I have still some blood in my veins."

And he trilled the first verse of his favorite song: "A Clepht with black eyes . . ." He pursued: "By Jupiter! (as Lord Byron said) I would not, for another twenty thousand francs, have remained at home since Saturday. This will be related, too, in my history. It will be said, that when over seventy years old I rushed with drawn sabre into the midst of the bayonets; that I cut down three or four soldiers with my own hand; and that I walked ten leagues over the mountain to return here to take my cup of coffee. Cafedgi, my child, do your duty: I have done mine. But where the devil is Pericles?"

The pretty captain was reposing still under his tent. Ianni ran to seek him and brought him, quite asleep, his moustaches out of curl, and his head carefully wrapped in a handkerchief. I know of nothing so effectual to wake a man as

a glass of cold water or a piece of bad news. When Pericles learned that little Spiro and two other gendarmes had remained upon the ground, it was indeed another defeat. He tore off his silk handkerchief, and, but for the tender respect he had for his personal appearance, he would have torn off his hair.

"I am undone," cried he. "How shall I explain their presence among you? and in the costume of brigands too! They will have been recognized: the others are masters of the battle-field! Shall I say that they deserted to join you? That you have made them prisoners? It will be asked why I had not spoken of it. I waited for your return to make my grand report. I wrote yesterday evening that I pursued you almost over Parnès, and that all our men behaved admirably. Holy Virgin! I shall not dare to show myself Sunday at Patissia! What will they say on the 15th, at the court ball? All the foreign ministers will be occupied with me. They will assemble the Council. Shall I even be invited?"

"To the Council?" demanded the brigand.

"No; to the court ball!"

"Dancer! go."

"Good Heavens! Who knows what they will do? If it concerned only these Englishwomen, I should not trouble myself. I would confess all to the Minister of War. Englishwomen! There

are enough of them! But to lend my soldiers to attack the cash-box of the army! To send Spiro against the line! They will point at me; I shall dance no more."

Who was it who rubbed his hands together during this monologue? It was my father's son between the four soldiers.

Hadgi-Stavros sat quietly sipping his coffee. He said to his godson: "How much embarrassed you are! Remain with us. I insure you a minimum of ten thousand francs a year, and I enlist your men. We will take our revenge together."

The offer was tempting. Two days sooner, it would have carried many votes. And as yet, it looked tolerably inviting to the gendarmes, but not at all so to the captain. The soldiers said nothing; they looked at their old comrades; they glanced at the wound of Sophocles; they thought of the deaths of the day before, and they turned their noses in the direction of Athens, as if to smell more closely the succulent odor of the barracks.

As to Pericles, he replied with visible embarrassment: "I thank you, but I must reflect. My habits are those of the city, I am in delicate health; the winters must be severe in the mountains; I have already taken cold here. My absence would be remarked at all the assemblies; I am much sought after below; excellent

marriages have often been proposed to me. Besides, the evil perhaps is not so great as we believe it to be. Who knows that the three awkward fellows have been recognized? Will the news of the event arrive before us? I will go first to the ministry; I will inquire how matters stand. No one will be there to contradict me, since the two companies continue their march towards Argos . . . Decidedly, I must be there; I must show myself a man. Take care of your wounded . . . Adieu!"

He beckoned to his drummer.

Hadgi-Stavros rose, came and stood before me, with his godson, whom he overtopped by a whole head, and said: "Sir, behold there a Greek of the present day; myself, I am a Greek of times past. And the journals maintain that we are progressing!"

At the roll of the drum, the walls of my prison receded like the ramparts of Jericho. Two minutes after, I was before the tent of Mary Ann. The mother and daughter started out of sleep. Mrs. Simons saw me first, and cried to me:—

"Ah well! we are going?"

"Alas! madam, such is not the case!"

"What does all this mean, then? The captain promised that we should go this morning."

"How have you found the captain?"

"Gallant, elegant, charming! A little too

much the slave of discipline ; it is, indeed, his only defect."

"Rogue and scoundrel, coward and bully, liar and thief ! those are his true titles, madam, and I will prove it to you."

"Come, sir ! what have the gendarmery done to you, then ?"

"What have they done to me, madam ? Deign to come with me, only to the top of the staircase."

Mrs. Simons arrived just in time to see the soldiers filing off, the drummer in front, the brigands installed in their place, and the captain and the King face to face, giving each other a farewell kiss. The surprise was a little too great. I had not sufficiently prepared the good lady, and I was punished for it, for she fainted at full length, almost breaking my arm. I carried her to the spring ; Mary Ann slapped her hands, I threw a handful of water upon her face. But I believe it was rage that brought her to herself.

"The scoundrel !" cried she.

"He has robbed you, is it not so ? He has stolen your watches, your money ?"

"I do not care for my jewels ; he may keep them ! But I would give ten thousand francs to take back the hand-shakes I have given him. I am an Englishwoman, and I do not press the hand of everybody !" This regret of Mrs. Simons drew

from me a deep sigh. She began again more violently than ever, and let fall the whole weight of her anger upon me. "It is your fault," said she. "Could you not have warned me? You might have told me that the brigands were little saints in comparison to him!"

"But, madam, I told you that we could not depend upon the gendarmes."

"You did tell me so; but you told me so faintly, awkwardly, phlegmatically. How could I believe you? Could I guess that this man was only the jailer of Stavros? That he kept us here to leave the brigands time to return? That he frightened us with imaginary dangers? That he called himself besieged to make us admire him? That he feigned night attacks to have the appearance of defending us? I see through it all, now; but say whether you have told me anything!"

"Good gracious, madam! I told you what I knew; I have done what I could!"

"But, German that you are! in your place an Englishman would have died for us, and I would have given him the hand of my daughter!"

Wild poppies are very red, but I was more so, on hearing the exclamation of Mrs. Simons. I felt myself so discomposed that I dared neither raise my eyes, nor reply, nor ask the dear lady what she meant by these words. For indeed how

had she, a person so formal, been led to hold such language before her daughter, and before me? In what way had this idea of marriage entered her mind? Was Mrs. Simons truly the woman to bestow her daughter, as an honest reward, upon the first-come deliverer? She did not appear so. Was this not rather a cruel irony, addressed to my most secret thoughts?

When I looked into myself, I became assured with a lawful pride of the innocent lukewarmness of all my sentiments. I did myself the justice to believe that the fire of passion had not raised one degree the temperature of my heart. Every moment in the day, in order to test myself, I practised thinking of Mary Ann. I endeavored to build castles in the air, of which she was the lady. I invented romances, making her the heroine and myself the hero. I supposed, at pleasure, the most absurd circumstances. I imagined events as improbable as the history of the Princess Ypsoff and of Lieutenant Reynauld. I went so far as to picture to myself the pretty English girl seated at my right in a post-chaise, and passing her beautiful arm around my long neck. All these flattering suppositions, which would have agitated deeply a soul less philosophical than mine, did not disturb my serenity. I did not experience alternations of fear and hope, which are the characteristic symptoms of love. Never,

never had I felt those great convulsions of the heart spoken of in romances. I did not, then, love Mary Ann. I was a man without reproach, and I could walk with head erect. But Mrs. Simons, who had not read my thoughts, was very likely to deceive herself upon the nature of my devotion. Who knows that she did not suspect me of being in love with her daughter ; that she had not interpreted, in a wrong sense, my trouble and timidity ? that she had not let slip this word of marriage to force me to betray myself ? My pride rebelled against a suspicion so unjust, and I replied in a firm voice, yet without looking her in the face : “ Madam, if I were happy enough to get you away from here, I swear to you it would not be for the sake of marrying your daughter.”

“ And why then ? ” said she, in an offended tone. “ Is it because my daughter is not worth marrying ? You are impertinent, truly. Is she not pretty enough ? or rich enough ? or of a sufficiently good family ? Have I not brought her up well ? And do you know anything against her ? To marry Miss Simons, my little gentleman ! it is a beautiful dream ; and the hardest to please would be satisfied with her.”

“ Alas, madam ! ” replied I, “ you have indeed misunderstood me. I grant that your daughter is perfect, and but for her presence, which renders me timid, I would tell you what passionate

admiration she has inspired me with from the first day we met. It is precisely on that account that I have not the impertinence to think that any chance could raise me to her level."

I hoped that my humility would soften this terrible mother. But her anger fell only a semitone.

"Why?" replied she. "Why do you not merit my daughter? Answer me then!"

"But, madam, I have neither fortune nor position."

"Fine talk! No position! You would have one, sir, if you married my daughter. To be my son-in-law, is not this, then, a position? You have no fortune! Have we ever asked you for money? Have we not enough for ourselves, for you, and for many others? Besides, will not the man who takes us away from this place make us a present of a hundred thousand francs? It is a small matter, I agree, but it is something. Will you say that a hundred thousand francs is a contemptible sum? Then why do you not deserve to marry my daughter?"

"Madam, I am not—"

"Let us see, what is it still that you are not? You are not an Englishman?"

"O by no means!"

"Well, do you believe us, then, absurd enough to make a crime of your birth? Ah, sir! I know

well that it is not granted to everybody to be English. The whole earth cannot be English . . . at least, not for some years. But one may be an honest man, and a man of genius, without having been positively born in England."

"As for honesty, madam, it is a blessing that is transmitted from father to son. And for genius, I have as much as one needs to be a doctor. But, unfortunately, I do not allude to my personal defects, and —"

"You mean to say that you are ugly, is it not so? No, sir, you are not ugly. You have an intelligent face. Mary Ann, has this gentleman an intelligent face?"

"Yes, mamma," said Mary Ann. If she blushed in answering, her mother saw better than I, for my eyes were obstinately nailed to the ground.

"Besides," added Mrs. Simons, "were you ten times uglier, you would still be less so than my deceased husband. And, nevertheless, I beg you to believe that I was as pretty as my daughter the day I gave him my hand. What will you reply to that?"

"Nothing, madam, except that you overwhelm me, and that it shall not be my fault if we are not to-morrow upon the road to Athens."

"What do you intend to do? This time endeavor to find a less ridiculous expedient than you did the other day!"

"I hope you will be satisfied with me if you will be good enough to hear me through."

"Yes, sir."

"Without interrupting me."

"I will not interrupt you. Have we ever interrupted you?"

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes!"

"When?"

"Always. Madam, Hadgi-Stavros has all his funds deposited in the house of Messrs. Barley and Company."

"Our house!"

"Thirty-one, Cavendish Square, London. Last Wednesday, he dictated before us a letter of business to the address of Mr. Barley."

"And you have not told me this before!"

"You have never allowed me time."

"But it is monstrous! Your conduct is inexplicable! We might have been at liberty six days ago! I should have gone straight to him; I should have told him our relations—"

"And he would have demanded of you two or three hundred thousand francs! Believe me, madam, the better way is to say nothing at all to him. Pay your ransom; make him give you a receipt, and in fifteen days send him an account current, with the following mention:—

Item. 100,000 francs remitted personally by Mrs. Simons, our partner, as per receipt.

In this manner you will recover your money, without the aid of the gendarmery. Is this clear ? ”

I raised my eyes, and saw the pretty smile of Mary Ann, all radiant with gratitude. Mrs. Simons shrugged her shoulders furiously, and seemed moved only with spite.

“ Truly,” said she to me, “ you are an extraordinary man ! You proposed to us a rope-dancer’s escape, when we had so simple a means of getting away ! And you have known that since Wednesday morning ! I will never forgive you for not having told us the first day.”

“ But, madam, will you call to mind that I begged you to write to your brother, asking him for a hundred and fifteen thousand francs.”

“ Why a hundred and fifteen ? ”

“ I mean a hundred thousand.”

“ No ; a hundred and fifteen. It is but just. Are you quite sure that this Stavros will not keep us here after he has received the money ? ”

“ I answer for it. Brigands are the only Greeks who never break their word. You understand,

that if they happened once to retain prisoners after having received the ransom, no one would buy himself again."

"It is true. But what a singular German you are not to have spoken sooner!"

"You have always interrupted me."

"You should have spoken, though!"

"But, madam —"

"Hold your tongue! and conduct us to this detestable Stavros."

The King was breakfasting upon roasted turtle-doves, under his tree of justice, with the well officers who still remained. His toilet was made: he had washed the blood from his hands and changed his dress. He was seeking, with his convivial guests, the most expeditious means of filling the void that death had made in his ranks. Vasile, who was from Ionia, offered to go and raise thirty men in Epirus, where the surveillance of the Turkish authorities had put more than a thousand brigands out of employment. A Laco-nian wanted to buy, with ready money, the little band of the Spartiate Pavlos, who carried on operations in the province of Magera, in the neighborhood of Calamata. The King, ever imbued with English ideas, thought of organizing the recruit by force, and by carrying off all the shepherds of Attica. This plan seemed the more advantageous as it involved no expense, and they gained the herds into the bargain.

Interrupted in the midst of the consultation, Hadgi-Stavros gave his prisoners a cold reception. He did not even offer Mrs. Simons a glass of water, and, as she had not breakfasted, she felt this neglect of politeness. I began to speak on behalf of the Englishwomen, and, in the absence of the Corfiote, the King was obliged to accept me as mediator. I told him that, after the disaster of the day before, he would be pleased to learn the determination of Mrs. Simons; that she had resolved to pay, as soon as possible, her ransom and my own; that the money should be deposited the next day, either in the bank of Athens or in any other place that he should please to appoint, against his receipt.

"I am very glad," said he, "that these ladies have given up calling the Greek army to their aid. Tell them that I will give them, for the second time, all that is needed for writing; but let them not abuse my confidence again! Let them beware of bringing the soldiers here! At sight of the first plume which appears in the mountain, I will have them beheaded. I swear it by the Virgin of Mégaspiléon, which was sculptured by Saint Luke's own hand!"

"Have no fear. I pledge the word of these ladies and my own. Where do you wish the money to be deposited?"

"At the national bank of Greece. It is the only one which has not yet failed."

"Have you a safe man to carry the letter?"

"I have the *good old man*. I will send for him at once. What time is it? Nine o'clock in the morning. His reverence has not drunk enough yet to be tipsy."

"Agreed as to the monk! When the brother of Mrs. Simons shall have deposited the sum and taken your receipt, the monk will come to bring us news of it."

"What receipt? Why a receipt? I have never given one. When you shall all be at liberty, it will be plainly seen that you have paid me what was due to me."

"I thought a man like you would transact business in the European manner. In good management—"

"I transact business in my own way, and I am too old to change the method."

As you please. I asked this of you in behalf of Mrs. Simons. She is guardian of her daughter, a minor, and she will owe her an account of the sum total of her fortune."

"Let her settle her own affairs! I care as much for her interest as she for mine. What if she should pay for her daughter? A great misfortune! I never regret what I spend for Photini. Here are paper, ink, and reeds. Be good enough to overlook the writing of the letter. Your head is at stake also."

I rose, quite speechless, and followed the ladies, who observed my confusion without penetrating the cause of it. But a sudden inspiration caused me to retrace my steps. I said to the King: "Decidedly, you have done well to refuse the receipt, and I was wrong to demand it. You are wiser than I; youth is imprudent."

"What do you mean?"

"You are right, I say. One must be prepared for everything. Who knows that you will not be exposed to a second defeat more terrible than the first? As you will not always have your legs of twenty years, you might fall alive into the hands of the soldiers."

"I?"

"You would be tried as a common malefactor; the magistrates would no longer fear you. Under such circumstances, a receipt for a hundred and fifteen thousand francs would be an overwhelming proof. Give justice no weapons against yourself. Perhaps Mrs. Simons or her heirs would institute proceedings to reclaim what has been taken from them. Never sign receipts!"

He replied, in a thundering voice: "I will sign it! And sooner two than one! I will sign as many as are wanted! I will sign them always, and for everybody. Ah! the soldiers imagine they will have me cheap, because for once chance and their numbers have given them the advantage!"

I fall living into their hands, whose arm is proof against fatigue, and whose head is proof against bullets! I go to sit upon a bench before a judge, like a peasant who has stolen cabbages! Young man, you do not yet know Hadgi-Stavros. It would be easier to root up Parnès and to plant it upon the summit of Taygetus, than to force me away from my mountains, to throw me upon the bench of a tribunal! Write me in Greek the name of Mrs. Simons! Good! Yours also!"

"It is not necessary, and ——"

"Write it, nevertheless. You know my name, and I am sure you will not forget it. I wish to have yours in order to remember it."

I scrawled my name as well as I could, in the harmonious language of Plato. The King's lieutenants applauded his resolution, not foreseeing that it would cost him a hundred and fifteen thousand francs. I ran, well pleased with myself, and with a light heart, to the tent of Mrs. Simons. I related to her the narrow escape of her money, and she condescended to smile on learning the course I had taken to rob our robbers. Half an hour after, she submitted to my approbation the following letter: —

PARNÈS, in the midst of the devils of this Stavros.

MY DEAR BROTHER: —

The gendarmes whom you sent to our aid have be-

trayed us and shamefully run away. I heartily recommend to you to have them hung. A gallows a hundred feet high will be required for their Captain Pericles. I shall complain of him particularly in the despatch which I intend sending to Lord Palmerston, and I shall devote a whole paragraph to him in the letter that I shall write to the editor of *The Times* as soon as you have set us at liberty. It is useless to hope anything from the local authorities. All the natives are combined against us, and the day after our departure, the Greek people will assemble together in some corner to share our spoils. Happily, they will have but little. I have learned through a young German, whom I took at first for a spy, and who is a very honest gentleman, that this Stavros, called Hadgi-Stavros, has his funds deposited in our house. I beg you to verify the statement; and if it is correct, nothing hinders our paying the ransom that is exacted of us. Have 115,000 francs (4,600 pounds sterling), placed in the bank of Greece against a regular receipt, sealed with the vulgar seal of this Stavros. This sum will be sent to him on account, and all will be settled. Our health is good, although mountain life is by no means comfortable. It is monstrous that two Englishwomen, citizens of the greatest empire in the world, should be compelled to eat their roast meat without mustard and without pickles, and to drink clear water, like the meanest fishes.

In the hope that you will not delay restoring us to our own customs, I am, my dear brother,

Very sincerely yours,

REBECCA SIMONS.

Monday, May 5th, 1856.

I carried the good lady's autograph to the King, myself. He took it suspiciously and examined it with a look so piercing that I trembled lest he should penetrate its meaning. I was quite sure, however, that he did not know a word of English. But this devil of a man inspired me with a superstitious terror, and I believed him capable of miracles. He only appeared satisfied when he reached the figures of 4,600 pounds sterling. He saw plainly then that he was in no danger of gendarmes. The letter was placed with some other papers in a tin cylinder. The *good old man* was called, who had taken just wine enough to untie his legs, and the King gave him the box of letters with particular instructions. He set out, and my heart travelled with him to the end of his journey. Horace followed not with a more tender regard the vessel which carried Virgil.

The King was much softened when he could regard this great affair as ended. He ordered for us a genuine feast ; he caused a double ration of wine to be distributed to his men ; he went to see the wounded ones, and extracted the ball from Sophocles with his own hands. Order was given to all the bandits to treat us with the respect due to our money.

The breakfast, which I made without spectators, in the company of these ladies, was one of the

most joyous repasts that I remember. All my misfortunes, then, were ended! I should be free after two days of sweet captivity. Perhaps even, on getting out of the hands of Hadgi-Stavros, an adorable chain! . . . I felt myself a poet in the fashion of Gessner. I ate with as good a will as Mrs. Simons, and I drank assuredly with a better appetite. I did justice to the white wine of Egina, as in times past to the wine of Santorin. I drank the health of Mary Ann, of her mother, of my good parents, and the Princess Ypsoff. Mrs. Simons wanted to hear the history of this noble stranger, and upon my faith I made no secret of it to her. Good examples are never too widely known. Mary Ann lent to my recital the most charming attention. She gave her opinion that the Princess had done right, and that a woman ought to take her happiness where she finds it. Pretty speech! Proverbs are the wisdom of nations, and sometimes their happiness. I was launched upon the slope of all good fortune, and I felt myself rolling towards I know not what earthly paradise. O Mary Ann! sailors who steer their course upon the ocean have never had for guides two stars like your eyes!

I was seated before her. In passing her the wing of a chicken, I approached her so nearly that I saw my image reflected twice, in miniature, between her black eyelashes. I found myself hand-

some, sir, for the first time in my life. The frame added so much to the value of the picture ! A strange idea crossed my mind. I fancied I discovered in this incident a decree of destiny. It seemed to me that the beautiful Mary Ann had in the depth of her heart the image that I saw reflected in her eyes.

All this was not love, I know well, and I wish neither to accuse myself, nor to boast of a sentiment which I have never known ; but it was a strong friendship, and that is sufficient, I think, for a man to go to housekeeping upon. No wild emotion agitated the fibres of my heart, but I felt it melt slowly, like a bar of wax, in the warmth of a sunshine so sweet.

Under the influence of this reasonable ecstasy, I related to Mary Ann and her mother my whole life from its beginning. I described to them the paternal house, the great kitchen where we all ate together, the copper saucepans hung in a row against the wall, the garlands of hams and sausages which were displayed inside the chimney, our humble and very often difficult existence, the future of each of my brothers : Henri must succeed papa ; Frederic is learning a tailor's trade ; Franz and Jean-Nicolas enlisted at eighteen years : one is brigadier in the cavalry, the other wears already the gold lace of quarter-master. I told them of my studies, my examinations, the

little successes that I had obtained at the University, the beautiful life to which I might aspire as Professor, with a salary of three thousand francs at least. I do not know to what extent my narrative interested them, but I took extreme pleasure in it, and I filled my glass from time to time.

Mrs. Simons did not speak again of our marriage projects, and I was very glad of it. Better not to say a word of it than to talk of it in vain, when we knew each other little. The day slipped away like an hour to me; of course an hour of pleasure. The next day seemed rather long to Mrs. Simons. As to me, I could have wished to stop the sun in his course. I instructed Mary Ann in the first elements of botany. Ah, sir, the world does not know all the tender and delicate sentiments that can be expressed in a lesson on botany!

At last, Wednesday morning, the monk appeared against the horizon. He was a worthy man, on the whole, this little monk. He had risen before day to bring us liberty in his pocket. He delivered to the King a letter from the governor of the bank, and to Mrs. Simons a note from her brother. Hadgi-Stavros said to Mrs. Simons: "You are free, madam, and you can take away your daughter. I hope you will not carry with you a very unpleasant recollection of our rocks. We have offered you all that we had; if the bed and table

have not been worthy of you, it is the fault of circumstances. I gave way this morning to a transport of passion, which I beg you to forget. One must pardon something to a conquered general. If I dared to offer a little present to this young lady, I would beg her to accept an antique ring which can be reduced to the size of her finger. It did not come through brigandage. I bought it of a shopkeeper in Nauplia. Miss Simons will show this jewel in England when she relates her visit to the court of the King of the Mountains."

I translated faithfully this little speech, and I slipped the King's ring on to Mary Ann's finger myself.

"And for me," inquired I of the good Hadgi-Stavros, "shall I not take away anything in remembrance of you?"

"You, dear sir? But you remain with us. Your ransom is not paid!"

I turned towards Mrs. Simons, who handed me the following letter:—

DEAR SISTER:—

Verification obtained, I have paid over the £4,000 against receipt. I could not advance the other £600, because the receipt was not in your name, and it would have been impossible to recover the amount. I am, hoping for your dear presence,

Yours truly,

EDWARD SHARPER.

I had preached too well to Hadgi-Stavros. Good management, he had thought, required him to send two receipts !

Mrs. Simons whispered in my ear : “ You seem much troubled ! Is there any reason for making such a wry face ? Show yourself a man, then, and throw off this look of a wet hen. The main point is gained since we are saved, my daughter and I, without its costing us anything. As to you, I am easy : you will know very well how to escape. Your first plan, which was worth nothing for two women, becomes admirable now that you are alone. Let us see, what day shall we expect your visit ? ”

I thanked her cordially. She offered me such a fine opportunity to show off my personal qualities, and to enter with open force into Mary Ann’s esteem ! “ Yes, madam,” said I ; “ depend upon me. I will go out of this place as a man of courage ; and if I run into a little danger, so much the better ! I am very glad that my ransom is not paid, and I thank your brother for what he has done for me. You shall see if a German does not know how to get himself out of trouble. Yes, I will soon let you hear from me ! ”

“ Once out of this place, do not fail to get introduced at our house.”

“ O madam ! ”

“ And now, beg this Stavros to give us an escort of five or six brigands.”

“ For what purpose, madam ? ”

“ Only to protect us against the gendarmes ! ”

VI.

THE ESCAPE.

IN the midst of our adieus, a strong odor of garlic was diffused around us which almost choked me. It was the waiting-maid of the ladies, who came to recommend herself to their generosity. This creature had been more troublesome than useful, and for two days they had dispensed with her services entirely. Nevertheless, Mrs. Simons regretted not being able to do anything for her, and begged me to tell the King how she had been robbed of her money. Hadgi-Stavros appeared neither surprised nor offended. He simply shrugged his shoulders, and said between his teeth: "That Pericles! . . . bad education . . . the city . . . the court . . . I might have expected this." He added aloud: "Beg these ladies not to trouble themselves about anything. I provided them with a maid, and it is my place to pay her. Tell them that if they need a little money to return to the city, my purse is at their disposal. I grant them an escort to the foot of the mountain, although

they will incur no danger. Gendarmes are less to be feared than is generally supposed. They will find a breakfast, horses, and a guide at the village of Castia: all is anticipated, and all is paid for. Do you think they will do me the favor of taking my hand, in token of reconciliation?"

Mrs. Simons yielded a little unwillingly, but her daughter resolutely extended her hand to the old Pallicare. She said to him, in English, with a roguishness quite pretty: "You do us much honor, most interesting sir, for at this moment it is we who are the Clephts, and you who are the victim!"

The King replied with confidence: "Thanks, miss; you are too good."

Mary Ann's pretty hand was sunburnt as a piece of rose-colored satin which has been exposed for sale during three summer months. Nevertheless, be assured that I needed no entreaties to press it to my lips. I kissed afterwards the hard hand of Mrs. Simons. "Good courage, sir!" cried the old lady, as she went away. Mary Ann said nothing, but she gave me a look capable of electrifying an army. Such glances are worth a proclamation.

When the last man of the escort had disappeared, Hadgi-Stavros took me aside and said: "Well! we have made, then, some blunder."

"Alas! yes. *We* have not been skilful."

"This ransom is not paid. Will it be? I believe so. The Englishwomen appear to be on the best terms with you."

"Rest easy, in less than three days I shall be far from Parnès."

"Come, so much the better! I am much in want of money, as you know. Our losses of Monday tend to lessen our budget. It is necessary to make up the personal and material."

"You have great reason to complain! you have just received the amount of a hundred thousand francs at one blow!"

"No, ninety: the monk has already deducted the tenth part. Out of this sum, which seems to you enormous, there will not be twenty thousand francs for my share. Our expenses are considerable; we have heavy charges. How would it be, then, if the company of stockholders decided to found a hotel for disabled soldiers, as has been talked of? No more would be wanted, except to give a pension to the widows and orphans of brigandage. As fevers and gunshots carry off thirty men a year, you see where that would lead us. Our expenses would hardly be covered; I should lose money, my dear sir!"

"Have you ever chanced to lose upon an enterprise?"

"Once only. I had received fifty thousand francs on account of the society. One of my sec-

retaries, whom I have since hung, ran away into Thessaly with the cash-box. I must make up the deficiency: I am responsible. My share amounted to seven thousand francs; I lost, therefore, forty-three thousand. But the knave who robbed me paid dearly for it. I punished him in the Persian manner. Before hanging him, we pulled out all his teeth, one after the other, and planted some teeth in his skull with a hammer,—for the good example, you understand? I am not cruel; but I suffer no one to do me a wrong.”

I rejoiced in the idea that the Pallicare, who was not cruel, would lose eighty thousand francs on the ransom of Mrs. Simons, and that he would receive news of it when my skull and my teeth would be no longer within his reach. He passed his arm under mine, and said to me familiarly: “What are you going to do to kill time until your departure? You will miss these ladies, and the house will appear large to you. Will you glance over the journals of Athens? the monk has brought them to me. For myself, I hardly ever read them. I know the true value of newspaper articles, since I pay for them. Here are the *Official Gazette*, *L'Esperance*, the *Pallicare*, the *Caricature*. All these ought to speak of us. Poor subscribers! I leave you. If you find anything curious, you will tell it to me.”

L'Esperance, written in French, and intended

to throw dust in the eyes of Europe, had devoted a long article to contradicting the last news of brigandage. It jested wittily upon innocent travellers, who see a robber in every ragged peasant, an armed band in each cloud of dust, and who implore mercy of the first bush which detains them by the coat-sleeve. This veracious sheet boasted the security of the roads, celebrated the disinterestedness of the natives, and exalted the calmness and contemplation that one is sure to find upon all the mountains of the kingdom.

The *Pallicare*, written under the inspiration of some friends of Hadgi-Stavros, contained an eloquent biography of its hero. It related that this Theseus of modern times, the only man of our age who had never been conquered, had attempted a grand reconnoissance in the direction of the Scironian rocks. Betrayed by the weakness of his companions, he had retired with insignificant losses. But seized with a profound disgust for a degenerated profession, he renounced henceforth the practice of brigandage, and quitted the soil of Greece; he left his own country for Europe, where his fortune, gloriously acquired, permitted him to live like a prince. "And now," added the *Pallicare*, "go, come, ramble in the plain and in the mountains! Bankers and merchants, Greeks, strangers, travellers, you have no longer anything to fear: the King of the Mountains has chosen,

like Charles the Fifth, to abdicate at the utmost height of his glory and power."

In the *Gazette*, one read: "Sunday, 3d instant, at five o'clock in the evening, the military cash-box, while on the way to Argos, with a sum of twenty thousand francs, was attacked by the band of Hadgi-Stavros, known under the name of the King of the Mountains. The brigands, to the number of three or four hundred, rushed upon the escort with incredible fury. But the two first companies of the second battalion of the fourth of the line, under the command of the brave Major Nicolaidis, opposed a heroic resistance. The savage aggressors were repulsed at the point of the bayonet, leaving the field of battle covered with dead. Hadgi-Stavros, it is said, is grievously wounded. Our losses are insignificant.

"The same day, at the same hour, the troops of his Majesty obtained another victory at ten leagues' distance. Towards the summit of Par-nès, four stades from Castia, the second company of the first battalion of gendarmery defeated the band of Hadgi-Stavros. There also, according to the report of brave Captain Pericles, the King of the Mountains must have received a shot. Unhappily, this success was dearly paid for. The brigands, sheltered by rocks and bushes, killed or sorely wounded ten gendarmes. A young officer of great promise, M. Spiro, a pupil from

the school of the Evelpides, found upon the field of battle a glorious death. In sight of such great misfortunes, it is not a mean consolation to think that there, as everywhere, the mastery remained with the law."

The Journal, the *Caricature*, contained a badly designed lithograph, in which I recognized, however, the portraits of Captain Pericles and the King of the Mountains. The godson and godfather held each other in a close embrace. Beneath this likeness, the artist had inscribed the following:—

"HOW THEY FIGHT!"

"It seems," I said to myself, "that I am not alone in his confidence, and that the secret of Pericles will resemble soon the secret of Polichinelle."

I refolded the papers, and while waiting for the return of the King, I meditated upon the position in which Mrs. Simons had left me. Certainly, it was glorious to owe my liberty only to myself, and better worth while to get out of prison by an act of courage, than by a scholar's trick. I should pass, from one day to the next, to the condition of a hero of romance, and become an object of admiration for all the young ladies of Europe. No doubt that Mary Ann would begin to adore me when she saw me again safe and sound after an escape so perilous. Yet my foot

might fail me in this formidable slide. If I broke an arm or a leg, would Mary Ann look favorably upon a hero lame or with but one arm? Besides, I must expect to be guarded night and day. My plan, however ingenious it might be, could only be executed after the death of my guardian. To kill a man is no trifling affair, even for a doctor. It is nothing in words, especially when speaking to the woman one loves. But after the departure of Mary Ann I no longer had my head turned. It seemed to me less easy to procure a weapon, and more difficult to make use of it. A stab is a chirurgical operation which must make every good man shudder. What do you say of it, sir? For myself, I thought my future mother-in-law had perhaps dealt shabbily with her son-in-law in expectation. It would not be much trouble for her to send me fifteen thousand francs of ransom, free to deduct them afterwards from Mary Ann's dowry. Fifteen thousand francs would be a small matter to me on the wedding-day. It was much in the condition in which I found myself, on the brink of killing a man and of descending hundreds of yards, by a ladder without rounds.

I went so far as to curse Mrs. Simons as cordially as most sons-in-law curse their mothers-in-law in all civilized countries. As I had maledictions to spare, I directed some also against

my excellent friend John Harris, who had abandoned me to my fate. I said to myself, that if he had been in my place and I in his, I would not have let eight long days pass without tidings. There was more excuse for Lobster, who was too young; for Giacomo, who was only an unintelligent force, and for Mérinay, whose thorough selfishness I understood! One pardons easily a treachery in egotists, because one has acquired the habit of not depending upon them. But Harris, who had exposed his life to save an old negro woman in Boston! Was I not worth as much as a negro woman? I believed myself, in simple justice, and without aristocratic prejudice, worth at least two or three.

The approach of Hadgi-Stavros changed the current of my ideas in offering me a means of escape more simple and less dangerous. It only needed legs, and, thanks to God, they are a blessing with which I am not unprovided. The King surprised me at a moment when I was gaping like the most humble of animals.

"You are weary?" said he to me. "It is from too much reading. I have never been able to open a book without danger to my jaws. I see with pleasure that doctors stand it no better than myself. But why do you not employ better the time which remains to you? You came here to collect the plants of the mountain. It does not

appear that your box can be filled in these eight days. Would you like me to send you on a walk under the surveillance of two men? I am too good a prince to refuse you this small favor. Each one must follow his calling in this lower world. Yours, herbs; mine, money. You will say to those who have sent you here: "Behold these herbs, gathered in the kingdom of Hadgi-Stavros!" If you find one which is beautiful and curious, and which had never been heard of in your country, you must give it my name, and call it the Queen of the Mountains."

"But to the point!" thought I. "If I were a league from here, between two brigands, it would not be very difficult to gain upon them in speed. Danger would double my strength, there is no doubt. He runs best who has the greatest interest in running. Why is the hare the swiftest of all animals? Because he is the most menaced."

I accepted the King's offer, and forthwith he placed two body-guards about my person. He gave them no minute charges. He simply said to them: "This is a milord of fifteen thousand francs; if you allow him to be lost, you must pay for him, or replace him."

My attendants did not at all resemble invalids: they had neither wound, nor contusion, nor injury of any sort: their legs were of steel, and it could not be hoped that they would find their feet

cramped in their coverings, for they wore very large moccasins, which left the heel exposed. In examining them, I remarked, not without regret, two pistols as long as the guns of children. Nevertheless I did not lose courage. By dint of frequenting bad company, the whistling of bullets had become familiar to me. I strapped my box over my shoulders, and set forth.

“Much pleasure!” cried the King to me.

“Adieu, sire!”

“Not so, if you please ; *au revoir*.”

I drew my companions in the direction of Athens ; it was so much gained upon the enemy. They made no resistance, and permitted me to go where I wished. These brigands, much better bred than the four gendarmes of Pericles, left to my movements all the latitude desirable. I did not feel their elbows plunged into my sides at every step. They gathered herbs, on their own account, for the evening repast. As for me, I appeared very eager in the business. I pulled up, right and left, tufts of grass which were of no use ; I pretended to choose a blade of grass from the mass, and I deposited it charily at the bottom of my box, taking care not to overload it ; the burden I carried was quite enough. I had remarked in a horse-race that an admirable jockey had been beaten because he carried an overweight of five kilogrammes. My attention seemed fixed upon

the ground, but you may believe that it was no such thing. Under such circumstances, one is no longer a botanist, but a prisoner. Pellissor would not have amused himself with spiders, if he had had only a nail to saw off his bars. I perhaps met with unknown plants, that day, which would have made the fortune of a naturalist ; but I cared as little for them as for a yellow gillyflower. I am sure of having passed an admirable specimen of *Boryana variabilis* : it weighed half a pound with the roots. I paid it not the honor of a look ; I saw only two things : Athens on the horizon, and the brigands at my side. I watched the eyes of my rogues, in the hope that a happy inattention would deliver me from their surveillance ; but, whether they were under my nose or at ten steps from my person, whether occupied in gathering their salad or watching the flight of the vultures, they had always at least one eye bent upon my movements.

The idea occurred to me to invent a serious occupation for them. We were in quite a straight path, which evidently went towards Athens. I saw on my left a beautiful tuft of broom that the care of Providence had made to grow on the summit of a rock. I pretended to long for it as a treasure. I made five or six attempts to scale the steep slope which protected it. I labored so that one of my guardians took pity upon my per-

plexity, and offered to make of himself a short ladder for me. This was not exactly my intention. His services, however, must be accepted; but in hoisting me upon his shoulders, I bruised him so outrageously with a blow of my iron-nailed shoes, that he howled with pain, and let me fall to the ground. His comrade, who was interested in the success of the enterprise, said to him: "Wait! I will mount instead of the milord; I, who have no nails in my shoes." No sooner said than done; he sprang up, seized the plant by the stalk, jerked it, shook it, pulled it up, and raised a cry. I was already running away without looking behind. Their stupefaction gave me a start of ten good seconds. But they lost no time in accusing one another, for I soon heard their steps following me at a distance. I redoubled my speed: the road was fine, even, smooth, made for me. We descended a rapid declivity. I ran desperately, my arms close to my body, without feeling the stones which rolled under my heels, and without minding where I put my feet. Space flew under me; rocks and bushes seemed to run in inverse direction to the two sides of the road; I was light-footed, I was swift, my body weighed nothing: I had wings. But this noise of four feet fatigued my ears. Suddenly they stop. I hear nothing more. Could they be weary of pursuing me? A small cloud of dust rises ten steps before me. A

little further, a white spot appears suddenly upon a gray rock. Two detonations resounded at the same time. The brigands had just discharged their pistols, I had received the fire of the enemy, and was still running. The pursuit recommenced ; I hear two breathless voices cry to me, " Stop ! stop ! " I do not stop. I lose the way, and I run still, without knowing where I am going. A ditch appears, wide as a river ; but I was running too rapidly to measure distances. I leap : I am saved. My suspenders' break, I am lost !

You laugh ! I should like much to see you run without suspenders, holding with both hands the waistband of your pantaloons ! Five minutes after, sir, the brigands had retaken me. By their joint efforts, they put manacles upon my wrists, fetters upon my legs, and pushed me with heavy blows towards the camp of Hadgi-Stavros.

The King received me as a defaulter, who would have carried away fifteen thousand francs. " Sir," said he to me, " I had a different idea of you. I thought myself a judge of men : your physiognomy has much deceived me. I would never have believed that you could be capable of doing us wrong, especially after the way I have treated you. Do not be surprised, if henceforth I take severe measures : it is you who force me to it. You will be shut up in your chamber until

a new order. One of my officers will keep you company under your tent. This is as yet only a precaution. In case of a repeated offence, you must expect a punishment. Vasile, I appoint you to the custody of this gentleman."

Vasile bowed to me with his ordinary politeness. "Ah, wretch!" thought I to myself, "it is you who throw little children into the fire! it was you who seized the waist of Mary Ann: it was you who wanted to stab me on Ascension-day. Ah, well! I like better having to deal with you than with any other."

I will not recount to you the three days I passed in my chamber in company with Vasile. The rascal brought me there a dose of *ennui* that I will not share with any one. He wished me no ill; he had even a certain sympathy for me. I believe if he had made me prisoner on his own account, he would have released me without ransom. My face had pleased him from the first glance. I recalled to him a younger brother whom he had lost in the Court of Assizes. But his demonstrations of friendship annoyed me a hundred times more than the worst treatment. He did not wait for sunrise, to bid me good morning; at nightfall he never failed to wish me a long list of good successes. He shook me from my deepest sleep, to inform himself if I were well covered. At table, he waited upon me like a good servant; at dessert

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he related stories to me, or begged me to tell him some. And his claw was always forward to seize my hand! I opposed an obstinate resistance to his good-will. Besides that it seemed useless to put a roaster of children upon the list of my friends, I was not at all eager to press the hand of a man whose death I had decided upon. My conscience willingly permitted me to kill him: was it not a case of lawful defence? But I should be indeed scrupulous of killing him by treachery, and I ought, at least, to put him on his guard by my hostile and menacing attitude. While repelling his advances, disdaining his politenesses, and refusing his attentions, I watched carefully for an opportunity to escape; but his friendship, more vigilant than hate, did not lose sight of me a single instant. When I leaned over the cascade, to engrave in my memory the peculiarities of the ground, Vasile drew me from my contemplation with a maternal solicitude: "Take care!" said he, pulling me by the feet; "if you were to fall, unfortunately, I should reproach myself all my life." When, at night, I tried to rise by stealth, he leaped out of his bed asking if I wanted anything. A more watchful rogue never was seen. He turned round me like a squirrel in a cage.

What made me more despairing than all else, was his confidence in me. I expressed, one day, a desire to examine his weapons. He put his

poniard in my hand. It was a Russian poniard, of damask steel, from the manufactory of Toulâ. I drew the blade from the scabbard, I tried the point upon my finger, I directed it towards his breast, choosing the place between the fourth and fifth ribs. He said to me, smiling: "Do not bear upon it, you would kill me." Certainly, sir, in pressing it a little, I should have given him his due, but something held back my arm. It is to be regretted that honest men have so much concern at killing assassins, who have so little in killing honest men. I returned the poniard to the scabbard. Vasile handed me his pistol, but I refused to take it, and I told him my curiosity was satisfied. He cocked it, showed me the priming, put the muzzle to his head, and said to me: "There! you shall no longer have a keeper!"

"No longer a keeper!" Ah! *parbleu!* it was what I wanted. But the opportunity was too good, and the traitor paralyzed me. If I had killed him at such a moment, I could never have borne his last look. Better to strike my blow during the night. Unfortunately, instead of concealing his arms, he laid them down conspicuously between his bed and mine.

I found, in the end, a means of flight without waking him and without killing him. This idea occurred to me Sunday, the 11th of May, at six o'clock. I had remarked on Ascension-day that

Vasile liked to drink, and that he could bear wine ill. I invited him to dine with me. This testimony of friendship rose to his head : the wine of Egina did the rest. Hadgi-Stavros, who had not honored me with a visit since I had lost his esteem, conducted himself still as a generous host. My table was better served than his own. I could have drank a gallon of wine and a cask of rhaki. Vasile, allowed to take his share of this magnificence, commenced the repast with touching humility. He sat three feet from the table, like a peasant invited to the house of his lord. By degrees, the wine lessened the distance. At eight o'clock in the evening, my keeper unfolded his character to me. At nine, he related to me, stammering, the adventures of his youth, and a series of exploits which would have made the hair of an examining magistrate stand on end. At ten, he fell into philanthropy : this heart of tempered steel melted in rhaki, as Cleopatra's pearl in vinegar. He swore to me that he had become a brigand for love of humanity ; that he hoped to make his fortune in ten years, found a hospital with his savings, and then retire into a convent on Mount Athos. He promised not to forget me in his prayers. I profited by his happy condition to mix for him an enormous cup of rhaki. I might have offered him burning pitch : he was too much my friend to refuse anything from me. He soon

lost his voice ; his head swayed from right to left and from left to right with the regularity of a pendulum ; he extended his hand to me, met a remnant of roast meat, squeezed it cordially, fell backwards, and slept as soundly as the sphinxes of Egypt, that the French cannon have not waked.

I had not an instant to lose : minutes were gold. I took his pistol and hurled it into the ravine. I seized his poniard, and was about to send it in the same direction, when I reflected that it might be of use to me in cutting out pieces of turf. My great watch marked eleven o'clock. I extinguished the two fires of resinous wood which lighted our table : the light might attract the attention of the King.

The weather was fine. Not more of a moon than would cover my hand, but stars in profusion : it was indeed just the night for me. The turf, cut in long strips came off like a piece of cloth. My materials were ready at the end of an hour. As I carried them to the spring, I struck my foot against Vasile. He rose heavily, and asked me, from habit, if I wanted anything. I let fall my load, seated myself near the drunkard, and begged him to drink another cup to my health. "Yes," said he ; "I am thirsty." I filled him the copper cup for the last time. He drank half of it, spilled the rest upon his chin and neck, tried to rise, fell again upon his

face, stretched forward his arms, and stirred no more.

I ran to my dike, and, novice as I was, the stream was strongly barred in forty-five minutes : it was a quarter of one o'clock. A profound stillness succeeded the noise of the cascade. Fear seized me. I reflected that the King must be a light sleeper, like all old men, and that this unusual silence would probably wake him. In the tumult of ideas which filled my mind, I remembered a scene in the "Barber of Seville," where Bartholo wakes as soon as he ceases to hear the piano. I crept along by the trees as far as the staircase, and ran my eye over the cabinet of Hadgi-Stavros. The King reposed peacefully beside his chiboudgi. I crept within twenty steps of his fir-tree, I bent my ear : all slept. I returned to my dike, across a puddle of cold water which rose already as far as my ankles. I leaned over the abyss.

The side of the mountain gradually showed itself. From time to time cavities appeared where the water had remained. I took careful note of them : they were so many places in which I could put my feet. I returned to my tent, I took my box, which was suspended over my bed, and fastened it upon my shoulders. In passing by the place where we had dined, I picked up a quarter of a loaf and a piece of meat that the water had not yet wet. I put these provisions into my box

for my breakfast the next day. The dike held good, the breeze must have dried my route ; it was nearly two o'clock. I should have liked, in case of an unfortunate meeting, to take away Vasile's poniard. But it was under the water, and I did not lose my time in seeking it. I took off my shoes, tied them together by the strings, and hung them to the straps of my box. At last, after having thought of everything, cast a last look upon my earthworks, evoked the memories of the paternal roof, and sent a kiss in the direction of Athens and Mary Ann, I threw one leg over the parapet, seized with both hands a shrub which hung over the abyss, and set out upon my journey in the care of God.

It was a hard piece of work, harder than I had supposed from above. The rock, badly dried, caused me a sensation of cold moisture, like the contact of a serpent. I had ill judged the distances, and the points of support were much more rare than I had hoped. Twice I altered my course by turning to the left. I had to return through incredible difficulties. Hope abandoned me often, but not will. My foot slipped : I took a shadow for a projection, and I fell fifteen or twenty feet, fastening my hands and my whole body to the side of the mountain, without meeting with anything to stop me. The root of a fig-tree caught me by the sleeve of my paletot ; you see here the marks

of it. A little farther on, a bird, sitting in a hole, flew up so suddenly between my legs, that the fright made me almost fall backwards. I went with feet and hands, — hands especially. My arms were ready to break, and I heard the tendons vibrate like the chords of a harp. My nails were so cruelly benumbed with pain, that I no longer felt them. Perhaps I should have had more strength, if I had been able to measure the distance which remained for me to go ; but when I tried to turn my head round behind, a vertigo seized me, and I felt myself going at random. To sustain my courage, I exhorted myself ; I spoke aloud between my shut teeth. I said to myself : “ One more step for my father ! one more for Mary Ann ! one more still for the confusion of the brigands and the rage of Hadgi-Stavros ! ” At last, my feet rested upon a larger platform. It seemed to me that the soil had changed color. I bent my limbs. I sat down, and timidly turned back my head. I was not more than ten feet from the stream : I had gained the red rocks. A plain surface, broken by little holes where the water still remained, permitted me to take breath, and to rest a little. I drew out my watch : it was only half-past two.

As to me, I could have believed that my journey had lasted three nights. I felt my legs and arms, to see if I was all whole ; in expeditions of

this sort, one knows what sets out, one knows not what arrives. I had had good fortune. I had got clear with only some bruises and two or three excoriations. My paletot was the most injured. I raised my eyes above, not yet to thank Heaven, but to assure myself that nothing was moving in my old abode. I heard only some drops of water filtering through my dike. All went well; my rear was safe; I knew where to find Athens. Adieu, then, to the King of the Mountains!

I was about to leap to the bottom of the ravine, when a whitish form rose before me, and I heard the most furious barking which has ever waked the echoes at a like hour. Alas, sir, I had reckoned without the dogs of my host! These enemies of man roamed constantly round the camp, and one of them had scented me. The fury and hate which I felt at meeting him it is impossible to describe: one detests not to this degree an unreasoning being. I should have liked better to find myself face to face with a wolf, a tiger, or a white bear,—noble beasts, who would have eaten me without saying anything, but who would not have denounced me. Wild animals go hunting for themselves; but to think of this horrible dog, that would devour me noisily in order to pay his court to old Hadgi-Stavros! I overwhelmed him with abuse; I showered upon him the most odious names; but I did it in

vain: he spoke louder than I. I changed my tone; I tried the effect of kind words; I called him sweetly in Greek,—in the language of his fathers: he knew only one response to all my words, and his response shook the mountain. I kept silence,—this was an idea; he was silent. I lay down among the puddles of water; he extended himself at the foot of the rock, growling between his teeth. I feigned sleep; he slept. I let myself slide imperceptibly towards the stream; he rose with a bound, and I had only time to remount upon my pedestal. My hat remained in the hands, or rather between the teeth of the enemy. The instant after, it was no longer anything but a paste, a marmalade, a hat pudding! Poor hat! I pitied it; I put myself in its place. If I could have got out of the scrape by means of a few bites, I would not have been too parsimonious; I would have shared with the dog. But these monsters are not content with biting people; they eat them!

I bethought myself that he was without doubt hungry; that if I found wherewith to satisfy his appetite, he would probably still bite me, but he would no longer eat me. I had some provisions; I made a sacrifice of them: my only regret was not having a hundred times more. I threw him half my bread; he swallowed it like a gulf: picture to yourself a pebble falling into

a pit. I was regarding sadly the little which remained to offer him, when I perceived at the bottom of my box a white parcel which gave me an idea. It was a small supply of arsenic, intended for my zoölogical preparations. I made use of it for stuffing birds, but no law forbade my sliding a few grains under the skin of a dog. My interlocutor, his appetite roused, demanded only to continue his repast. "Wait," said I to him; "I am going to serve you a dish of my making!" The parcel contained about thirty-five grains of a pretty powder, white and brilliant. I dropped five or six of them into a little reservoir of clear water, and put the rest back in my pocket. I diluted carefully the portion for the animal; I waited till the arsenical acid was well dissolved; I plunged into the solution a piece of bread which absorbed all like a sponge. The dog sprang forward with a good appetite, and swallowed his death in a mouthful.

But why was I not provided with a little strychnine, or some other good poison, more rapid than arsenic? It was more than three o'clock, and the trial of my invention kept me cruelly waiting. Towards half an hour the dog began to howl with all his might. I did not gain much by it: barkings or howlings, cries of fury or cries of anguish tended ever to the same end; that is to say, to the ears of Hadgi-Stavros. Soon the ani-

mal was writhing in horrible convulsions ; he foamed ; he was taken with nausea, and made violent efforts to throw off the poison which devoured him. It was a very pleasant sight for me, and I tasted savorily the pleasure of the gods ; but the death of the enemy could alone save me, and he yielded to death unwillingly. I hoped that, conquered by pain, he would end by letting me pass ; but he had a spite against me ; he showed me his slabbering and bloody mouth, as if to reproach me for my gifts, and to tell me that he would not die without vengeance. I threw him my pocket-handkerchief : he tore it as vigorously as my hat. The sky began to grow bright, and I had a strong presentiment that I had committed a useless murder. One hour more and the brigands would be upon me. I raised my head towards that detestable chamber which I had quitted, without thought of return, and which the power of a dog was about to oblige me to re-enter. A frightful cataract threw me down with my face upon the ground.

Clods of turf, pebble-stones, fragments of rock rolled around me with a torrent of icy water. The dike was broken, and the entire lake emptied itself upon my head. A trembling seized me : each wave in passing took away some degrees of my animal heat, and my blood became as cold as the blood of a fish. I threw my eyes upon the

dog: he was still at the foot of my rock, struggling against death, against everything, his mouth open, and his eyes turned upon me. I must put an end to him. I detached my box, took it by the two girths, and struck that hideous head with so much violence that the enemy left me the field of battle. The torrent took him aside, rolled him two or three times over and over, and carried him, I know not where.

I leap into the water: it is up to my middle; I cling to the rocks upon the side; I am out of the current, I land upon the bank, I shake myself, and cry, "Hurrah for Mary Ann!"

Four brigands spring up from the ground and seize me by the collar, saying: "You are there, then, assassin! Come all! we have him! the King will be satisfied! Vasile will be revenged!"

It appears that, without knowing it, I had drowned my friend Vasile.

Up to this time, sir, I had never killed men: Vasile was my first. I have cut down many others since, in defending my body, and only to save my life; but Vasile is the only one who has left me any remorse, although his end was the result of a very innocent imprudence. You know what a first step is! No assassin discovered by the police, and reconducted from brigade to brigade, as far as the theatre of his crime, hangs down his head more humbly than I. I dared not lift my

eyes upon the brave men who had arrested me ; I felt no power to sustain their looks of reprobation ; I looked forward, with trembling, to a dreadful trial : I was sure of appearing before my judge, and of being taken into the presence of my victim. How could I encounter the brows of the King of the Mountains, after what I had done ? How see again, without dying of shame, the inanimate body of the unhappy Vasile ? More than once my knees sank under me, and I should have remained upon the road, but for the kicks which followed me behind.

I crossed the desert camp, the cabinet of the King, occupied by some wounded, and I descended, or rather I fell, to the bottom of the staircase of my chamber. The waters had retired, leaving patches of mud on all the walls and trees. One last puddle still remained in the place from which I had taken the turf. The brigands, the King, and the monk were standing in a circle, around a gray and muddy object, the sight of which made the hairs of my head stand on end : it was Vasile. Heaven preserve you, sir, from ever seeing a corpse of your own making ! The water and mud, in flowing, had deposited a hideous plaster about him. Have you ever seen a great fly held for three or four days in a spider's web ? The artisan of nets, not being able to despatch such a guest, envelops

him in a bale of grayish threads, and changes him into a shapeless, and not easily recognized, mass ; such was Vasile a few hours after having supped with me. I found him again at ten steps from the place where I had bid him adieu. I know not whether the brigands had changed his place, or whether he had transported himself there in the convulsions of agony ; I incline, however, to believe that his death had been easy. Full of wine, as I had left him, he must have yielded, without a struggle, to some great cerebral congestion.

An ominous murmuring greeted my arrival. Hadgi-Stavros, pale and with brow contracted, marched straight up to me, seized me by the left wrist, and pulled me so violently that he came near dislocating my arm. He threw me into the midst of the circle with such force that I expected to put my foot upon the body of my victim ; I drew myself vigorously backward.

“Look!” cried he to me, in a thundering voice ; “look at what you have done ! enjoy your work ! feast your eyes upon your crime ! Wretch ! but where then will you stop ? Who would have told me, the day when I received you here, that I was opening my door to an assassin ?”

I stammered out some excuses ; I tried to prove to the judge that I was only guilty through imprudence. I accused myself sincerely with having

intoxicated my keeper, in order to escape his surveillance, and to fly without obstacle from my prison ; but I defended myself from the crime of assassination. Was it my fault that the increase of the waters had drowned him an hour after my departure ? The proof that I had wished him no harm was that I had not struck him with a single stab when he was dead drunk, and I had his weapons in my hands. Any one could wash his body and convince himself that he was without a wound.

“ At least,” replied the King, “ avow that your imprudence is very selfish and very culpable ! When your life was not threatened, when we kept you here only for a sum of money, you have fled through avarice ; you have thought only of making a saving of a few crowns, and you have not troubled yourself about this poor wretch that you left behind you to die ! You have not considered me, whom you were depriving of an indispensable auxiliary ! And what moment have you chosen to betray us ? the day when all misfortunes assail us at once ; when I have just suffered a defeat ; when I have lost my best soldiers ; when Sophocles is wounded ; when the Corfiote is dying ; when young Spiro, upon whom I depended, has lost his life ; when all my men are weary and discouraged ! It is then that you have had the heart to deprive me of my Vasile ! Have you then no

human feelings? Would it not be a hundred times better to pay your ransom honestly, as belongs to a good prisoner, than to allow it to be said that you had sacrificed the life of a man for fifteen thousand francs?"

"Ah! *morbleu!*" cried I, in my turn, "you have killed many another, and for less."

He replied with dignity: "It is my office, sir; it is not yours. I am brigand, and you are doctor. I am Greek, and you are German."

To that I had nothing to reply. I felt, indeed, by the trembling of all the fibres of my heart, that I was neither born nor educated for the profession of man-killer. The King, strong in my silence, raised his voice a tone, and continued thus:—

"Do you know, unhappy young man, who the excellent being was, whose death you have caused? He descended from those heroic brigands of Souli, who sustained such hard wars, for religion and country, against Ali of Tebelen, Pacha of Ianina. For five generations, all his ancestors have been hung or beheaded; not one has died in his bed. It is not yet six years since his own brother perished in Epirus from the consequences of a condemnation to death: he had assassinated a Musulman. Devotion and courage are hereditary in that family. Vasile never failed in his religious duties. He gave to churches, he gave to the poor. At Easter, he lighted a wax candle taller than all

the others. He would have suffered death sooner than violate the law of fasting, or eat flesh on a day of abstinence. He was economizing in order to retire into a convent on Mount Athos. Did you know it?"

I confessed humbly that I knew it.

"Did you know that he was the most resolute of all my companions? I do not wish to take anything from the personal merit of those who listen to me, but Vasile was of a blind devotion, an intrepid obedience, a real proof against all circumstances. No piece of work was too hard for his courageous will; no execution was repugnant to his fidelity. He would have slaughtered the whole kingdom if I had commanded him to do so. He would have plucked out the eye of his best friend at a sign of my little finger. And you have killed him! Poor Vasile! when I shall have a village to burn, a miser to put upon the gridiron, a woman to cut in pieces, an infant to flay alive, who will replace thee?"

All the brigands electrified by this funeral oration, cried unanimously: "We! we!" Some extended their arms towards the King, others unsheathed their poniards; the most zealous aimed their pistols at me. Hadgi-Stavros put a check upon their enthusiasm: he made a rampart for me of his body, and pursued his discourse in these terms:—

“ Console thyself, Vasile ; thou shalt not remain unavenged. If I listened only to my grief, I should offer to thy manes the head of the murderer ; but it is worth fifteen thousand francs, and this thought restrains me. Thyself, if thou couldst speak as heretofore in our councils, thou wouldst pray me to spare his life, thou wouldst refuse a vengeance so costly. In the circumstances in which thy death has left us, it is not expedient to commit follies and to squander our money.”

He stopped a moment ; I breathed again.

“ But,” resumed the King, “ I shall know how to reconcile interest with justice. I will punish the guilty one without risking capital. His punishment shall be the most beautiful ornament of thy funeral ; and, from the height of the abode of the Pallicares, where thy soul has taken its flight, thou shalt contemplate with joy an expiatory punishment which will not cost us a sou.”

This peroration carried away the audience. Everybody was charmed with it except myself. I racked my brain to divine what the King had in store for me, and I was so little reassured that my teeth chattered almost to breaking. Certainly, I ought to esteem myself happy in having my life spared, and the preservation of my head seemed no common advantage ; but I knew the

inventive imagination of the Hellenes of the highway. Hadgi-Stavros, without putting me to death, could inflict upon me such chastisement as would make me detest life. The old villain refused to inform me to what punishment he destined me. He had so little pity for my sufferings, that he compelled me to assist at the funeral of his lieutenant.

The body was stripped of its clothes, transported near to the spring and washed in deep water. The features of Vasile were hardly altered; his mouth, half open, had still the painful smile of the drunkard; his open eyes retained a stupid look. His limbs had lost nothing of their flexibility; the rigidity of death is long delayed in individuals who die by accident.

The *cafedgi* of the King and his *porte-chibouk* proceeded to the toilet of the dead. Hadgi-Stavros bore the expense of it, in quality of heir. Vasile had no longer a family, and all his goods reverted to the King. They clothed the body in a fine shirt, with a skirt of delicate cambric muslin and a vest embroidered with silver. They enclosed his wet hair in a cap nearly new. They pressed into red silk gaiters his legs, which could no longer run. They put on his feet Turkish slippers of Russia leather. During his life, poor Vasile had not been so clean nor so fine. They passed some carmine over his lips: they painted

him white and red like a young actor who goes for the first time upon the stage. During the whole operation the orchestra of the brigands executed a doleful air that you must have heard more than once in the streets of Athens. I congratulate myself upon not having died in Greece, for this music is abominable, and I could never have consoled myself for having been buried by that air.

Four brigands set about digging a grave in the middle of the room, upon the site of Mrs. Simons's tent, in the place where Mary Ann had slept. Two others ran to the magazine to find candles, which they distributed to the company. I received one like everybody else. The monk intoned the service for the dead. Hadgi-Stavros chanted the responses with a firm voice, which moved me to the depth of my soul. The wind blew a little, and the wax of my candle fell upon my hand in burning rain; but this, alas! was a very small thing compared with that which awaited me. I would have agreed willingly to this pain, if the ceremony could never have ended.

It came to an end, nevertheless. When the last prayer was said, the King approached with solemnity the litter upon which the body was placed, and kissed it upon the mouth. The brigands one by one followed his example. I trem-

bled at the idea that my turn must come. I concealed myself behind those who had already played their part, but the King perceived me and said: "It is your turn. March then! You owe him that much."

Was this, after all, the expiation with which he had threatened me? A just man would have been satisfied with less. I swear to you, sir, it is no child's play to kiss the lips of a dead man, especially when one reproaches himself with having killed him. I advanced towards the litter; I contemplated, face to face, this figure, whose open eyes seemed to laugh at my embarrassment; I bent my head, I lightly touched his lips. A facetious brigand pressed his hand upon the back of my neck. My mouth was flattened upon the cold mouth; I felt the contact of his icy teeth, and I rose seized with horror, taking away I know not what favor of death, which tightens my throat still at this moment while I am speaking to you. Women are very fortunate: they have the resource of fainting.

Then they lowered the body into the ground. They threw upon it a handful of flowers, a loaf, an apple, and some drops of wine of Egina. It was the thing of which he had the least need. The grave was quickly closed, more quickly than I could have wished. A brigand remarked that the sticks were wanted to make a cross. Hadgi-Stav-

ros replied to him : " Be easy ; we will use the sticks of the *milord*." I leave you to think whether my heart made a tumult in my breast. What sticks ? What was there in common between sticks and me ?

The King made a sign to his chiboudgi, who ran to the office, and returned with two long switches of laurel of Apollo. Hadgi-Stavros took the funeral litter, and carried it to the grave. He rested it upon the freshly moved earth, raised it at one end, while the other touched the ground, and said to me, smiling : " It is for you that I am working. Take off your shoes, if you please."

He must have read in my eyes an interrogation full of anguish and fear, for he replied to the question which I dared not address to him : " I am not cruel, and I have always detested useless severity. It is for this reason that I wish to inflict upon you a punishment by which we gain in being exempted from watching you for the future. You have had for some days a passion for making your escape. I hope that when you shall have received twenty blows upon the soles of your feet, you will no longer need a guardian, and your love of travel will be calmed for some time. It is a punishment that I am acquainted with ; the Turks made me submit to it in my youth ; and I know, by experience, that one does not die of it. One suffers much from it ; you will

cry, I forewarn you. Vasile will hear you at the depth of his tomb, and he will be satisfied with us."

At this announcement, my first idea was to use my legs while I still had the free disposal of them. But it must be believed that my will was very weak, for it was impossible for me to put one foot before the other. Hadgi-Stavros raised me from the ground as lightly as we pick up an insect upon the road. Quick as thought I found myself bound and my shoes and stockings pulled off. I know neither upon what they rested my feet, nor how they prevented them from recoiling as far as my head at the first blow of the stick. I saw the two switches whirl round me, one to the right, the other to the left; I closed my eyes and I waited. I waited not certainly the tenth part of a second, and yet in this short space I had time to send a blessing to my father, a kiss to Mary Ann, and more than a hundred thousand curses to be shared between Mrs. Simons and John Harris.

I did not faint for a single instant; it is a faculty in which I am wanting, as I have told you. Nothing, therefore, was lost upon me. I felt every blow of the stick, one after the other. The first was so furious that I believed there would remain nothing for the following ones to do. It took me in the middle of the soles of the feet, under that little elastic arch which precedes the heel, and which supports the body of man. It

was not the foot that gave me pain at this time ; but I thought the bones of my poor legs were about to fall into fragments. The second struck me lower, just under the heels ; it gave me a violent jolt, which shook the whole vertebral column, and filled with a frightful tumult my throbbing brain, and my skull ready to split. The third fell straight upon my great toes, and produced a sharp and shooting sensation, which ran through the whole anterior part of the body, and made me believe, for an instant, that the extremity of the stick had turned up the end of my nose. It was at this moment, I think, that the blood started for the first time. The blows succeeded each other in the same order and the same places, at equal intervals. I had courage enough to keep silent through the two first ; I cried out at the third, I howled at the fourth, I groaned at the fifth and the following. At the tenth, I had no longer bodily strength enough to groan : I was silent. But the exhaustion of my physical power diminished not at all the clearness of my perceptions. I should have been incapable of raising my eyelids, and yet the lightest sound reached my ears too clearly. I lost not a word of what was said around me. It is an observation which I shall bear in mind hereafter, if I practise medicine. Doctors do not hesitate to condemn a sick man at four steps from his bed, without dreaming

that the poor devil has perhaps still ear enough to hear them.

I heard a young brigand, who said to the King: "He is dead. Of what use to fatigue two men without profit to any one?"

Hadgi-Stavros replied: "Fear nothing. I have received sixty in succession, and two days after I danced the *Romaika*."

"How did you do it?"

"I made use of the pomade of a renegade Italian, called Luidgi-Bey . . . Where are we? How many blows?"

"Seventeen.

"Three more, children; and take care of the last ones!"

The stick had done its worst. The last blows fell upon a bloody but insensible matter. Pain had almost paralyzed me.

They raised me from the litter; they untied the cords; they swathed my feet in compresses of fresh water, and, as I had the thirst of the wounded, they made me drink a large glass of wine. Anger returned to me before strength. I know not whether you are made like me; but I know nothing so humiliating as physical chastisement. I cannot bear that the master of the world should become for a moment the slave of a vile stick. To be born in the nineteenth century, to manage steam and electricity, to possess a good

half of the secrets of nature, to understand perfectly all that science has invented for the welfare and safety of man, to know how fever is cured, and how small-pox is prevented, and not to be able to defend one's self against a cudgelling, is a little too hard, truly ! If I had been a soldier, and subjected to corporal punishment, I should have killed my commanders inevitably.

When I found myself seated upon the clammy earth, my feet bound by pain, my hands dead ; when I observed around me the men who had beaten me, the man who had caused me to be beaten, and those who had seen me beaten, anger, shame, the feeling of outraged dignity, of justice violated, of intelligence brutalized, breathed into my feeble body a swelling of hatred, revolt, and vengeance. I forgot all,—calculation, interest, prudence, future,—I gave way freely to all the truths that were stifling me ; a boiling torrent of abuse rose directly to my lips, while the extravasated bile overflowed in yellow foam even into the whites of my eyes. Truly, I am no orator, and my solitary studies have not exercised me in the management of speech ; but indignation, which has made poets, lent me for a quarter of an hour the savage eloquence of those Cantabrian prisoners who expired with insults, and who spit their last breath into the faces of the Roman conquerors. All that can outrage a man in his pride, his ten-

derness, and his dearest sentiments, I said to the King of the Mountains. I ranked him with unclean animals, and I denied him the name of man. I insulted him in his mother, his wife, his daughter, and all his posterity. Would I could repeat to you by rote all that I compelled him to hear, but words fail me now that I am in cool blood. I invented them then of every kind; and though they were not in the dictionary, they were understood, nevertheless, for the audience of convicts howled under my words like a pack of dogs under the whips of the huntsmen. But it was in vain to inspect the countenance of the old Pallicare, to watch all the muscles of his face, and to examine eagerly the smallest wrinkles of his forehead: I did not surprise there a trace of emotion. Hadgi-Stavros frowned not more than a marble bust. He replied to all my insults by the immovable insolence of contempt. His attitude exasperated me to madness. I had a moment of frenzy. A cloud, red as blood, passed before my eyes. I rise suddenly upon my wounded feet, I spy a pistol in the belt of a brigand, I seize it, cock it, aim it directly at the King; the shot is discharged, and I fall backwards, murmuring, "I am avenged!"

He lifted me up himself. I contemplated him with an astonishment as profound as if I had seen him come forth from the infernal regions. He seemed unmoved, and smiled tranquilly as an im-

mortal. And yet, sir, I had not missed him. My ball had hit him in the forehead, a centimetre above the left eyebrow : a bloody mark gave proof of it. But, whether the weapon was not well charged, or the powder bad, or rather that the bullet had slid over the bone of the skull, my pistol-shot had made only a scratch.

The invulnerable monster seated me gently upon the ground, leaned towards me, pulled me by the ear, and said : " Why do you attempt the impossible, young man ? I have informed you that I have a head proof against bullets, and you know that I never lie. Have you not been told, also, that Ibrahim caused me to be shot by seven Egyptians, and that he did not break my skin ? I hope you do not pretend to be stronger than seven Egyptians ! But do you know that you have an adroit hand, for a man of the North ? That is your affair ! *Peste !* if my mother, of whom you spoke lightly just now, had not given me a strong frame, I were a man to put into the ground. Any other in my place would have died without crying mercy. As to me, these things make me young again. This recalls my happy days. At your age, I exposed my life four times a day, and I only digested the better. Come, I bear you no ill-will, and I pardon your movement of passion. But as all my subjects are not proof against the bullet, and as you might give way to some new

imprudence, we will apply to your hands the same treatment as to your feet. Nothing would prevent us from beginning immediately : nevertheless, I shall wait, in consideration of your health. You see the stick is a courteous weapon, which does not kill people ; you have just proved yourself that a cudgelled man is worth two. The ceremony of to-morrow will occupy you. Prisoners know not how to pass their time. Idleness has given you bad counsel. Besides, rest easy : as soon as your ransom shall have arrived, I will cure your scratches. I have some of the balsam of Luidgi-Bey still. There will be no trace left at the end of two days, and you will be able to waltz at the palace ball without informing your partners that they are in the arms of a thrashed cavalier."

I am not a Greek myself, and insults wound me as cruelly as blows. I showed my fist to the old villain, and I cried with all my strength : "No, wretch, my ransom will never be paid ! no ! I have asked money of no one ! You shall have only my head, which will be of no use to you. Take it immediately, if you like. You will render me a service, and yourself also. You will spare me two weeks of torture, and the disgust of seeing you, which is worse than all. You will save my food for fifteen days. Do not fail to take it ; it is the only benefit which you can confer upon me !"

He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and replied :
“ Ta ! ta ! ta ! ta ! Behold my young men indeed ! extreme in everything ! They throw the handle after the hatchet. If I listened to you, I should regret it before eight days, and you also. The Englishwomen will pay, I am sure of it. I understand women still, although it is a long time that I have lived in retirement. What would be said if I killed you to-day, and the ransom arrived to-morrow ? The rumor would be spread abroad that I had not kept my word, and my future prisoners would allow themselves to be slaughtered like lambs, without asking a centime of their relations. Do not spoil the profession ! ”

“ Ah, you believe the Englishwomen have paid you, clever man ! Yes, they have paid you as you merited ! ”

“ You are very good. ”

“ Their ransom will cost you eighty thousand francs, do you hear ? Eighty thousand francs out of your pocket ! ”

“ Do not say such things ! One would suppose that the blows had fallen upon your head. ”

“ I say that which is true. Do you recall the name of your prisoners ? ”

“ No, but I have it in writing. ”

“ I will aid your memory. The lady called herself Mrs. Simons. ”

“ Well ? ”

“Partner of the house of Barley in London.”

“My banker?”

“Precisely.”

“How do you know the name of my banker?”

“Why did you dictate your correspondence before me?”

“What matter, after all? They cannot rob me; they are not Greeks; they are English; the tribunals . . . I will plead!”

“And you will lose. They have a receipt.”

“It is true. But by what fatality did I give them a receipt?”

“Because I advised it, poor man!”

“Wretch! unbaptized dog! schismatic of hell! you have ruined me! you have betrayed me! you have robbed me! Eighty thousand francs! I am responsible! If the Barleys were but bankers for the company, I should only lose my share! But they have only my funds. I shall lose all! Are you quite sure, however, that she is partner of the house of Barley?”

“As I am sure of dying to-day.”

“No, you shall not die till to-morrow. You have not suffered enough. We will give you pain for eighty thousand francs. What punishment can be invented? Eighty thousand francs! Eighty thousand deaths would be little. What did I do, then, to that traitor who robbed me of forty thousand? Pooh! A child’s play, a pleasantry!

He did not howl two hours ! I will find a better. But suppose there were two houses of the same name ! ”

“ 31 Cavendish Square ! ”

“ Yes, it is indeed there ! Imbecile ! why did you not warn me, instead of betraying me ? I would have demanded double of them. They would have paid ; they have the means for it. I should not have given them a receipt : I will never give another . . . No, no ! it is the last time ! Received, a hundred thousand francs of Mrs. Simons ! What a silly phrase ! Was it indeed I who dictated that ? . . . But I dream ! I never signed it ! Yes, but my seal is as good as a signature : they have twenty letters from me. Why did you demand this receipt of me ? What did you expect of those two women ? Fifteen thousand francs for your ransom ? . . . Selfishness everywhere ! . . . You should have opened your mind to me : I would have sent you back for nothing ; I would even have paid you. If you are poor, as you say, you ought to know how good money is. Only represent to yourself a sum of eighty thousand francs. Do you know what bulk it makes in a room ? how many pieces of gold there are in it ? and how much money can be gained in business with eighty thousand francs ? It is a fortune, wretch ! You have stolen a fortune from me ! You have robbed my daughter, the only being that I love in

the world. It is for her that I labor. But if you understand my affairs, you ought to know that I travel over the mountains a whole year in order to gain forty thousand francs. You have extorted from me two years of my life : it is as if I had slept during two years !”

I had found at last, then, the tender chord ! The old Pallicare was touched to the heart. I knew that my reckoning was sure. I hoped not for mercy, and yet I felt a bitter joy in overthrowing that impassible mask, and that face of stone. I loved to follow, in the furrows of his visage, the convulsive movement of passion, as the shipwrecked, lost upon a furious sea, admires at a distance the wave which must swallow him. I was like the thinking reed that the brute universe crushes with its mass, and which consoles itself in dying by a proud consciousness of its superiority. I said to myself with pride : “ I shall perish in tortures, but I am master of my master, and the executioner of my executioner.”

VII.

JOHN HARRIS.

THE King gloated over his vengeance as a man after fasting three days contemplates a good repast. He examined all the dishes one by one — I mean to say, all the punishments. He passed his tongue over his dry lips, but he knew not where to begin nor what to choose. It might be said that excess of hunger had destroyed his appetite. He struck his fist against his head, as if to make something gush forth; but his ideas came so thick and fast that it was difficult to seize one in passing.

“Speak, then!” cried he to his subjects. “Counsel me. What are you good for, if you are not ready to give me an opinion? Shall I wait till the Corfiote is returned, or till Vasile raises his voice from the depth of his grave? Find me, brutes that you are, a punishment for eighty thousand francs!”

The young chiboudgi said to his master: “An idea occurs to me. You have one officer dead,

another absent, and a third wounded. Put their places in competition. Promise us that those who shall know best how to avenge you shall succeed Sophocles, the Corfiote, and Vasile."

Hadgi-Stavros smiled complacently at this invention. He stroked the boy's chin, and said to him: "You are ambitious, little man! So much the better! Ambition is the spring of courage. Agreed, then, for a competition! It is a modern idea, a European idea; it pleases me. To reward you, you shall give your opinion first, and if you find anything fine, Vasile shall have no other heir than you."

"I would pull out some of the milord's teeth," said the boy; "put a bit in his mouth, and make him run, all bridled, until he dropped from fatigue."

"His feet are too sore: he would fall at the second step. You others! Tambouris, Moustakas, Coltzida, Milotis, speak! I listen."

"For me," said Coltzida, "I would break some boiling eggs under his armpits. I have already tried that upon a woman of Megara, and I had much pleasure in it."

"I," said Tambouris, "would lay him down upon the ground with a rock of five hundred pounds' weight upon his breast. It draws out the tongue, and makes one spit blood; it is pretty enough."

“And I,” said Milotis, “would put some vinegar into his nostrils, and thrust thorns under all his nails. It makes one sneeze to admiration, and one knows not where to put his hands.”

Moustakas was one of the cooks of the band. He proposed to roast me before a slow fire. The King’s face brightened.

The monk was present at the conference, and let them talk without giving his opinion. Yet he took pity upon me according to the measure of his sensibility, and he aided me according to the measure of his intelligence. “Moustakas,” said he, “is too wicked. The milord can be much tortured without burning him alive. If you fed him upon salt meat, without allowing him to drink, he would last a long time, he would suffer much, the King would satisfy his vengeance without incurring that of God. This is very disinterested advice that I give you ; I shall get nothing by it ; but I would like to have everybody satisfied since the monastery has received its tenth.”

“Stop there !” interrupted the cafedgi. “Good old man, I have an idea which is better than yours. I condemn the milord to die of hunger. The others will do him all the harm they please ; I intend to prevent nothing. But I will be a sentinel before his mouth, and I will take care that neither a drop of water nor a crumb of bread enters there. Fatigue will redouble his hunger,

his wounds will excite thirst, and the work of the others will turn finally to my profit. What do you say of it, sire? Is it well reasoned, and will you give me the succession of Vasile?"

"Go to the devil, all of you!" said the King. "You would reason less at your ease if the infamous wretch had robbed you of eighty thousand francs! Carry him away to the camp, and take your pleasure upon him. But woe to the mala-droit who should kill him by imprudence! This man must die only by *my* hand. I intend that he shall give back to me in pleasure all that he has taken from me in money. He shall shed the blood of his veins drop by drop, as a bad debtor who acquits himself sous by sous."

You would hardly believe, sir, by what staples of iron the most unfortunate man still clings to life. Certain it is I was very eager to die; and the happiest thing which could happen to me was to finish me with a single blow. Nevertheless, something in me rejoiced at this threat of Hadgi-Stavros. I blessed the prolonging of my punishment. An instinct of hope gave me pleasure at the bottom of my heart. If a charitable soul had offered to blow out my brains, I should have considered twice.

Four brigands took me by the head and the legs, and carried me, like an animated howling bundle, across the cabinet of the King. My voice

roused Sophocles from his truckle-bed. He called his companions, made them tell him the news, and demanded to see me near. It was the caprice of a sick man. They threw me upon the ground at his side.

“Milord,” said he to me, “we are both very low; but the chances are that I shall rise sooner than you. It seems, they think already of giving me a successor. How unjust men are! My place is in competition! Ah, well! I will compete also, and put myself in the ranks. You shall give evidence in my favor, and you shall attest by your groans that Sophocles is not dead. Your four limbs are to be tied, and I undertake to torment you with one hand as merrily as the soundest of these gentlemen.”

To please the wretch, they bound my arms. He turned himself towards me, and began to pull out my hairs, one by one, with the patience and regularity of a hair-puller by profession. When I saw what this new punishment was reduced to, I thought that the wounded man, touched by my misery, and softened by his own sufferings, had wished to withdraw me from his comrades, and grant me an hour's respite. The extraction of one hair is not as painful, nearly, as the prick of a pin. The first twenty departed, one after the other, without leaving me any regret, and I cordially wished them a pleasant journey. But soon

I had to change my tune. The hairy skin, irritated by a multitude of imperceptible injuries, became inflamed. A dull itching, then a little more lively, then intolerable, ran around my head. I wanted to carry my hands to it; I understood with what intention the base wretch had had me bound. Impatience increased the evil; all my blood rushed towards my head. Every time the hand of Sophocles approached my hair, a painful shuddering ran throughout my body. A thousand inexplicable itchings tormented my arms and legs. The nervous system, exasperated at every point, enveloped me with a network more distressing than the tunic of Dejanira. I rolled upon the ground, I cried, I begged for mercy, I regretted the blows upon the soles of my feet. The tormentor had no pity for me until he had exhausted his strength. When he felt his eyes troubled, his head heavy, and his arm fatigued, he made one last effort, plunged his hand into my hair, seized it by the handful, and threw himself back upon his bolster, forcing from me a cry of despair.

“Come with me,” said Moustakas. “You shall decide, at the corner of the fire, if I am as good as Sophocles, and if I merit a lieutenancy.”

He took me up like a feather, and carried me into the camp, before a pile of resinous wood and bushes heaped up. He took off my cords, stripped me of my coat and shirt, and left me without any

garment but my pantaloons. "You shall be my under-cook," said he. "We are going to make a fire, and prepare together the King's dinner."

He lighted the pile, and extended me upon my back, two feet from a mountain of flame. The wood crackled; the red coals fell like hail around me. The heat was insupportable. I drew myself upon my hands to some distance, but he returned with a frying-pan, and pushed me with his foot back to the place where he had put me.

"Look well," said he, "and profit by my lessons. Here are the harslets of three lambs: it is enough to feed twenty men. The King will select the most delicate pieces; he will distribute the rest to his friends. You are not one of them for the time being, and if you taste of my cookery, it will be with the eyes only."

I soon heard the boiling of the fat, and this noise recalled to me that I had fasted since the day before. My stomach ranked itself with my tormentors, and I counted one enemy more. Moustakas put the frying-pan under my eyes, and made the tempting color of the meat glisten in my sight. He shook the inviting perfumes of the fried lamb under my nostrils. Suddenly he perceived that he had forgotten the seasoning, and he ran to find pepper and salt, confiding the frying-pan to my good care.

The first thought which came to me was to steal

away a little piece of meat ; but the brigands were only ten steps off ; they would have stopped me at once. " If," thought I, " I had only my package of arsenic still ! What could I have done with it ? I had not put it back in the box. I plunged my hands into my two pockets. I drew out a dirty paper, and a handful of that powder, benefactors that might perhaps save me, and would at least avenge me.

Moustakas returned just as I had my right hand open over the frying-pan. He seized my arm, cast a look into the depth of my eyes, and said in a menacing voice : " I know what you have done."

My arm fell discouraged. The cook pursued : " Yes, you have thrown something into the King's dinner."

" What, then ? "

" A charm. But no matter. Go, my poor milord, Hadgi-Stavros is a greater sorcerer than you. I go to serve him his repast. I shall have my share of it, and you shall not taste."

" Great good may it do you ! "

He left me before the fire, in charge of a dozen brigands, who were craunching some brown bread and bitter olives. These Spartans kept me company during an hour or two. They stirred up my fire with the attention of a nurse. If now and then I tried to draw myself a little further from my torment, they cried : " Take care, you will

grow cool !” And they pushed me even into the flames with blows of lighted sticks. My back was marbled with red spots, my skin rose in burning blisters, my eyelashes were crisped by the heat of the fire, my hair exhaled an odor of burnt horn, with which I was quite infected ; and nevertheless, I rubbed my hands at the thought that the King would eat of my cooking, and that there would be something new upon Parnès before the end of the day.

Presently the table-companions of Hadgi-Stavros reappeared in the camp, with stomachs filled, eyes kindled, and faces brightened. “Go,” thought I to myself, “your joy and your health will fall like a mask, and you will curse sincerely every mouthful of the feast that I have seasoned for you !” The celebrated Locuste must have passed some pleasant quarters of an hour in her life. When one has any reason for hating men, it is quite agreeable to see a vigorous being, who goes and comes, who laughs and sings, carrying in the intestinal tube a seed of death which must grow and devour him. It is nearly the same joy that a good doctor feels at the sight of a dying man whom he knows how to recall to life. Locuste practised medicine in an inverse sense, and so did I.

My malicious reflections were interrupted by a singular tumult. The dogs barked in chorus, and a messenger, out of breath, appeared upon the

platform, with the whole pack at his heels. It was Dimitri, the son of Christodule. Some stones, hurled by the brigands, delivered him from his escort. He cried, as far off as he could, "The King! I must speak to the King!" When he was within twenty steps from us, I called him in a melancholy voice. He was frightened at the condition in which he found me, and exclaimed, "The fools! Poor girl!"

"My good Dimitri!" said I to him, "where do you come from? will my ransom be paid?"

"Ransom is a great matter, to be sure! but fear nothing; I bring good news. Good for you, unhappy for me, for him, for her, for everybody! I must see Hadgi-Stavros. Not a minute to lose. Until my return do not suffer them to do you any harm: she would die for it! You hear, you others! Touch not the milord. Your lives are at stake. The King will have you cut in pieces. Conduct me to the King."

The world is so made, that any man who speaks as a master, is almost sure of being obeyed. There was so much authority in the voice of this servant, and his passion expressed itself in a tone so imperious, that my guardians, astonished and stupefied, forgot to keep me near the fire. I crawled to some distance, and I reposed my body deliciously upon the cold rock, till the arrival of Hadgi-Stavros.

He appeared not less moved nor less agitated

than Dimitri. He took me in his arms like a sick child, and carried me, without stopping, to the middle of that fatal chamber where Vasile was buried. He placed me upon his own carpet with maternal precaution; he took two steps backward, and looked at me with a curious mixture of hate and pity. He said to Dimitri: "My child, it is the first time that I shall have let a like crime go unpunished. He has killed Vasile; that is nothing. He has intended to assassinate *me*; I pardon him that. But he has robbed me, the villain! Eighty thousand francs less in Photini's dowry! I was seeking a punishment equal to his crime. O, be tranquil! I should have found it! . . . Unhappy that I am! Why did I not subdue my anger? I have treated him very harshly. It is she who will pay the penalty for it. If she were to receive twenty blows upon her little feet, I should never see her more. Men do not die of it,—but a woman!—a child of fifteen years!"

He banished from the room all the brigands who were crowding around us. He untied gently the bloody bandages which enveloped my wounds. He sent his chiboudgi to find the balsam of Ludgi-Bey. He seated himself before me upon the wet grass, took my feet in his hands, and contemplated my wounds. Incredible thing to say: he had tears in his eyes!

"Poor child!" said he, "you must have suf-

fered cruelly. Pardon me. I am an old brute, a wolf of the mountain, a Pallicare! I have been trained to ferocity from the age of twenty years. But you see that my heart is good, since I regret what I have done. I am more unhappy than you, for you have dry eyes, and I weep. I am going to set you at liberty, without losing a minute; or rather, no; you cannot go away thus. I will cure you first. The balsam is sovereign, I will take care of you as a son, health shall return quickly. You must walk to-morrow. *She* cannot remain one day more in the hands of your friend . . . In the name of heaven, tell no one of our quarrel to-day! you know that I did not hate you; I have often told you so; I had sympathy for you; I gave you my confidence. I told you my deepest secrets. Remember that we were two friends until the death of Vasile. It must not be that an instant of anger should make you forget twelve days of kind treatment. You do not wish my fatherly heart to be broken. You are a brave young man; your friend ought to be good as you."

"But who then?" exclaimed I.

"Who? That cursed Harris! that American from hell! that execrable pirate! that thief of children! that assassin of young girls! that infamous wretch that I should like to have hold of with you, to grind you together in my hands,

to strike you against each other and throw you in dust to the wind of the mountains! You are all the same, Europeans, a race of traitors who dare not attack men, and who have courage only against children. Read what he has just written me, and answer me if there are tortures cruel enough to chastise a crime like his!"

He threw me rudely a crumpled letter. I recognized the writing at the first glance, and I read:—

Sunday, May 11,
On board the *Fancy*, Roadstead of Salamis.

HADGI-STAVROS:—

Photini is on board my ship, under the guard of four American cannon. I shall retain her as hostage as long as Hermann Schultz shall be a prisoner. As you treat my friend, I will treat your daughter. She shall pay hair for hair, tooth for tooth, head for head. Reply to me without delay, otherwise I shall go to see you.

JOHN HARRIS.

At reading this, it was impossible for me to contain my joy. "This good Harris!" exclaimed I aloud. "And I accused him! But explain to me, Dimitri, why he has not helped me before?"

"He was absent, Mr. Hermann; he was giving chase to pirates. He returned yesterday morning, very unfortunately for us. Why did he not remain away!"

“Excellent Harris! he has not lost a single day! But where did he find out the daughter of the old villain?”

“At our house, Mr. Hermann. You know her well,—Photini! You have dined more than once with her.”

“The daughter of the King of the Mountains was then that boarder with a flat nose who sighed for John Harris!”

I quietly concluded that the abduction had been effected without violence.

The chiboudgi returned with a bundle of linen and a flagon filled with a yellowish pomade. The King dressed my two feet like an experienced practitioner, and I felt instantly a decided relief. Hadgi-Stavros was at this moment a fine subject for psychological study. There was as much brutality in his eyes as delicacy in his hands. He wrapped the bandages around my insteps so gently, that I hardly felt it; but his look said plainly: “Would that I could tie a cord tight around your neck!” He quilted in the pins as skilfully as a woman; but with what a relish he would have planted his cangiar into the middle of my body!

When the dressing was over, he extended his fist towards the sea, and said with a savage roar:—

“I am no longer King then, since it is for-

bidden me to satisfy my anger! I, who have always commanded, I obey a threat! He who makes a million of men tremble, is afraid! They will boast of it doubtless; they will tell it to all the world. O, for the means to impose silence upon these European babblers! They will put it in the papers, perhaps even in books. It serves me right! Why did I marry? Ought a man like me to have children? I was born to cut down soldiers, and not to rock little girls. The thunder has no children; the cannon has no children. If they had, the thunderbolt would be no longer feared, and bullets would rest on the way. This John Harris must laugh well at me! What if I should declare war upon him! If I should carry his ship by boarding! I have attacked many such at the time when I was a pirate, and what did I care for twenty such cannon! But my daughter was not on board. Dear little girl! You are acquainted with her then, Mr. Hermann! Why did you not tell me that you lodged with Christodule? I would have demanded nothing of you; I would have released you instantly for love of Photini. With good reason, I desire her to learn your language. She will be a princess in Germany one of these days. Is it not true that she will make a pretty princess? But I am dreaming! Since you know her, you will forbid your friend to do her any

harm. Would you have the heart to see a tear fall from her dear eyes? She has done nothing to you, the poor innocent. If any one ought to expiate your sufferings, it is I. Tell John Harris that you tore the skin off your feet on the road; you shall do me afterwards all the harm you please!"

Dimitri stopped this flow of words. "It is a great pity," said he, "that Mr. Hermann is wounded. Photini is not safe in the midst of those heretics, and I know Mr. Harris: he is capable of anything!"

The King frowned. The suspicions of the lover entered easily into the heart of the father. "Go away," said he to me; "I will carry you, if need be, to the foot of the mountain; you will find in some village a horse, a carriage, a litter; I will furnish whatever is needed. But let him know to-day that you are free, and swear to me by the head of your mother, that you will not tell any one of the injury that has been done to you!"

I hardly knew how I could bear the fatigues of the transport; but anything seemed to me preferable to the company of my tormentors. I feared that a new obstacle would rise between me and liberty. I said to the King: "Let us go. I swear by all that is most sacred, that not a hair of your daughter shall be touched."

He raised me in his arms, threw me over his shoulder, and mounted the stairs of his cabinet. The whole troop ran before him and barred the way. Moustakas, livid as a man with cholera, said to him, "Where are you going? The German has thrown a charm into the fry. We shall all suffer like the damned of hell. We are going to die by his fault, and we wish him to die before us."

I fell back flatly from the height of my hopes. The arrival of Dimitri, the providential intervention of John Harris, the sudden change in Hadgi-Stavros, the humiliation of that superb head at the feet of his prisoner,—so many events accumulated in one quarter of an hour, had disturbed my brain: I forgot already the past, and I threw myself desperately into the future.

At the sight of Moustakas, the poison recurred to my memory. I felt that every minute was hastening a terrible event. I kept close to the King of the Mountains, I clasped my arms around his neck, I adjured him to carry me away without delay. "Your glory is at stake," I said to him. "Prove to these madmen that you are the King! Do not reply: words are useless. Let us rush through them. You do not know yourself what an interest you have in saving me. Your daughter loves John Harris; I am sure of it, she has confessed it to me!"

"Wait!" replied he. "We will pass first; we will talk afterwards."

He placed me gently upon the ground, and ran, with clenched fist, into the midst of the bandits. "You are fools!" cried he. "The first one who touches the milord shall have to deal with me. What charm will you have it that he has thrown? Let him go away from here: he is an honest man; he is my friend!"

Suddenly he changed countenance; his legs bent under the weight of his body. He sat down near me, leaned towards my ear, and said to me, with more of sorrow than of anger: "Fool! Why did you not inform me that you had poisoned us?"

I seized the hand of the King: it was cold. His features were discomposed; his face of marble had assumed an earthy color. At this sight, strength abandoned me entirely, and I felt myself dying. I had nothing more to hope in the world: had I not condemned myself in killing the only man who was interested in saving me? I let my head fall upon my breast, and I remained motionless near the livid and icy old man.

Already Moustakas and some others were extending their hands to take me, and make me share the pains of their agony. Hadgi-Stavros had no longer strength to defend me. From time to time a dreadful hiccough shook that great body

as the axe of the woodcutter shakes an oak of a hundred years. The bandits were persuaded that he was dying, and that the invincible old man was at last about to fall, conquered by death. All the ties which attached them to their chief, — ties of interest, of fear, of hope, and of gratitude, broke like the threads of a spider's web.

The Greeks are the most rebellious nation on the earth. Their changeable and immoderate vanity yields sometimes, but like a spring ready to rebound. They know, at need, how to lean upon one stronger, or to slip modestly into the train of one more clever, but they never pardon the master who protects or enriches them. During thirty centuries and more, this people has been composed of egotistic and jealous unities, that necessity draws together, that inclination divides, and that no human force could melt in one whole.

Hadgi-Stavros learned, to his cost, that sixty Greeks are not to be commanded with impunity. His authority survived not a moment his moral vigor and his physical strength. Without speaking of the sick ones, who showed us their fists, reproaching us with their sufferings, the sound men grouped themselves, in the face of their lawful King, around a great brutal peasant, called Colt-zida. He was the most boasting and shameless of the band, an impudent blockhead, without talent and without courage, — one of those who conceal

themselves during action, and who carry away the flag after the victory ; but, in such circumstances, fortune is on the side of the impudent and the bragging. Coltzida, proud of his lungs, hurled insults by the shovelful upon the body of Hadgi-Stavros, as a grave-digger throws earth upon the coffin of the dead. "There you are, then," said he ; "clever man, invincible general, all-powerful king, invulnerable mortal ! You have not stolen your glory, and we have been cunning to trust you ! What have we gained in your company ? How have you served us ? You have given us fifty-four miserable francs every month, the pay of hirelings ! You have fed us on black bread and mouldy cheese, which the dogs would not have wanted, while you have been making your fortune, and sending ships freighted with gold to all the foreign bankers. What has come back to us from our victories, and all this brave blood that we have shed in the mountains ? Nothing. You have kept all for yourself, booty, spoils, and ransoms of prisoners ! It is true that you left us the bayonet-thrusts : it is the only profit of which you have never taken your part. During the two years that I have been with you, I have received fourteen wounds in the back, and you have not a single scar to show us ! If you had only known how to lead us ! If you had chosen good opportunities, where there was little to risk and much

to take! But you have caused us to be thrashed by whole platoons; you have been the executioner of our comrades; you have put us into the mouth of the wolf! You are in great haste, then, to make an end of us and to take your departure! You long so much to see us all buried near Vasile, that you deliver us to this milord, who has thrown a charm upon our brave soldiers! But do not hope to steal away from our vengeance! I know why you wish him to go away: he has paid his ransom. But what will you do with this money? Will you carry it into the other world? You are very sick, my poor Hadgi-Stavros. The milord has not spared you; you are about to die also, and it serves you right . . .

“My friends, we are our own masters. We will no longer obey any one; we will do what we please; we will eat the best there is; we will drink all the wine of Egina; we will burn whole forests to cook whole herds; we will pillage the kingdom! We will take Athens, and we will pitch our camp in the gardens of the palace! You have only to allow yourselves to be led; I know the good places. Let us begin by throwing the old man into the ravine with his much-beloved milord; I will tell you afterwards what is to be done!”

The eloquence of Coltzida was very near costing us our lives, for the audience applauded him. The

old companions of Hadgi-Stavros, ten or twelve devoted Pallicares, who would have come to his aid, had partaken of the dessert at his table : they were writhing with colics. But a popular orator does not rise to power without awakening jealousies. When it appeared evident that Coltzida would become the chief of the band, Tambouris and some other ambitious ones turned about and ranged themselves on our side. Between captain and captain, they liked better him who knew how to lead them than this presumptuous braggart, whose incapacity was repugnant to them. They foresaw, besides, that the King had not long to live, and that he would choose his successor among the faithful ones who should remain around him. It was not an unimportant matter. The chances were that the lenders of money would approve sooner the choice of Hadgi-Stavros than a revolutionary election. Eight or ten voices were raised in our behalf. Ours, for we were no longer but one. I clung to the King of the Mountains, and he had one arm passed around my neck. Tambouris and his friends concerted measures in four words ; a plan of defence was arranged at once ; three men profited by the confusion to run with Dimitri to the arsenal of the band, make provision of arms and cartridges, and lay a long train of powder across the path. They returned discreetly, and mingled with the crowd. The two parties were forming

from minute to minute ; insults flew from one group to the other. Our champions, with their backs against the chamber of Mary Ann, guarded the staircase, made a rampart for us of their bodies, and threw back the enemy into the cabinet of the King. In the heat of the action, a pistol-shot resounded. A ribbon of fire ran through the dust, and was heard to blow up the rocks with a frightful crash.

Coltzida and his partisans, surprised by the detonation, ran in a body to the arsenal. Tambouris loses not a moment: he lifts Hadgi-Stavros, descends the stairs in two strides, places him in a safe place, returns to me, takes me up and throws me at the feet of the King. Our friends intrench themselves in the chamber, cut down trees, barricade the staircase, and organize the defence before Coltzida has returned from his walk and his surprise.

We then reckon our numbers. Our army was composed of the King, his two servants, Tambouris, with eight brigands, Dimitri and myself: fourteen men in all, of whom three were *hors de combat*. The cafedgi was poisoned with his master, and he was beginning to feel the first approaches of the malady. But we had two guns to a person, and as many cartridges as we wanted ; while the enemy possessed only the arms and ammunition which they carried about them. They had the

advantage of numbers and of ground. We knew not exactly how many well men they counted, but we must expect twenty-five or thirty assailants.

I need not describe to you the place besieged : you knew it a long time since. You may believe, however, that the aspect of the place had changed much since the day when I breakfasted there for the first time, under the eye of the Corfiote, between Mrs. Simons and Mary Ann. Our beautiful trees had been rooted up, and the nightingale was far away. It imports you to know, that we were protected on the right and left by rocks, inaccessible even to the enemy. They attacked us from above, by the cabinet of the King, and they watched us from the bottom of the ravine. From one side they fired down upon us, and from the other we fired down upon the sentinels, but at so long a range that it was throwing powder away.

If Coltzida and his companions had had the least notion of war, we had been defeated. He should have taken away the barricade, entered by strong force, brought us to a stand against a wall, or thrown us into the ravine. But the imbecile, who had more than two men against one of ours, bethought himself to save his ammunition by placing, as riflemen, twenty awkward fellows who did not know how to fire. Ours were not much more skilful. Nevertheless, better commanded and more wise, they broke utterly five

heads before nightfall. The combatants were all known by their names. They challenged each other from afar, in the fashion of the heroes of Homer. One tried to convert the other while taking aim at him, the other replied by a ball and a reason. The combat was only an armed discussion, wherein, from time to time, the powder said a word.

As for me, extended in a corner sheltered from bullets, I tried to undo my fatal work, and to recall to life the poor King of the Mountains. He suffered cruelly ; he complained of an ardent thirst, and of violent pain in the epigastrium. His icy hands and feet were strongly contracted. The pulse was slow, respiration short. His stomach seemed to struggle against an inward torment, without succeeding in expelling it. Yet his mind had lost nothing of its vivacity and quickness ; his sharp and penetrating look sought on the horizon the roadstead of Salamis and the floating prison of Photini.

He said to me, closing his hand around mine : " Cure me, my dear child ! You are a doctor, you ought to cure me. I do not reproach you for what you have done ; you were in the right ; you did right to kill me, for I swear that, except for your friend Harris, I would not have let you escape me ! Is there nothing to extinguish the fire which burns me ? I do not cling to life, I have lived

long enough ; but if I die, they will kill you, and my poor Photini will be slain. I suffer. Feel my hands ; it seems to me that they are already no longer mine. But do you believe that that American will have the heart to execute his threats ? What did you tell me just now ? Photini loves him ! The unhappy one ! I was educating her to become the wife of a king. I should like better to see her dead than . . . No, I am very glad, after all, that she has some love for this young man ; he will have pity upon her, perhaps. What are you to him ? A friend, nothing more ; you are not even his countryman. One has as many friends as one wants ; one finds not two women like Photini. Myself, I would strangle willingly all my friends if I found it to my purpose ; but I could never kill a woman who had any love for me. If he only knew how rich she is ! The Americans are mercenary, at least it is said so. But the poor innocent one does not know of her fortune. I ought to have informed her of it. Now, how can we make known to him that she will have four millions of dowry ? We are prisoners of a Coltzida ! Cure me then, by all the saints in Paradise, that I may crush this vermin ! ”

I am not a physician, and I know of toxicology only the little that is to be learned in elementary treatises ; yet I recalled to mind that poisoning by

arsenic is cured by a method which resembles a little that of Doctor Sangrado. I tickled the gullet of the sick man, in order to free his stomach from the burden which was torturing it. My fingers served him as an emetic, and I soon had reason to hope that the poison was for the most part expelled. The phenomena of reaction then appeared; the skin became burning, the face colored, the eyes bloodshot. I asked him if one of his men was skilful enough to bleed him. He stretched out his arm himself and quietly opened a vein, to the noise of the firing and in the midst of the spent balls which were splashing about him. He shed upon the ground a good pound of blood, and asked me, in a soft and tranquil voice, what remained to be done. I ordered him to drink, and to drink again, and to drink constantly, until the last particles of arsenic were carried off by the torrent of liquid. Quite fortunately, the bottle of white wine which had caused the death of Vasile was still in the chamber. This wine, weakened with water, served to restore life to the King. He obeyed me like a child. I believe that the first time I extended the cup to him, his poor old suffering majesty even seized my hand to kiss it.

Towards six o'clock in the evening he was better, but his *cafedgi* was dead. The poor devil could not rid himself of the poison nor get warm again. They threw him into the ravine, from the

top of the cascade. All our defenders appeared in good condition, without a wound, but famished as wolves in December. As to me, I had fasted for twenty-four hours, and my stomach proclaimed famine. The enemy, to brave us, passed the night drinking and eating over our heads. They hurled at us mutton bones and empty bottles. Our side responded by some well-aimed gunshots. We heard distinctly the cries of joy and the cries of death. Coltzida was drunk; the wounded and sick howled together; Moustakas did not cry long. The tumult kept me awake all night near the old King. Ah, sir! how long the nights seem to him who is not sure of the next day!

The morning of Tuesday was dull and rainy. The sky became overcast at sunrise, and a drizzling rain fell impartially upon our friends and enemies. But if we were watchful enough to preserve our arms and cartridges, the army of General Coltzida had not taken the same precaution. The first engagement was wholly to our honor. The enemy were ill-concealed, and fired with unsteady hands. The sport appeared to me so fine, that I took a gun like the others. What happened from it, I will write you in a few years, if I get admitted as physician. I have already confessed to you enough murders for a man who does not make them his profession.

Hadgi-Stavros wanted to follow my example;

but his hands refused service ; his extremities were swollen and painful ; and I announced to him, with my usual frankness, that this incapacity for labor would last, perhaps, as long as he did.

At nine o'clock, the enemy, who had seemed very attentive in answering us, suddenly turned their backs upon us. I heard a continued firing, which was not directed at us, and I concluded that Master Coltzida had allowed himself to be surprised from behind. Who was the unknown ally who was serving us so well ? Was it prudent to effect a junction, and demolish our barricades ? I asked nothing else, but the King thought of the troops of the line, and Tambouris bit his moustache. All our doubts were soon removed. A voice, which was not unknown to me, cried, " All right ! "

Three young men, armed to the teeth, rushed forward like tigers, cleared the barricade, and fell into our midst. Harris and Lobster held in each hand a six-barrelled revolver, Giacomo brandished a gun, the but-end in the air, like a club : it was thus he understood the use of fire-arms.

Thunder falling into the chamber would have produced a less magical effect than the entrance of these men, who scattered balls by the handful, and who seemed to have hands filled with death. My three fellow-boarders, intoxicated with noise, excitement, and victory, perceived neither Hadgi-

Stavros nor me ; they saw only men to be killed, and God knows they went quickly to the work. Our poor champions, astonished and distracted, were *hors de combat*, without having had time to defend themselves, or know where they were. For myself, who would have wished to save them, I had to cry in vain in my corner ; my voice was overpowered by the noise of the powder and the exclamations of the conquerors. Dimitri, squatted between Hadgi-Stavros and me, vainly joined his voice to mine. Harris, Lobster, and Giacomo fired, ran, struck, counting the shots, each in his own language.

“ One,” said Lobster.

“ Two,” responded Harris.

“ *Tre ! quatre ! cinque !* ” howled Giacomo.

The fifth was Tambouris. His head split under the gun like a fresh walnut under a stone. The brain spirted around, and the body sank in the fountain like a bundle of rags that a washer-woman throws on the water-side. My friends were curious to behold, in their frightful work. They killed with intoxication, they took delight in their justice. The wind and the race had carried away their hats ; their hair floated back ; their glances flashed with a brilliancy so murderous that it was difficult to discern whether they dealt forth death with their eyes or their hands. One might have said that Destruction was incarnated in this breathless trinity.

When all was clear around them, and they saw no more enemies, except three or four wounded men crouching upon the ground, they took breath. Harris was the first who remembered me. Giacomo had but one thought: he did not know whether he had broken the head of Hadgi-Stavros among the number. Harris cried, with all his might, "Hermann, where are you?"

"Here!" replied I; and the three destroyers ran together at my voice.

The King of the Mountains, feeble as he was, rested one hand upon my shoulder, leaned his back against the rock, looked fixedly at these men who had killed so many people in order to get at him, and said to them in a firm voice, "I am Hadgi-Stavros."

You know how long my friends had been hoping for an occasion to chastise the old Pallicare. They had promised themselves his death as a festival. They had to avenge the daughters of Mistra, a thousand other victims, and myself, and themselves. And yet I did not need to hold back their arms. There was such a remnant of grandeur in this hero in ruins, that their anger fell of itself, and gave place to astonishment. They were all three young, and at that age when one no longer displays his arms before a disarmed enemy. I informed them in a few words how the King had defended me against his whole band, dying as he

was, and on the same day that I had poisoned him. I explained to them the battle that they had interrupted, the barricades that they had just leaped over, and this strange war in which they had interposed to kill our defenders.

"So much the worse for them!" said John Harris. "We wore, like justice, a bandage over the eyes. If the rascals had one good impulse before dying, it will be taken account of on high; I do not object to it."

"As to the aid of which we have deprived you," said Lobster, "do not trouble yourself. With two revolvers in our hands, and two others in our pockets, we are each worth twenty-four men. We have killed these; the others have only to come on! Is it not true, Giacomo?"

"As to me," said the Maltese, "I could knock down an army of bulls: I am in the vein! And to think that with two such wrists as these one is compelled to seal letters!"

Nevertheless, the enemy, having recovered from their astonishment, recommenced the siege. Three or four brigands had stretched their noses over our ramparts and perceived the carnage. Coltzida knew not what to think of these three flails that he had seen striking blindly upon friends and enemies; but he conjectured that the sword or the poison had delivered him from the King of the Mountains. He wisely ordered our works

of defence to be demolished: We were out of sight, sheltered against a wall, ten steps from the staircase. The noise of the crumbling materials warned my friends to reload their weapons. Hadgi-Stavros let them do it. He then said to John Harris, "Where is Photini?"

"On board my ship."

"You have not done her any harm?"

"Have I taken lessons of you in torturing young girls?"

"You are right; I am a miserable old man; forgive me. Promise me to pardon her!"

"What the devil do you suppose I should do to her? Now that I have found Hermann again, I will restore her to you when you please."

"Without ransom?"

"Old beast!"

"You shall see if I am an old beast," said the King. He passed his left arm around the neck of Dimitri, extended his shrivelled and trembling hand to the handle of his sabre, drew the blade, painfully, out of the scabbard, and marched towards the staircase, where the insurgents of Coltzida were venturing with hesitation. They recoiled at sight of him, as if the earth had opened to let pass the great judge of the infernal regions. They were fifteen or twenty all armed: not one of them dared either to defend himself, or to excuse himself, or to

fly. They trembled upon their legs before the terrible face of the resuscitated king. Hadgi-Stavros marched straight to Coltzida, who cowered at his approach, paler and more frozen than all the others. He threw his arm back by an immeasurable effort, and with one blow cut off that poltroon's ignoble head. Trembling then seized him again. He let fall his sabre beside the corpse and deigned not to pick it up.

"Let us march," said he; "I bear away my sheath empty. The blade is no longer good for anything, nor am I any longer: I have finished."

His old comrades approached him to beg his pardon. Some implored him not to abandon them; they knew not what would become of them without him. He honored them not by a single word of reply. He begged us to conduct him to Castia, to take horses, and to hurry to Salamis to seek Photini.

The brigands allowed us to depart without resistance. At the end of a few steps, my friends observed that I drew myself along with difficulty; Giacomo supported me; Harris inquired if I was wounded. The King threw me a beseeching look: poor man! I told my friends that I had attempted a perilous escape, and that my feet had been hurt. We descended slowly the paths of the mountain. The cries of the wounded and the voices of the bandits pursued

us an eighth of a league. As we drew near to the village the weather became clear; the roads dried under our steps. The first ray of sunshine seemed very beautiful to me. Hadgi-Stavros lent little attention to the exterior world: he was absorbed in himself. It is no light matter to break with a habit of fifty years.

At the first houses in Castia, we met the monk who was carrying a swarm in a sack. He presented his respects to us, and apologized for not having been to see us since the day before. The gunshots had frightened him. The King waved his hand to him and passed on.

My friends' horses were awaiting them with their guide near the fountain. I asked how they happened to have four horses. They informed me that M. Mérinay had made one of the expedition, but that he had descended from his horse to examine a curious stone, and that he had not appeared again.

Giacomo Fondi put me upon my saddle. The King, aided by Dimitri, hoisted himself painfully upon his. Harris and his nephew leaped upon their horses; the Maltese, Dimitri, and the guide preceded us on foot.

On the way, I drew near to Harris, and he related to me how the King's daughter had fallen into his power.

"Imagine me," said he, "arriving from my cruise, sufficiently satisfied with myself, and very

proud of having run down half a dozen pirates. I anchor in the Piræus Sunday, and at six o'clock I go on shore, and as I had lived for eight days *tête-à-tête* with my first officer, I promised myself a little feast of conversation. I stop a fiacre on the wharf, and take it for the evening. I drop in at Christodule's in the midst of a general consternation: I would never have believed that so much trouble could be contained in the house of a pastry-cook. All were assembled for supper, — Christodule, Maroula, Dimitri, Giacomo, William, M. Mérinay, and the little girl of Sundays, more finely dressed than ever. William told me of your affair. It is needless to tell you that I cried out finely. I was furious against myself for not having been there. The little fellow assures me that he has done all he could. He has scoured the whole city for fifteen thousand francs, but his parents have opened a very limited credit for him; in short, he has not found the sum. He has applied, in despair of his cause, to M. Mérinay; but the sweet Mérinay pretends that all his money is lent to his intimate friends, far from here, very far; farther than the end of the world.

“‘Zounds!’ said I to Lobster, ‘it is in lead money that the old villain must be paid. Of what use is it to you to be more skilful than Nimrod, if your talent is good only to break the corners of the prison of Socrates? We must organize a chase among the Pallicares! I refused in times

past a voyage to Central Africa ; and I still regret it. It is a double pleasure to shoot game which defends itself. Provide powder and balls, and to-morrow morning we will take the field.' William swallows the bait ; Giacomo strikes a heavy blow on the table, — you know the blows of Giacomo's fist. He swears that he will accompany us, provided a gun is procured for him at once. But the most enraged of all was M. Mérimay. He wanted to dye his hands in the blood of the guilty ones. We accepted his services, but I offered to buy of him the game that he should bring back. He raised his little voice in the most comical fashion, and said, showing his lady fists, ' that Hadgi-Stavros would have to deal with him.'

" For myself, I laughed heartily, the more because one is always gay on the eve of battle. Lobster became quite merry at the idea of showing the brigands the progress he had made. Giacomo could not contain his joy ; the corners of his mouth were stretched from ear to ear ; he cracked his nuts with the face of a Nuremburg nut-cracker. M. Mérimay was radiant with joy. He was no longer a man, but a firework.

" Except ourselves, all the guests had faces an ell long. The big pastry-cook overwhelmed herself with signs of the cross ; Dimitri raised his eyes to heaven ; the Lieutenant of the Phalanx advised us to think twice before we meddled with

the King of the Mountains. But the girl with the flat nose, that you baptised with the name of *Crinolina invariabilis*, was plunged into grief altogether agreeable. She heaved the sighs of a wood-splitter ; she ate only in appearance, and I could have put into my left eye all the supper that she put into her mouth."

"She is a fine girl, Harris."

"Fine girl, if you please, but it seems to me your indulgence for her is unlimited. For myself, I could never pardon her her dresses, which thrust themselves obstinately under the feet of my chair, the odor of patchouli that she spreads around me, and the dying looks she casts about the table. Upon my word, one might say that she can't look at a decanter without making love to it. But if you like her, such as she is, there is nothing to be said. She departed from her boarding-place at nine o'clock ; I wished her a pleasant time. Ten minutes after, I shake hands with our friends ; we agree upon our rendezvous for the next day ; I go out, wake up my coachman, — and guess whom I find in the carriage ? *Crinolina invariabilis*, with the maid-servant of the pastry-cook !

"She presses her fingers upon her mouth, I mount, without saying anything, and we set off. 'Mr. Harris,' says she to me, in quite good English, faith ! — 'Mr. Harris, swear to renounce your projects against the King of the Mountains.'

"I begin to laugh, — she begins to cry. She

swears that I shall be killed ; I reply that it is I who will kill others ; she objects to this, that we shall kill Hadgi-Stavros ; I wish to know why ; and finally, at the close of her eloquence, she exclaims, as in the fifth act of a drama, ‘ He is my father ! ’ Thereupon I begin for once to reflect seriously. It occurs to me that it might be possible to recover a lost friend without risking two or three others for it, and I say to the young Pallicare, ‘ Does your father love you ? ’

“ ‘ More than his life ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Has he ever refused you anything ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Nothing that I needed. ’ ”

“ ‘ And if you wrote him that you had need of Hermann Schultz, would he send him to you by return of the courier ? ’ ”

“ ‘ No. ’ ”

“ ‘ You are sure of it ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Absolutely. ’ ”

“ ‘ Then, miss, I have only one thing to do. For brigand, brigand and a half. I carry you on board the *Fancy*, and I keep you as hostage till the return of Hermann. ’ ”

“ ‘ I was going to propose it to you, ’ said she. ‘ At this price papa will give up your friend. ’ ”

Here I interrupted the recital of John Harris. “ Ah well, ” said I to him, “ you do not admire the poor girl who loves you enough to deliver herself into your hands ? ”

“ A fine affair ! ” replied he ; “ she wanted to

save her honest man of a father, and she knew well that, war once declared, we should not let him escape. I promised to treat her with all the respect that a gallant man owes to a woman. She wept as far as the Piræus; I consoled her as well as I could. She murmured between her teeth: 'I am a lost girl!' I demonstrated to her, by A plus B , that she should find herself again. I made her descend from the carriage, I put her, with the maid-servant, on board my barge, the same which awaits us below. I wrote to the old brigand a formal letter, and I sent the good woman back to the city with a little message for Dimitri. From this time the weeping beauty enjoyed, without sharing, my apartment. Order was given to treat her like the daughter of a king. I waited till Monday evening the reply of her father; patience then failed me; I returned to my first idea; I took my pistols; I made a signal to our friends, and you know the rest. Now for your turn! You must have quite a volume to relate."

"I am yours," said I; "I must first go and slip a word into the ear of Hadgi-Stavros."

I approached the King of the Mountains, and I said to him, quite low: "I know not why I told you that Photini loved John Harris. It must be that fear had turned my head. I have just been talking with him, and I swear to you upon the head of my father that she is as indifferent to him as if he had never spoken to her."

The old man thanked me with his hand, and I went to tell John my adventures with Mary Ann. "Bravo!" said he. "I felt that the romance was not complete, for want of a little love. But it seems there is plenty of it, for which it is all the better."

"Excuse me," said I. "There is no love in all this: a strong friendship on one side, a little gratitude on the other. But nothing more is needed, I think, to make a reasonably well-assorted marriage."

"Marry, my friend, and take me for witness of your happiness."

"You have well deserved it, John Harris."

"When shall you see her again? I would give a great deal to be present at the interview."

"I should like much to give her a surprise, and meet her as if by accident."

"It is an idea! Day after to-morrow at the court ball! You are invited, I also. The letter awaits you on your table, at Christodule's. On your way, there, my boy, you must remain on board my ship, to refresh yourself a little. Your hair has grown red, and your feet are hurt: we have time to remedy all that."

It was six o'clock in the evening when the barge of the *Fancy* put us all on board. They carried the King of the Mountains even upon the deck; he no longer supported himself. Photini threw herself into his arms weeping. It was much to

see that all those that she loved had survived the battle, but she found her father grown twenty years older. Perhaps also she had to suffer from the indifference of Harris. He returned her to the King with an unceremonious manner, wholly American, saying to him: "We are quits. You have given me back my friend; I restore this young lady to you. Giving for giving. Short reckonings make long friends. And now, august old man, under what climate blessed by Heaven will you go to seek who shall hang you? You are not a man to retire from business!"

"Excuse me," replied he, with a certain hauteur: "I have said adieu to brigandage, and forever. What should I do in the mountains? All my men are dead, wounded, or dispersed. I could raise others; but these hands, which have made so many heads bow, refuse me service. It is for the young to take my place; but I defy them to equal my fortune and my renown. What am I going to do with this remnant of old age that you have left me? I know not yet; but be sure that my last days shall be well filled. I have my daughter to establish, my memoirs to dictate. Perhaps too, if the agitations of this week have not too much fatigued my brain, I shall consecrate my talents and experience to the service of the state. If God grants me health of mind, before six months I will be president of the council of ministers."

VIII.

THE COURT BALL.

THURSDAY, the 15th of May, at six o'clock in the evening, John Harris, in full uniform, took me back to Christodule's house. The pastry-cook and his wife made me welcome, not without heaving some sighs, dedicated to the King of the Mountains. For myself, I embraced them heartily. I was happy in living, and I saw none but friends everywhere. My feet were cured, my hair was cut, my appetite satisfied.

Dimitri assured me that Mrs. Simons, her daughter, and her brother were invited to the court ball; and that the laundress had just carried a dress to the "Hôtel des Etrangers." I enjoyed, in anticipation, the surprise and joy of Mary Ann. Christodule offered me a glass of wine of Santorin. In this adorable beverage, I fancied myself drinking liberty, riches, and happiness. I mounted the stairs to my chamber, but, before entering it, I thought I must knock at the

door of M. Mérinay. He received me in the midst of a confusion of books and papers.

“Dear sir,” said he to me, “you see a man absorbed in work. I found above, in the village of Castia, an ancient inscription, which deprived me of the pleasure of fighting for you, and which, for these two days, puts me in torture. It is absolutely unpublished ; I have just assured myself of it. No one has seen it before me ; I shall have the honor of the discovery ; I intend to attach my name to it. The stone is a little monument of limestone mixed with shells, thirty-five centimetres high, by twenty-two, and placed by chance at the side of the road. The characters are of the ancient epoch, and sculptured in perfection. Here is the inscription, as I have copied it in my memorandum-book :

S. T. X. X. I. I.

M. D. C. C. C. L. I.

If I succeed in explaining it, my fortune is made. I shall be a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, at Pont-Audemer ! But the task is long and difficult. Antiquity guards her secrets with a jealous care. I fear much I have fallen upon a monument relating to the Eleusinian mysteries. In this case, there will perhaps be two interpretations to be found, one

vulgar, or *demotic*, the other sacred, or *hieratic*. You must give me your opinion."

"My opinion," replied I, "is that of an unlearned man. I think you have discovered a milestone, like many to be seen along the roads; and that the inscription, which has given you so much trouble, may be without difficulty translated thus: 'Stade, 22, 1851.' Good evening to you, M. Mérinay; I am going to write to my father, and to put on my fine red coat."

My letter to my parents was an ode, a hymn, a chant of happiness. The intoxication of my heart flowed over the paper between the two nibs of my pen. I invited the family to my marriage, without forgetting the good Aunt Rosenthaler. I begged my father to sell his inn as soon as possible, if he had to let it go at a very low price. I exacted that Franz and Jean Nicolas should quit the service; I adjured my other brothers to change their business. I took everything upon myself; I charged myself with the future of us all. Without losing a single moment, I sealed the despatch and had it carried by an express to the Piræus, on board a steamboat of the Austrian Lloyd, which started Friday morning, at six o'clock. "By this means," said I to myself, "they will enjoy my happiness almost as soon as I do."

At quarter of nine o'clock, military time, I entered the palace with John Harris. Neither

Lobster nor M. Mérinay nor Giacomo were invited. My *tricorné* had a slightly reddish reflection ; but, in the blaze of the candles, this little defect was not perceived. My sword was too short by seven or eight centimetres ; but what matter ? Courage is not measured by the length of the sword, and I had, without vanity, the right to pass for a hero. The red coat was tight ; it pinched me under the arms, and the facing of the sleeves reached rather far from my wrists ; but the embroidery was becoming, as father had prophesied.

The ball-room, decorated with true taste, and splendidly lighted, was divided into two parts. On one side were the arm-chairs reserved for the ladies, behind the throne of the King and Queen ; on the other were the chairs designed for the plainer sex. I surveyed, with an eager glance, the space occupied by the ladies. Mary Ann was not yet there.

At nine o'clock, I saw the King and Queen enter, preceded by the Grand Mistress, the Marshal of the Palace, aides-de-camp, ladies of honor, and officers of ordinance, among whom M. George Micrommatis was pointed out to me. The King was magnificently dressed, and the Queen wore an admirable costume, the exquisite elegance of which showed that it could only have come from Paris. The magnificence of the toilets, and the splendor of the national appointments, did not dazzle me to

the extent of making me forget Mary Ann. I had my eyes fixed upon the door, and I waited.

The members of the diplomatic corps and the principal invited guests ranged themselves in a circle around the King and Queen, who distributed kind words among them for about half an hour.

I was in the last row, with John Harris. An officer placed before us stepped back so awkwardly that he trod upon my foot and forced me to cry out. He turned his head round, and I recognized Captain Pericles, all freshly decorated with the Order of the Saviour. He made his apologies, and asked me how I did. I could not help replying to him that my health did not concern him. Harris, who knew my story from beginning to end, said politely to the captain: "Is it not Mr. Pericles to whom I have the honor of speaking?"

"The same."

"I am charmed to meet you. Would you be kind enough to accompany me an instant into the card-room? It is yet unoccupied, and we shall be alone there."

"At your orders, sir."

Pericles, paler than a soldier just out of the hospital, followed us, smiling. When there, he faced John Harris, and said to him: "Sir, I wait your good pleasure."

In reply, Harris snatched away his cross with the new ribbon, and put it in his pocket, saying : " There, sir ; that is all I have to say to you."

" Sir ! " cried the captain, taking a step backward.

" No noise, sir, I pray you. If you value this plaything, you will please send for it by two of your friends, to Mr. John Harris, commander of the *Fancy*."

" Sir," replied Pericles, " I know not by what right you take from me a cross the value of which is fifteen francs, and that I shall be forced to replace at my own expense."

" Do not concern yourself about that, sir ; here is a sovereign, with the likeness of the Queen of England : fifteen francs for the cross, ten for the ribbon. If anything remains, I beg you to drink my health with it."

" Sir," said the officer, pocketing the piece, " I have only to thank you." He bowed to us without adding a word, but his eyes promised no good.

" My dear Hermann," said Harris to me, " you will do wisely to quit this country as soon as possible with your intended. This gendarme has the air of a finished brigand. As to me, I shall remain eight days, to leave him time to give me back change for my money ; after that, I shall follow the order which sends me into the Japan seas."

"I am very sorry," replied I, "that your vivacity has carried you so far. I did not want to go away from Greece without a specimen or two of the *Boryana variabilis*. I had an imperfect one, without the roots, and I left it above there with my tin box."

"Leave a sketch of your plant with Lobster and Giacomo. They will make a pilgrimage into the mountains on your account. But, for heaven's sake, hasten to put your happiness in safety!"

Meanwhile, my happiness did not arrive at the ball, and I was putting my eyes out staring at all the dancers. Towards midnight, I lost hope. I went out of the grand saloon, and placed myself sadly before a whist-table, where four skilful players made the cards slip with admirable dexterity. I began to interest myself in this game of skill, when a burst of silvery laughter made my heart bound. Mary Ann was behind me. I did not see her, and I dared not turn my head round towards her, but I felt her presence, and my heart leaped to my throat, and almost choked me with joy.

What caused her hilarity? I never knew. Perhaps some ridiculous costume: one meets them in all countries at official balls. The idea came to me that I had a mirror before me. I raised my eyes and I saw her, without being seen, between her mother and her uncle, more beautiful and more radiant than the day when she had appeared

to me for the first time. A triple necklace of caressing pearls undulated softly around her neck, and followed the sweet contour of her divine shoulders. Her beautiful eyes twinkled in the fire of the candles; her teeth laughed with an inexpressible grace; the light played like a will-o'-the-wisp in the forest of her locks. Her toilet was that of all young girls; she did not wear, like Mrs. Simons, a bird of paradise upon her head; but

she was only the more beautiful for the absence of it; her skirt was caught up by bouquets of natural flowers; she had flowers in her bosom and in her hair; and what flowers, sir? Guess which one out of a thousand! For myself, I thought to die with joy in recognizing upon her the *Boryana variabilis*! All fell from heaven upon me at the same time. Is there anything sweeter than to be herborized in the hair of a beloved one? I was the happiest of men and of naturalists! The excess of happiness drew me beyond all bounds of propriety. I turned suddenly towards her, I extended my hands to her, I cried: "Mary Ann! is it I!"

Would you believe it, sir? She recoiled as if frightened, instead of falling into my arms. Mrs. Simons raised her head so high, that it seemed to me her bird of paradise was winging its way to the ceiling. The old gentleman took me by the hand, led me aside, examined me as a curious

beast, and said to me : " Sir, have you been introduced to these ladies ? "

" What a question that is, indeed, my worthy Mr. Sharper ! My dear uncle ! I am Hermann ! Hermann Schultz ! their companion in captivity ! their preserver ! Ah ! I have seen fine times since their departure ! I will tell you all that at home. "

" Yes, yes, " replied he. " But the English custom, sir, requires absolutely that one should be introduced to ladies before relating stories to them. "

" But then they know me, my good and excellent Mr. Sharper ! We have dined more than ten times together ! I have rendered them a service of a hundred thousand francs (you know it well) with the King of the Mountains ! "

" Yes, yes ; but you have not been introduced. "

" But do you not know, then, that I have exposed myself to a thousand deaths for my dear Mary Ann ? "

" Very well ; but you have not been introduced. "

" In short, sir, I am to marry her ; her mother has given her permission. Have they not told you that I was to marry her ? "

" Not before being introduced ! "

" Introduce me then yourself ! "

" Yes, yes ; but you must first get introduced to me. "

“Wait!”

I ran like a fool across the ball-room, I hit against more than six groups of waltzers; my sword got entangled in my legs, I slid upon the inlaid floor and fell scandalously my whole length. John Harris picked me up.

“What are you looking for?” said he.

“They are here! I have seen them! I am going to marry Mary Ann; but it is necessary first for me to be introduced to her. It is the English fashion. Aid me! Where are they? Have you not seen a large woman with a bird of paradise on her head?”

“Yes, she has just left the ball, with a very pretty girl.”

“Left the ball! but, my friend, it is Mary Ann’s mother!”

“Calm yourself; we shall find her again. I will get you introduced by the American minister.”

“That is it. I am going to show you my uncle, Edward Sharper. I left him here. Where the devil is he gone? He cannot be far!”

Uncle Edward had disappeared! I dragged poor Harris as far as the palace square, before the Hôtel des Etrangers. The apartment of Mrs. Simons was lighted. At the end of some minutes, the lights were extinguished. Everybody was in bed.

"Let us do as they have done," said Harris. "Sleep will calm you. To-morrow, between one and two, I will arrange affairs for you."

I passed a night worse than the nights of my captivity. Harris slept with me, that is to say, did not sleep. We heard the carriages from the ball descending the Street of Hermes with their cargoes of uniforms and dresses. Towards five o'clock, fatigue closed my eyes. Three hours after, Dimitri entered my chamber, saying, "Great news!"

"What?"

"Your Englishwomen have just departed."

"For where?"

"For Trieste."

"Wretch! are you quite sure of it?"

"I conducted them to the boat myself."

"My poor friend," said Harris, squeezing my hands, "gratitude is imposed, but love is not commanded."

"Alas!" said Dimitri. There was an echo in the heart of this boy.

Since that day, sir, I have lived like the beasts, drinking, eating, and inhaling the air. I sent my collections to Hamburg, without a single flower of *Boryana variabilis*. My friends conducted me to the French boat the next day after the ball. They thought it prudent to make the journey during the night, for fear of meeting the soldiers of Peri-

cles. We arrived without hinderance at the Piræus; but at twenty-five fathoms from the shore a half-dozen invisible guns sang quite near our ears. It was the adieu of the pretty captain and his fine country.

I have travelled over the mountains of Malta, Sicily, and Italy, and my herbal is more enriched than I. My father, who had had the good sense to keep his inn, made known to me, at Messina, that my packages were appreciated at Hamburg. Perhaps I shall find a place on arriving; but I have made a law for myself no longer to depend upon anything.

Harris is *en route* for Japan. In a year or two, I hope to have news from him. Little Lobster wrote me at Rome; he is still practising pistol-shooting. Giacomo continues to seal letters in the day, and to crack nuts in the evening. M. Mérimay has found for his stone a new interpretation, much more ingenious than mine. His great work upon Demosthenes must be printed some day or other. The King of the Mountains has made his peace with the authorities. He is building a large house upon the road to Pentelicus, with a guard-house to lodge twenty-five devoted Pallicares. In the mean while, he has rented a little hotel in the modern city, on the bank of the great river. He receives many people, and bestirs himself actively in order to arrive at the ministry of justice; but

it needs time. Photini keeps his house. Dimitri goes there sometimes to sup, and to sigh in the kitchen.

I have heard no more of Mrs. Simons, Mr. Sharper, or Mary Ann. If this silence continues, I shall soon think no more of them. Sometimes still, in the middle of the night, I dream that I am before her, and that my long, thin figure is reflected in her eyes. Then I awake, I weep hot tears, and furiously bite my pillow. What I regret, believe it, indeed, is not the woman ; it is the fortune and the position which have escaped me. Much has been spared me in not having given my heart, and I render thanks every day for my natural coldness. How much I should have to lament, my dear sir, if unfortunately I had fallen in love !

IX.

LETTER FROM ATHENS.

THE very day on which I was going to send to the press Mr. Hermann Schultz's narrative, my honorable correspondent from Athens sent me back the manuscript with the following letter:—

SIR:—

The history of the King of the Mountains is the invention of an enemy to the truth and to the gendarmerie. Not one of the personages who are there mentioned has ever set foot upon the soil of Greece. The police have not *visé* any passport in the name of Mrs. Simons. The commander of the Piræus has never heard of the *Fancy* nor of John Harris. The brothers Philip have no recollection of having employed Mr. William Lobster. No diplomatic agent has had in his office a Maltese by the name of Giacomo Fondi. The national bank of Greece has many things with which to reproach itself, but has never had on deposit funds proceeding from brigandage. If it had received them, it would have made it a duty to confiscate them to its own profit. I

have at your disposal the list of our officers of gendarmery. You will find there no trace of M. Pericles. I know only two men of this name: one is a tavern-keeper in the city of Athens, the other sells spices at Tripolitza. As to the famous Hadgi-Stavros, whose name I hear to-day for the first time, he is a fabulous being who must be banished into mythology. I confess in all sincerity that there were formerly some brigands in the kingdom. The principal ones were destroyed by Hercules and Theseus, who may be considered as the founders of the Greek gendarmery. Those who escaped the arms of these two heroes, have fallen under the blows of our invincible army. The author of the romance that you have done me the honor to send me has shown as much ignorance as bad faith, in affecting to consider brigandage as a contemporary fact. I would give much that his story might be printed either in France or England with the name and portrait of Mr. Schultz. The world would know then by what gross artifices he attempts to render us suspected by all civilized nations.

As to you, sir, who have always done us justice, accept the assurance of all the kindly sentiments with which I have the honor of being

Your very grateful servant,

PATRIOTIS PSEFTIS,

Author of a volume of Dithyrambics upon the Regeneration of Greece; Editor of the journal *L'Esperance*; Member of the Archæological Society of Athens; Corresponding Member of the Academy of the Ionian Isles; Shareholder of the National Company of the Spartiate Pavlos.

X.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR SPEAKS AGAIN.

A THENIAN, my fine friend, the truest histories are not those which have happened.

THE END.

1860.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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